THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER—FEBRUARY 1855-6.

VOL. XXIV.

EDINBURGH:
W. P. KENNEDY, SOUTH ST. ANDREW STREET.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

MDCCCLVI.

CONTENTS OF No. XLVIII.



THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

ART. I.—*Papiers d'Etat, Pièces, et Documents, inédits ou peu connus, relatifs à l'Histoire de l'Ecosse au xvi^e siècle, tirés des Bibliothèques et des Archives de France, et publiés pour le Bannatyne Club d'Edimbourg.* Par A. TEULET, Membre, &c., &c.

WERE the friendships of nations admitted to be as fair an object of the historian's labour as their hatreds and contentions, the long eventful intercourse between France and Scotland would have filled one of the most exciting and pleasing chapters in the history of modern Europe. Allowing all due preponderance to the main objects of history,—the separate development of states and their contests with each other—this remarkable instance of steady co-operation and continued friendship between two peoples, geographically far separated, and in national character dissimilar to each other, is possessed of signal interest for its historical peculiarities, and has exercised an influence on the development of the European states, which entitles it to more attention than it has hitherto received. We shall find, if we examine this national alliance as a separate and independent thread of causes and effects, that as well in its origin, its progress, and its final extinction, it is connected with memorable events and great historical changes, to which it has given, or from which it has received, important impulses.

According to our own old chroniclers, and to Mezeray, and many other French authors who adopted their narrative, the origin of the alliance was very simple. Charlemagne, anxious to secure men of the highest learning to adorn his new university at Paris, and knowing that they were very abundant in Scotland, obtained his object by contracting a close alliance with Achaius,

the sixty-fifth king of Scotland. It is needless to say that the undermining operations of our antiquaries have tossed Achaius and his sixty-four predecessors from their imaginary thrones, leaving us instead, some dreary lists of hypothetical chiefs, holding an ill-defined influence over not more distinctly bounded territories. While our laborious sappers and miners of history, such as Pinkerton, Chalmers, Ritson, and Jamieson, have thus effectually destroyed that compact, simple, ancient nationality of a Scotland which owned the sway of "Father Fergus of a hundred kings," no one has come forward to perform the synthetic function, and shew how the realm of the Bruces and the Stewarts arose a separate nationality out of chaos—how, in short, Scotland became Scotland. We should have this distinctly set down as a starting point ere we can offer satisfactory explanations of the nature of the Franco-Scottish alliance; and since no historian of Scotland has distinctly done it so as to enable us to refer to it in an abridged form as a settled chapter of history, we shall invert the more legitimate process, and endeavour in a few sentences to foreshadow the form which it will assume when the critical historian shall give us the history of Scotland "from the earliest period."

We enter not on the vexed question whether the Picts spoke Irish or German, but are content to consider it as undoubted that, in the days of Alfred and Charlemagne, the northern and eastern districts of Scotland—the Lowlands—were inhabited by men of Teutonic blood and tongue, who were not separated by any distinct national boundary-line from their Saxon brethren. We all know, that after the war of independence the boundary-line between the kingdom of England and the kingdom of Scotland was so distinctly laid down, that when the town of Berwick became a possession of the English Crown, it was still so nominally separate from that England, of which it was geographically a frontier fortress, that in the Acts of Parliament, down to the present generation, it was not deemed to be included unless it were specially referred to as "the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed." A boundary of so distinct a character, existing during several centuries of history, and indurated by settled hatred and repeated contests, so stamps itself on the mind as an original condition of the very existence of our island, that we have difficulty in placing ourselves in the position of those of our ancestors, whether English or Scottish, who knew not of its existence, and had no reason to believe that it was ever to be. Yet, if we can discard later history and the works of later historians, and throw ourselves back entirely into the past, we shall find it extremely difficult to discover an actual Scotland before the Norman conquest. During the heptarchy or octarchy, the boundaries of the Saxon

kingdoms, and the authority of their several monarchs, are so shifting and uncertain, that the distinctness of the separate Scottish kingdom, as our ordinary historians speak of it, makes it seem an unnatural neighbour to them, and suggests that its compact history is fictitious. In the splittings and alliances which make the early history of Saxon England so perplexing, it is easy to see that the monarch or chief ruler of Fife and the Lothians was sometimes independent and powerful, with a fragment of England under his sceptre, and at other times was reduced, like his southern neighbours, to bow before the prevailing influence of some fortunate and politic Bretwalda. Hence we have the school-book stories of Edgar rowed across the Dee by eight tributary kings,—one of them Keneth of Scotland; and the more solemn but less accurate assertions about a feudal superiority exercised by a Saxon monarch over the realm or fief of Scotland. Feudal superiority, in fact, had no more place in that assemblage of states than monarchy in a republic or archepiscopacy in a Presbyterian synod; and the supremacy of the English monarch was characterised with sufficient accuracy, even by that despised author Rapin, "to have been like that of the Stadtholder of the United Provinces of the Low Countries."

When we ask for the northern boundaries of the cluster of Saxon states, we find that the antiquaries have groped their way through Deira and Bernicia, as far as Fifeshire. But having brought us thither they cannot hinder us from going further. The boundary-line between the Celt talking Gaelic and the Lowland Scot talking Teutonic, seems to have then stood nearly as it did down to the '45, not precisely co-extensive with the mountains and the flat land, since the men of the Braes of Angus have ever been Lowland in their speech, while those of the sandy flats of Nairn and the eastern districts of Inverness-shire, have spoken Gaelic,—the division passing actually through the town of Nairn, of which it used to be said in the seventeenth century, and might almost have been said in the nineteenth, that one-half of its citizens did not understand the speech of the other half. No part of the British empire is more thoroughly Teutonic—none appears to have been more so throughout the whole historic period—than Angus and Aberdeen. And whether these districts took their national tone as the home of the ancient Picts, or were peopled by swarms of Saxons passing on from England, or Northmen crossing directly from the shores of Norway, they must have belonged to the general cluster of the Saxon nations.

When the heptarchy ceased, and the southern states were united under one crown, a more distinct line of demarcation began to be visible. While there was a powerful monarch in the

south, reigning over an empire purely Saxon, those far northern states which had not been absorbed in his new kingdom, separated themselves under the sway of a monarch holding an imperfect rule over a portion of their Celtic neighbours. Still there was so much uncertainty in the demarcation, and throughout a considerable period it is so variable, that the perplexed historian having found it necessary to include the Lothians in England, speedily finds that he must speak of Northumberland as a province of Scotland.

Let us now look at those successive steps by which the Island became divided into two nations, each looking on the other with jealous hatred. The Norman Conquest is the earliest. It created for the first time a thorough consolidation of regal power in England, adjusting every man's position as a subject, and feudatory of the King, and covering the soil with strong fortresses to carry out his supremacy. The Norman power was essentially aggressive, and Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, felt that they were in the presence of a new and dangerous neighbour. Scotland was filled with Saxon fugitives, who fled before the foreign invader, and found shelter with a kindred people. It has often been maintained, that the source of the Teutonic character of the Lowland Scots should be sought in this immigration,—we do not think so, for reasons which will be pretty obvious to those who have read the commencement of this article; but we avoid entering on a detailed discussion of this point, because it will not much affect our ultimate view, founded on the belief, that Lowland Scotland was inhabited by a Saxon population during the war of independence.

Among the Saxon fugitives was one man of significant position, Edward the Ætheling, the heir on Saxon principles of the English Crown. His sister Margaret, was married to Malcolm the King of Scots. Thus both at court and throughout the country, Scotland was the representative and main support of the Saxon party, who were still in some remote districts of England waging an unequal warfare with the Norman. The great Scottish invasion of Cumberland, which historians speak of as a wild raid, without any specific cause, was founded on the interests thus created, and Hardyng, who knew more than he was always willing to confess about the relative position of England and Scotland, heads his account of the invasion in these words, "How Kyng Malcolyn of Scotland warred in England for his wife's right, pretending that she was right heir of England." The names of the children of Malcolm and Margaret at once marked them as the descendants and representatives of the Saxon line. Edgar, who succeeded him, inherited the name of that very monarch whose barge the tributary

Kings were reported to have rowed; Edward was named after the Confessor, and Edmund and Ethelred were alike household names in Saxon royalty. The next step is, the partial extension of the conquest over Scotland.

Down to the war of independence, we find the Norman barons of England gradually swarming over Scotland and engrossing the territorial honours of the country. It was the function of this wonderful race wherever they went to be the leaders of men; and they established a superiority alike over the Celt and the Saxon, as the European of later days has predominated over rival races in India. Not only were the southern shires filled with Norman names, but the bold adventurers cast their lot among the wild tribes of the north and west, who, far more susceptible than their Lowland neighbours to the influence of military leadership, compensated them by the many attractions of a sort of barbarous sovereignty, for the luxury and regulated pomp of a higher social condition.

Thus the two nations continued to participate in that change which set the Norman as the ruler over the other inhabitants of the country. The conquest, by its social influence, was subduing Scotland as well as England. The death of the Maid of Norway, and a competition for the throne among distant heirs, brought the matter to a crisis. So thoroughly had the Scottish Court thrown itself into the hands of the strangers, that they engrossed the nearest alliances with the blood royal, and it was among the flower of the Norman adventurers that the competitors for the crown,—twelve in number, arose. These barons offered without hesitation to do homage to Edward King of England, if he would help them to the glittering prize. Why should they not? They had no Scottish nationality to contend for; it would be almost as unreasonable to expect an outburst of Maori or Zoolu nationality in a Governor of New Zealand or Natal. They were Norman barons, subjects of the King of England, and, indeed, if there had not been a deeper current of political motives drifting him towards the enlargement of his empire, it is not natural that he should have been expected to permit any of his own subjects to establish an independent kingdom at his door. The punctilious precision with which the candidates pleaded their respective claims before the Lord Paramount,—the technical pedantry with which they appealed to the principles of feudal law acknowledged in the succession to ordinary fiefs, and applied them with appropriate distinctions to a sovereignty, have all been called up by Sir Francis Palgrave and other authors, as testimony to the established feudal supremacy of England over Scotland. But it is more just to view them as evidence of the conventional feudal notions of the Norman

barons, and their thorough alienation from the people over whom they desired to rule.

Let us now see how the feudal superiority of the Norman King was something so much more offensive than the supremacy of a Saxon Bretwalda, as to excite a war of independence, ending in the permanent alienation from each other of two kindred nations. The Lowland Scots would probably not have deeply concerned themselves about the tenor and extent of any act of feudal homage performed by their King; and as to the Highlanders of the West, their Norwegian leader, the Lord of the Isles, was a rival rather than a subordinate of the King of the Lowlands, and would have acknowledged a master at Westminster far rather than at Holyrood. But there was something more than a mere ceremony in the supremacy of the Anglo-Norman Kings. Edward's authority was a practical rule, hard and searching. For upwards of two hundred years in the hands of his ancestors, it had been by slow degrees assimilating to itself the reluctant English, and now it was sought to subject Scotland to it at once. The age was marked by a contest between the great European monarchs seeking to enlarge their dominions, and small self-governed communities, which, having grown into States, resisted the absorption. The bloody battle of Morgarten, in which the Swiss struck the first effective blow against the aggressive dominion of Austria, was fought within a year after Bannockburn. It was but twelve years earlier that the Flemings had defeated the French at Courtrai. These are not fortuitous coincidences. Since the study of the civil law had been restored, the traditions of the Roman empire had inspired monarchs to aggression, and their aggressions had prompted reaction. Historians have devoted themselves so wistfully to the dominion exercised by the spiritual representatives of Rome over the European nations, that they have overlooked the constant efforts of the temporal Empire to re-assert itself. Until the time, indeed, when Napoleon broke up the European system, the empire had never wanted a nominal representative. But the magnificent success of Charlemagne tempted many a powerful monarch to attempt its actual resuscitation from the centre of his own dominions, and there is no doubt that to this spirit we owe the rivalry in aggrandisement which created the great European States. The King of England, with a foot on the Continent, was by no means excluded from the contest; and Edward, with Ireland, Wales, and Scotland under his sceptre, had made himself practically as much an emperor as Carousius was. It is true, that while the imperial system was thus animating into action the Governments of the greater European States, the feudal system, held to be its rival by jurists, was gradually

achieving its own peculiar perfection. The feudal law, though its proper province was limited to the tenure of landed property, was yet truly a political system, since it treated the right and power of ruling over men, as an accessory of the tenure of the land on which they abode. But that feudal system which in jurisprudence was thus held to be the antagonist or rival of the body of laws bequeathed to us by the emperors, became politically a useful instrument in the hands of those ambitious monarchs, whose projects of aggrandisement were influenced by the traditions of an empire governing from one centre all the known or acknowledged world. The fertility of the feudal system in those ideal powers and possessions which afterwards obtained in England the appropriate name of fictions of law, was a great assistance to these aggrandizing projects. Such an ideal right, in the shape of feudal superiority, or some even less tangible title, scientifically complete in itself, was put idly away as a mere empty name, until some redoubted warrior or statesman could bring it forth and convert it into substantial power.

Thus the theoretical pedantry which counted crowned heads to be the vassals of each other for fragments of territory beyond the limits of their proper regal domains, was a fruitful means of the establishment of power in the hands of bold, able, and unscrupulous men. On the one side, if the great monarch were easy and indolent, and, reposing on his throne, trusted to the efficacy of his nominal powers of reigning to keep subordination, it would come to pass that some successive race of clever vassals had crept noiselessly on adding fief unto fief, and eating out the heart of the empire, until an opportunity arriving, the descendants of those who had all along offered humble feudal duty to the sovereign would "close his Crown," and take the sceptre from its enfeebled ruler,—it is at once perceptible how a system which preserved the name and external attributes of power, after real power was gone, must contribute to such a result by lulling suspicion and justifying indolence.

But what probably more frequently happened was the demand by a powerful feudal monarch that the fealty made of old in reference to a private estate, or under some one of the complex conditions of feudality, should be given unconditionally, so as to prepare the way for an absolute sovereignty over the vassal's dominions. This was the shape in which Edward made his attempt on Scotland, and had it been made more quietly it might have been successful. It is curious that the King of France, at that time exulting in great power and European influence, was venturing on the same game with the King of England, though certainly with less substantial hopes. The hold on the English monarch of course was his feudal duty, as the owner of fiefs

within the domain of France. Some English sailors having seized French vessels in the narrow seas, Philip of France cited Edward to appear before him in Paris and answer for the offence of his servants, but the power of enforcement was so disproportioned to the demand as to render it ludicrous. Among the communities which felt and resisted the ruthless efforts of these ambitious monarchs toward universal dominion, Scotland became illustrious in the war of independence. While the question was one of nominal sovereignty and feudal homage the people of the north were passive; but when the Normans, as was their wont, covered the country with the fortalices of which the ruins still remain, and Scotland was parcelled out into justiciaries, and subjected to military authority, the people rose, and rose with effect.

The contest produced two illustrious commanders, differing widely from each other in the nature of their claims to the admiration of posterity. Very few historical characters indeed have come so well through the scrutiny of archæological inquiry as William Wallace. It is true, that applying to his position the conditions and nomenclature of a later nationality, which, in a great measure, arose out of his services, his real position has been misunderstood; for, however paradoxical it may seem, it would be more accurate to speak of him as the champion of English resistance to Norman tyranny than of Scottish nationality against English aggression. Hence historians, feeling the uneasy consciousness of a certain vagueness of outline, have invested him with the conventional attributes of the classical hero of the old school-books. It was not to be expected that popular romance should be more accurate than history, and so the minstrel Harry represents him as a Hercules clearing his way through armed hosts by superhuman development of muscle, while in the amiable pages of Miss Jane Porter he becomes an interesting and accomplished guardsman. But when the paint, and gilding, and theatrical properties are removed, the figure of the man still remains, great in its original simplicity. In the battle of Stirling he shewed wonderful powers of strategy and generalship, since he took up his position at the very point which, for subsequent centuries, was deemed the gate between the north and the south; and, by timing his attack, when the half of Surrey's army was separated from him by the Forth, he accomplished that most thoroughly effective of military operations which, by attacking the enemy in detail, puts a small force on a level with a great. His capacity for leadership must have been marvellous, since he organised and kept together a vast army of the common people, while their ordinary leaders, the Norman aristocracy, following their natural instincts, had joined the oppressor. And all these faculties he employed without arrogance, or an overweening per-

sonal ambition, in a cause indubitably pure,—the liberation of a people from an aggressive oppressor.

To Bruce, who also was an intrepid and skilful commander, the same high moral position cannot be awarded. He saw in the settled discontent of the Scots, and their enduring antipathy to the Norman rule, the materials out of which an independent sovereignty might be created. With the ardent spirit of his heroic race he threw himself into the contest. When the die was once cast—and it was cast by a mere accident, he held with chivalrous constancy to his adopted course, bearing reverses with steady resolution, and enduring hardships down to the level of sordid misery with unshaken fortitude. In the end he was successful, and the people whom he delivered were duly grateful. Their gratitude may be said, indeed, to have embodied itself in the constitution and continuous existence of the Scottish nation. Scotland proper dates from Bannockburn. All histories which speak of the country during an earlier period take their tone from the nationality then established.

The revolution created by the erection of a separate Scottish kingdom is distinctly visible in such statistics of the age as are afforded to us by the cartularies of the ecclesiastical houses, and other documents connected with the occupancy of land. The Norman names disappear from the territorial occupancy, and such names as Mortimer, De Coucy, De Vipont, and De Quincey are succeeded by Johnstones, Scots, Armstrongs, and Bells. The Norman holders of the Scottish lands, indeed, were not disposed passively to submit to this revolution, and in an effort to regain their domains they placed for a short time their champion Edward Baliol on the throne of Scotland. That brief suspension over, Scotland freed from Norman intrusion grew by degrees into the separate and peculiar nation which has afforded to the world so adventurous and picturesque a history.

Hitherto we have had to describe the manner in which the country rid itself of French influence, for it has been justly remarked, that the Normans of the period of the conquest were thorough Frenchmen, though Frenchmen of a very high caste and that they had discarded every vestige of the rough pirates of the northern seas. Frenchmen as they were, they infused their social spirit into English society, deeply impregnating its upper strata. The influence had penetrated, as we have seen, so far into Scotland, but was driven back. Thus England was for centuries subject to an ethnical influence, if we may use such a term, which did not reach Scotland. We see its effect in the more gallicised idiom of English literature—in the language of the legislature and the law—in the habits of the court and aristocracy—perhaps also in the more rapid advancement of civili-

sation—though it is but fair to remember, that as the poorer country, the eternal warfare to which Scotland was doomed by her potent neighbour, too completely absorbed her resources to leave her the means of social progress. We all know how in England the Anglo-Saxon spirit at last predominated, and the community became English. But in so close and internal a rivalry, even the triumphant element took of necessity largely from the other by the natural process of assimilation. Hence, there has ever been a French influence at work in the innermost recesses of English society. There has been a French influence at work in Scotland too, as we shall presently find, but it was external. It was not the silent influence on each other, of citizens of the same state, met in social intercourse or dispute, but the influence of a distant government and people patronising and befriending the government and people of Scotland. In the course of a few pages bestowed on the subject, the peculiar effects produced by the external and mechanical character of the influence will probably be visible.

The reasons which attached Scotland to France, are almost too simple to be stated; the country was glad of a powerful ally and protector against the ceaseless enmity of England, and the sleepless aggressive designs of the English kings. The feeling which induced France to befriend Scotland, is scarcely less simple. A small state lying close to a great enemy—especially if the small state have many wrongs to avenge, and is endued with the temper and capacity to avenge them—has always been deemed an important acquisition to any of the great powers. We are familiar with this policy in our Indian empire. Portugal has long been to Britain what Scotland was to France. The English kings encouraged Artavelde and the other popular leaders of Flanders, and Elizabeth subsidized the Dutch.

The first recorded overtures for the alliance with France, were made by Scotland at a juncture of curious historical combinations. Baliol had acknowledged the supremacy of Edward, and Edward was, on the occasion already alluded to, cited to appear before the bar of the King of France, to answer as a vassal for his misdeeds. Edward, instead of performing his feudal duty, threatened a warlike descent on France, and ordered his vassal Baliol to join him with his retainers—the nobles and fighting men of Scotland. The Estates, such as they then were, assembled at Scone, and repudiating the vassalage of their nominal monarch, determined to offer themselves as allies to France

The date of this overture or proposal is the year 1293, and history has not preserved any distinct conclusions reached by negotiators between the two countries until five years later, when a truce was adjusted between France and England, form-

ing the basis of the subsequent treaty of Paris. Into these negotiations—much seemingly to the astonishment of Edward—Philip of France introduced a demand that his allies the King, nobility, and people of Scotland, should be made a party to the final pacification. The French king was in earnest. When Edward represented that if there were an alliance with France, Baliol, his vassal, had freely renounced it; the answer was, that Baliol was then a prisoner of war, and incapable of renouncing the rights of his kingdom. Edward had, however, his effectual practical reply in the victory of Falkirk, and the destruction of Wallace. France could not send an army to redeem the disaster, and the days for employing Scotland as an active and effective ally, had not yet come. It was in the year 1326, and after Bruce had fairly established what may be termed a new European kingdom, that a solemn treaty for mutual peace and war was concluded between France and Scotland. It is needless to mention how often it was specifically renewed. Each renewal spoke of it as the ancient alliance of the kingdoms, for in all matters of national tradition, anything which cannot be traced to a distinct origin has a strong claim on reverential observance, and ere it had been a century old. both nations were taught to believe that the genealogy of treaties went back to the days of Charlemagne and Achaius, and there lost itself.

The connexion between the two nations was not merely a national alliance, it was an exchange of citizenship. The French Droit d'aubaine, which confiscated the property of every stranger dying on the soil of France—a scandal to the country, for which it has exhibited its penance by the substitution of a system peculiarly sedulous of the interests of strangers—this offensive rule, which was perhaps maintained more in haughty defiance of the rest of the world than in the spirit of rapacity, was suspended towards the citizens of Scotland. By repeated letters-patent, the inhabitants of Scotland were not only permitted freely to trade with France, but they were entitled to the various rights of free-born Frenchmen—they might possess estates inheritable by their descendants, and hold offices of emolument in the state and the army, and benefices and dignities in the Church.*

The gift of citizenship was, of course, reciprocal; but whatever political benefits were gained to France by the alliance, it is almost needless to remark that the personal benefits from the exchange all fell to the share of the Scots. Looking at the comparative condition of the two nations in later times, it is not easy

* See the substance of some of the Grants of Privilege, in a little work, called "Memoirs concerning the ancient Alliance between the French and Scots."

to bring the mind to a conception of the greatness of the social gap between Scotland and France, from the days of Robert the Bruce to those of Queen Mary. England, infinitely beyond Scotland in wealth and its social appliances, was to a certain degree homespun and yeoman-like, whenever she was set beside the glitter of the court and aristocracy of France. In that country, indeed, the civilisation of the old Roman Empire was still in some measure preserved, in sufficient strength to aid the newly growing civilisation which accompanied the formation of the Modern European States. France had, in some measure, the remains of the elegance of the Western Empire, mixed with the rising energy of the Northern Nations. In Scotland all vestiges of Roman civilisation had been effaced,—the country had started of new to achieve its own destiny, and it stood on the outskirts of the rising communities which were to form the new European System. The distance of the British Colonist in America or the Cape, from the native, can scarcely be greater than the distance in all external indications of social condition of the French noble, from the Scottish gentleman in the service of France. The difference is of a kind which we cannot well appreciate in this age when the civilised races are superior to the barbarous, not only in social habits, but in every physical and mental condition.

Among the defects of our allies, the French, sordidness and selfishness are not included. What they gave, they gave with an open-handed liberality. The Scot, uncouth and unmanageable as he must have been, was received with a well-bred courtesy, which might leave him to infer, but never told him, that the Great Nation was a magnificent patron, and he a humble pensioner. It is pleasant to notice, throughout the historical documents of the two countries, that as the emigrant Scots liked France, so they in their turn were liked by the French, until the time when the ambitious projects of the Guises, like those of Edward, created uneasiness and distrust. Proud as the Scots were, they could not but appreciate the genuine good breeding, which always spoke of their nation and themselves, individually as in the same rank with their munificent patrons. And perhaps at a time like the present, it is of some importance that, among the troops joined in a common cause with those of our great ally, there are many whose national traditions still point to a friendship with France. It is a time for remembering with satisfaction, that among Scotsmen the national animosities of the British Empire have not existed long enough to obliterate the traditional attachment of the Scot to the Frank.

Many Scottish cadets planted their race firmly in the soil of France and established great lordships there, enjoying revenues

and establishments, such as it would have sadly shamed them to see placed in comparison with the dreary domain and sordid dwelling of the head of the house at home. They required to prove their gentility or nobility, but nothing was easier in a country where every man had a pedigree. From the beginning, it was the weakness of the Scots—a weakness surely leaning to virtue's side—that they stuck by each other. With his usual felicity, Scott turns the whole succession of stirring events which make the fortunes of "Quentin Durward," on this national peculiarity. The Lowlands was strewn with petty barren feu-holdings, which gave a territorial title to the owner and all the kindred of his name, thus conferring the much coveted *De* or *Von* of France and Germany. The pertinacity with which Scotland has adhered to the territorial nomenclature—to the system of addressing people by their estates and not their names, is in some measure a relic of our intercourse with France, which encouraged the practice by example, and taught the Scottish gentry the great value of their possessive pronouns. In fact, gentlemen might be said to be the crop borne by the otherwise profitless acres of the Scottish Lairds, and a very profitable investment was found for the produce in the French market. It is traditionally narrated of Robert Monteith, the accomplished historian of the "Troubles," that when asked what he was Monteith *of*, the occupation of his father, a respectable salmon fisher on the Forth, arose before him, and he claimed the title of Salmonnet, which was at once conceded. It looks like a confirmation of the story to find that the French edition of his work—"Histoire des Troubles de la Graude Bretagne," bears the authorship of "Robert Montet De Salmonet." It would be difficult to find such a place in any topographical work on Scotland; but in French books the author's name appears in the indices under the head of "Salmonet,"—as Arouet appears under the well-known head of Voltaire, and La Tour, the great general, under that of Turenne, the territorial title of his house.

In the substantial benefits derived from this alliance, the blood-royal did not hesitate to participate. Early in the fifteenth century, the ancient County of Aubigny was given to John Stewart. His descendant, Everard, was a distinguished diplomatist, and soldier,—fought in the Italian wars, and was slain at the Battle of Pavia. His descendant of a later generation, Esmé, came to Scotland, and became a well-known and unpopular courtier of the modern Solomon. He was accused of having corrupted his innocent master with French vices; but after the reign of Queen Mary, Scotland had little to learn in that direction. The Aubigny family making the name of Stewart French, the absence of a *w* in the language rendered it necessary to vary the

spelling, and the name of Stuart was thus adopted,—a form which has not been entirely confined to France, but has found its way into considerable use in the native country of the Stewarts. They held a great name in France, establishing something resembling a clan; and it is believed that in that part of the ancient province of Berri which formed the county of Aubigny, the name of Stuart is still borne by some of the peasantry.

Another Stewart, Alexander, Duke of Albany, the defeated plotter for the throne of James IV., found refuge in France. His son was born there, and married a French heiress, the Countess of Auvergne, of that same family of La Tour, whence Turenne was descended. The sister of the Countess married Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, whose uncle Leo X., in a papal confirmation of the privileges of Scotland, obtained at the solicitation of Albany, alludes to this family connexion.* All the readers of Scottish history will readily remember, that another family closely connected with the Scottish throne was endowed in France with the great Lordship of Chatelherault in Poitou. This donation was not given without a consideration, since it was Arran's compensation for abandoning the Regency of Scotland to Mary of Guise, the representative of the French policy in Scotland. It was part of this same policy to confer the Bishopric of Meripoix on the potent Beaton, whose name, by the way, commonly spelt Bethune, suggests a connexion with that ancient house which gave to France the noblest of its statesmen, —Sully.

Excepting in a few such instances as these, the favours of France were not distributed within Scotland, but conferred on immigrants, who were received into the heart of France, and did good service to their adopted country. The war with Henry V., so disastrous to France, was contemporary with the captivity of James I. in London, an event which exasperated the Scots, and drove many of them to fight their national enemy on the soil of France. In that army led by the Dauphin, which first made head against the English after the field of Agincourt, we find the Lord of Buchan, two Douglases, a Lindsay, and a Swinton. Buchan was endowed with the high office of Constable of France. He commanded the Scots at the battle of Verneuil, where Sismondi tells us, after mentioning the disposal of the other troops, that "Les Ecossais, qui faisoient le nerf de leur armée, étoient plus propres à combattre à pied qu'à cheval." The contest, by its close approach to a success, was indicative of the coming revival of national spirit in France. It was lost by the rapacity of the Italian mercenaries, who began to plunder

* Teulet, i. 15.

too soon. The English blood was roused by the unusual obstinacy of the enemy, and their defeat was followed by slaughter. Buchan was found among the dead, beside Douglas the Lord of Touraine. So each had partaken largely of the munificent gifts of hospitable France, and each had given a life to his benefactors when the hour came for requiring it.

The connexion of France with Scotland would be very imperfectly described without some notice of that Scots guard so distinguished both in history and romance. It is a pity that we have no old French documents capable of telling us their origin and early history. A thin volume printed for the Bannatyne Club, called "Papers relative to the Royal Guard of Scottish Archers in France," contains documents which undoubtedly go far back, since they start with Charlemagne and Achaius. The starting point is however too early, and makes immediately palpable a defect common to this class of documents. They do not come down to us straight from Charlemagne's day; on the contrary, they profess to go back from the seventeenth century to that period, and to convey thence a statement, rendered doubly dubious by its character, as a pleading for the restoration of the Scottish privileges in France, after Scotland had joined crowns and interests with France's great enemy. L'Escosse Françoise, first published in 1608, traces the origin of the guard to an incident of the Crusades.* It is not unlikely that the French may have become acquainted with the soldierly capacities of their northern allies in the hard service to which both had doomed themselves in these memorable wars. But the systematic establishment of a Scottish guard has its distinct origin in the war of the expulsion of the English, when, as the official documents already referred to tell us, the services of the Scots were timely and effective. It was constructed, indeed, out of the small number whom the casualties in that war had left, out of a large body of adventurers. Thus the Scottish guard was the fruit of the misery and disasters of France, and when we look at its peculiar privileges, and remember that they were in the possession of foreigners, none but a disastrous history could be anticipated to the people whose kings were so surrounded. The guards proper appear to have consisted of one hundred, though there was a separate body of Scottish gens-d'armes, from whom, perhaps, they were selected. Twenty-four of the hundred along with the commander of the gens-d'armes were the special protectors of the King's person. Their privileges, according to the kind of terrestrial religion which the doctrine of the divine right of kings inculcated, were of a very solemn and sacred character.

* Papers relative to the Royal Guard, p. 74.

They had the charge of the keys of the king's apartment, and of the chapel where he paid his devotion. They guarded his boat when he crossed a river; when the king made his solemn entry into a town, the key must be delivered to their commander; and they enjoyed the incalculable privilege of carrying his Majesty's sacred person on those occasions where ceremony dictated that it should be borne by men. At mass, vespers, and ordinary meals, two of them stood close to the royal person. On occasions of high ceremony, as for the administration of the royal touch to the scrofulous, the investment of the higher order of knighthood, the solemn reception of embassies, and the like, then it was the privilege and honour of six of the Scots guards to be the nearest to the sacred person, three on either side. Not the least of their privileges was that of decorating their lances or halberts with a fringe of white silk, 'qui est la couleur couronnale en France.' A throne thus environed by foreign mercenaries was only too emphatically indicative of the coming destinies of France. The Jacquerie and the ascendancy of Marcel, the demagogue provost of Paris, had taught the kings of France that they had enemies nearer than the English. England, too, had her Jacquerie in the days of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; but the strong political sense which has ever guided the nation in its troubles pointed to the redress of popular grievances, not to the isolation of the throne as the proper remedy. That horror of foreign mercenaries which has sometimes driven Englishmen to the borders of frenzy had its birth in a substantial danger. Nothing, indeed, could shew so distinctly what the French crown was to become as the privileges conferred on a haughty body of semi-barbarous strangers; and in the zealous services of our countrymen to their benefactors we can study one of the main elements of the vitality of that long continued despotism which the Revolution at last stifled in blood.

To a monarch like Louis XI., who participated neither in the national feelings of Frenchmen nor in the chivalrous traditions of the nobles, and who went furtively about gnawing away the foundation of every institution or tradition offensive to him by its influence,—it was of immense importance to have around him a body of men who, like the Mamelukes in their early days, were separate from the ties of kindred and local influences,—who had no motive but to do the desire of their master,—who were stern combatants, and unconscious of fear, and who, moreover, from their wild origin and neglected nurture, possessed certain primitive prejudices in favour of honesty and fidelity, which, however despicable they might be as a general characteristic, were useful in the particular occasion. We see

throughout Comines' amusing narrative how constantly Louis was environed with these honest hardy mercenaries,—how frequently he thought it safest to have no others too near him. He made his body-guard, indeed, a living rampart, bristling with offensive spears and arrows round the dungeon walls in which he immured himself, establishing a seclusion so arbitrary and remorseless, that a near relation,—a prince of the blood,—a confidential minister, might be slain at once if he endeavoured to approach the royal person without the usual preparatory ceremonies and permissions. With his assiduous barber as the only avenue of communication, the king thus shut himself out from France; and the foreigners, trained to strict military usage, and destitute of any respect for persons or national institutions, carried out the design with an effectiveness that never could have been found in native troops. In the one great peril of his life, when Louis found himself in the Castle of Peronne, environed by the Burgundians, and virtually the prisoner of that Duke of Burgundy whose fierce recklessness earned for him the title of Charles le Téméraire, the stay on which he had thrown his whole reliance was tested, and found true. When Louis and the Duke set off together towards Cambray, in outward amity but inward hatred and suspicion, we are told that "the duke's army marched in two columns. One was commanded by the Marshal of Burgundy, and with him were all the Burgundians, the above mentioned nobility of Savoy, and a great number of forces out of Hainault, Luxembourg, Limbourg. The other body was led by the duke himself."* We have here the idea of a powerful force; and it is nearly certain that there was then between the two men travelling together at the head of their respective forces a deadly silent contest to decide whether the Duke of Burgundy should be King of France or the King of France should add the fiefs of the Duke of Burgundy to the absolute dominions of the French Crown. The Duke, profuse in everything, whether peaceful or warlike, thus brings forth a gallant army,—the King, penurious, contemptuous of display, and dependent more on his own guile and sagacity than on the zeal of his armed followers, brings to balance against the Burgundian army a force thus described by the succinct chronicler:—"The King had with him only his Scotch Guards and a small body of his standing forces, but he ordered three hundred of his men-at-arms to join him." In the next stage we find them falling on the unfortunate citizens of Liege. While both assailants—the one sordid and calculating, the other careless and audacious—had at heart the common purpose

* Uredalis Comines, p. 195.

of crushing a community of hard working men, struggling for an honest living,—each desired to trip up his fellow. Hence, when they were in close siege, we are told that "the King removed into the suburbs, and took up his quarters in a little house, next door to the Duke's, his guards consisting of a hundred Scots, and his household troops were posted near him." In the night there was a sally by the beleaguered citizens. They made a dash at the quarters of their two royal enemies; and Comines felt that this attempt had been awfully close to success. "We knew not," he says, "in what condition the king was, nor whether he was for or against us, which put us into a great consternation." It happened that, among the assailants, the owner of the house which the Duke of Burgundy occupied was killed. "The king," says Comines, "was also assaulted after the same manner by his landlord, who entered his house, but was slain by the Scotch Guards. These Scotch troops behaved themselves valiantly, maintained their ground, would not stir one step from the king, and were very nimble with their bows and arrows, with which it is said they wounded and killed more of the Burgundians than of the enemy."*

It could not be but that men so trusted and privileged as the protectors of despotism should imbibe despotic habits, which even the most submissive populace would resent as the insolence of swaggering mercenaries. The expression *fier comme un Ecossais* became proverbial in France. Numerous brawls and contests arose in which it became needless to ask which party was in the wrong, since the very existence of the foreign element was enough to cause them, just as a foreign body in some sensitive portion of the human frame causes disease. The guards naturally resented any attempt to assimilate them by an admixture of Frenchmen. The existence of a considerable number of naturalised Frenchmen of Scottish name and origin afforded the means of gradually modifying their constitution without any sudden change. The lords of Aubigny thus provided them with a succession of commanders. They were subsequently commanded by that Montgomery who had the misfortune to kill Henry II. at a joust, and from his name he appears to have been accepted among them as traditionally of Scottish origin. In the wars of religion Scotsmen were naturally liable to the suspicion of favouring the Huguenots, and the new aspects in the relation of the two countries of which we shall shortly come to speak, led to a further gradual weeding of the guards. After the Reformation, and still more effectually after the union of the Crowns, the service of France was of course open only to those who were

* Comines, p. 268.

in opposition to the established religion at home,—a definition nearly equivalent with disaffection to the established Government. Yet repeatedly during the seventeenth century, when Scotland was virtually a hostile country to France, loud complaints and remonstrances were diplomatically forwarded to the French Government about the injustice of despoiling the Scots of their privileges. The Scots Guard, though entirely filled with Frenchmen, continued to be an integral element of the old monarchy of France. Those who are acquainted with the gorgeous volumes which were issued as the official representations of all the multitudinous details of ceremonial connected with the consecration of the kings of France, will remember the rich uniform of their commander, and the simpler and soldierly costume of the men-at-arms. Some relics of Scottish peculiarities rested with the guard to the last, and in the Dictionnaire de Trevoux we are told, that "elle ne laisse pas de conserver son ancien nom, et de retenir encore la phrase Ecossoise 'I am hire,' qui se prononce Ai am hire, c'est-à-dire je suis ici—me voici."

At the head of this Article we have placed the title of a book full of curious matter, connected, not solely with the French alliance, but with the condition and history of Scotland throughout the sixteenth century. There may be much difference of opinion about the real and permanent value of the last popular poem or drama, or even about the most esteemed book of the day on geology or ethics. By such a work as M. Teulet's, however, the value claimed will not be questioned, so long as it is admitted that history is a profitable study. There is a sort of proud humility in the completeness and perfection with which the intended object is effected. Most investigators will desire to give the tinge of their own peculiar opinions to the documents they are the means of publishing,—selecting, grouping, or annotating them, and sometimes professing to save the reader's trouble by discarding their dry details, and extracting from them results which are not those which the reader would have extracted had the matter been left in his own hands. That M. Teulet is an accomplished archæologist, whose views on any historical question would be valuable, would easily be inferred from his preface, and other incidental features of his task, were his high capacity not otherwise known. Yet the documents contained in his two massive volumes,—they contain nearly two thousand dense quarto pages,—have been copied, arranged, and corrected at press with all the careful precision expected from a drudging clerk, in the kind of work of which a drudging clerk is capable. We have thus the assurance that a series of State papers bearing on delicate and debated points of history, where an important truth sometimes depends on the

collocation of a sentence, and a false word may be the foundation of a false theory widely influencing historical belief,—have passed under the careful examination of one signally capable of detecting errors, and uttering the documents in their original purity. Yet we should not leave the impression that this accomplished editor leaves the investigator to wander through the pathless wilderness of several hundreds of very accurate state-papers. For him who is unable or disinclined to examine the wilderness there is a succinct account of its character and produce from an able pen. Each paper is preceded, in short, by a full analysis of its contents. The plan seems to us the perfection of archæological editorship. The documents are there, in the two quarto volumes, at full length; whoever wishes to assure himself of their very words can find them, but, for the ease of others not ambitious of such a task, there is a serviceable and intelligent abstract.

Among these papers there are some bearing the aspect of an old friend with a new face, since they are French versions of documents with which most of us are familiar in their native condition,—of these a signal instance is the First Covenant, translated for the information of the Court of France, where it was peculiarly instructive as a vehement alarm-cry against danger arising from the practices of certain intriguing Frenchmen. Taking them as a whole, the chief impression derived from these documents is of the sedulous attention to the affairs of Scotland that must have influenced those French statesmen who obtained them, and the prying minuteness of the agents who supplied information, or transmitted copies of Scottish state-papers. A daily watch is kept on all things of political moment in Scotland, from Mary's forced abdication of her Crown down to the particulars of the latest reception of his favourites by the young prince, or the precise terms in which the doings of his Court were censured from the pulpit. It has fallen to few countries to have been so well inspected as Scotland must then have been. On the one part, we have Sir Ralph Sadler, Randolph, and the whole body of skilful inquisitors brought up in Queen Elizabeth's peculiar school of statecraft,—on the other we have the agents of the French Court, trained in a more subtle diplomatic school, yet requiring to report more fully and specifically, since their information, applicable to a distant people, speaking a totally different language from the French, would not be so readily made intelligible at home as the communications of the English agents. The whole of these documents, indeed, bear reference to a rivalry for dominion between the two great powers which placed the independence of Scotland in a position only a degree less critical than it had fallen upon two centuries and a half earlier. Were there some supreme terrestrial authority that could compel

nations to keep their bargains, as the Courts of law enforce justice between man and man, the reasons why Scotland should accept an immediate union with England were conclusive, and could not endure criticism. But the Scots believed, that as the weaker of two hostile nations they would be subjugated by the stronger, instead of joining on equal partnership, in which the citizens of each should become members of a new state, where they would enjoy the same rights, and be subject to the same obligations. If we were to judge of their objections by the present condition of the British empire, we might denounce them as unreasonable; but were we to judge of them by that experience which history teaches us through example, we shall undoubtedly justify their patriotic forethought, since, even after a century and a half of progress in civilisation, and after the nations had become intimate with each other as subjects of the same Crown, it was with extreme difficulty that Scotland obtained from her affluent and haughty neighbour a union on fair terms.

During the time when the affectionate attentions of England were received with more alarm than satisfaction, the alliance with France was changing its original character. Having heretofore been the bountiful and considerate patron of the poor and proud neighbour, the French king began to cast a wistful eye on his possessions. Imperial notions had become resuscitated in connexion with the French monarchy. Francis, indeed, had striven for the Cæsarship. At the same time events tended so distinctly to an absorption of Scotland in England, that the French statesmen saw no method of preserving an influence within the Island of Britain, save by taking Scotland and keeping it as a dependency of the Crown of France. It happened that the Reformation and the contemporary rise of an English party in Scotland, were preceded by incidents unfavourable to the influence of France. The sojourn of the French in Scotland was not so agreeable as that of the Scots in France. The Scots went abroad to work and fight, and in return for the services so conferred, to find their condition improved and their rank increased. The French who came to Scotland were in general men of high rank, accustomed to slavish deference from their inferiors, and among a people poor and rude they not only lost the luxurious indulgences of their social condition at home, but encountered a jealous irritability which every effort to support their own dignity served only to increase.

One of the incidents most unpropitious to the French alliance was the regency of Albany, already spoken of. With all the legitimate claim to authority which a Scottish prince might have by descent, he was by training and social habit a thorough Frenchman. He brought all the despotic notions of the French

court to a country in which the monarch, though certainly he had much nominal power, was in reality but the chief among a very haughty aristocracy and unruly people. Even the satisfaction of his ambition to be a governor, could not recompense him for his social sacrifices in leaving France; he pined to return, and accomplished his object at a juncture critical to the continuance of his power. The documents edited by M. Teulet, among which there are letters from Albany himself, entitle us to believe that he expected to see Scotland become a more tolerable country, by being made a dependency of France. Thus, in writing to the King of France on the position of Scotland, he certainly exceeds the flowery diplomatic courtesy of the age in calling on him *aider et secourir et commander.**

When he returned he left behind him an accomplished and courtly Frenchman, the Sieur de la Bastie, whose fate speedily illustrated in a startling shape the social uncongeniality of a French courtier with the ancient allies of the crown of France. La Bastie was left with some nominal authority by the absent governor. As the Estates of Parliament were the virtual rulers, and conferred the power held by the governor, it is difficult to understand how any power could have been conferred on the foreigner; and yet, perhaps, as a statesman trained in the court of France, he may have found it difficult to understand how there should be any limit to his authority. One of the class of aristocracy briefly described in state-papers as "border thieves," took in hand to limit it in his own peculiar manner. Hume of Wedderburn, provokingly interrupted in the act of besieging his feudal enemy's stronghold, seized and stabbed the Frenchman, and rode off with the murdered man's head dangling from his saddle bow, by those long carefully cultivated tresses which were becoming the pride of the leaders of fashion in Paris. Such an affair was naturally extremely unpleasant to Albany, and could not easily be explained in a satisfactory manner among the fastidious courtiers who were the common friends of the murdered man and himself. Ample vengeance was of course promised to France, but insuperable difficulties impeded its accomplishment. There is much correspondence on this matter in M. Teulet's volumes, in which there are very earnest promises on the part of the Scottish powers, and records of transcendent exertions to discover the perpetrator,—but never any success; and a modern reader cannot help comparing the documents with what he may hear from time to time of the redress offered by an Affghan or Burmese court, for the murder of some active British resident in a remote province.

* Teulet, i. 30.

Such incidents gave opportunity for each of the contending patrons of Scotland to interfere. While France might well complain of outrage, Henry VIII. professed himself indignant that his nephew's kingdom should be put into the hands of a designing stranger like Albany, the servant of a foreign power, who intrusted the most serious affairs to base adventurers of his own nation. From a remonstrance by Henry, dated in 1521, it would appear that at the famous festival of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where Henry and Francis tried in vain to cheat each other under the guise of unsuspecting courtesy and chivalrous generosity, the English King had requested his rival, out of sheer good fellowship, as it were, to abandon to him, Scotland,—a country lying much more convenient to his hand than to that of his royal brother. But whatever hopes he may have derived from the free and hearty communications of the occasion, turned out to be hollow. France, far from intending to loose her hold on Scotland, was, on the contrary, prepared to tighten it. But evil days were in store for both countries. When Scotland suffered under the disasters of a war with England, instigated by Albany for his own purposes, she was at the feet of Henry, who refused any terms of peace which contained no bargain for the breaking of the French alliance. Refusing the alternative, the Scots asked their good friends across the Channel if they might not agree to some partial and temporary severance to escape the wrath of England. The fatal Battle of Pavia had just been fought,—Francis was a prisoner in Spain, and the French appealed, and not in vain, to the chivalrous generosity of the Scots,—was it a time for them to desert their ancient alliance, and abandon the friends who had so often served them? Then follow many high courtesies to Scotland. Ten years afterwards we find King James in Paris, to be married to a daughter of France. It was a royal order that the public bodies should do the young prince the honours usually offered to the royal family of France, and to them only. The Parliament remonstrate—"Que sa dicte court n'avoit accoustumé aller en robbes rouges, les présidens portans leurs manteaux et chapeaux de velours et le greffier civil son épitage, au devant des Rois et Princes estrangers faisant entrées en ceste ville de Paris."* But they were induced to submit to the urgent demand of Francis that they should do all honour to his son-in-law,—"Tout ainsi qu'à sa propre personne." Submission was gradually becoming the rule among the corporate powers in France, and we have a specific account of the processions from the President, through the several grades, to the huissiers with their rods.

* Teulet, i. 123.

We are farther told that after the proper address was presented, the Scottish Prince embraced the Presidents "sans aucunement parler à eux, parcequ'il savoit peu du langage françois."

The matrimonial alliances created a state of matters which brought the two great powers to close rivalry over their intended prey. James V. was the nephew of the King of England. His two wives were French, and his second belonged to that wonderful family of Guise, whose function it was to inspire France with their peculiar spirit and their ambitious projects, and whose destiny, had it not been suddenly checked, bade fair to anticipate in the 16th century that of the Buonaparte family in our own day. As all the readers of our ordinary histories know, the haughty Scots took umbrage at Henry the Eighth's rough wooing, and precipitately decided all pending questions by sending their infant queen off to France. There never was an act of statesmanship more distinctly done in the excitement of anger—almost it might be termed of pettishness. Whatever uncertain dangers Scotland might have incurred by a different course, the dangers she encountered by this were soon distinct and specific. It remained to France either to lose Scotland or hold it by the strong hand, and she seems to have resolved to seize the opportunity presented to her. A new tone is from this date perceptible in the French documents relating to this country. The Parliament of Paris are induced to take upon them to adopt a declaration, "Sur le Gouvernement de l'Ecosse." The purport is to shew that Queen Mary having reached her twelfth year (the date is 1552) is entitled to undertake the government of her realm. A line of argument is adopted which, though not very cogent, is perhaps the best that could be found for the purpose. By the civil law, the age when puberty commences is twelve in females and fourteen in males. Precedents are then taken from France—both for the sake of the ancient alliance between the two countries and 'pour l'excellence de la couronne et maison de France'—and it is found that although in cases of private right, the period of years must be completed, Kings of France have governed before the completion of their fourteenth year. There are several references to Scripture, and to the history of the ancient nations, and an argument is used very characteristic of France at that time, but which would not have been much esteemed in Scotland—monarchs, it said, are the special objects of the attention of the Deity, and are endowed with mature judgment earlier than other men.

More significant, however, than the tenor of such a document, is the fact of questions regarding the internal administration of Scotland coming for deliberation before a French corporation—for that was the proper character of the Parliament of Paris. Two

years afterwards, the object to which this proposal was probably directed, was accomplished in another shape. Arran was bought out of the command of the kingdom by the lordship of Chatelerault. Mary of Guise filled the office. She was, it is true, the mother of the Queen of Scotland; but she was a thorough Frenchwoman, and was placed there to serve the interests of France. The King of France, and the two Guises, the Duke and Cardinal, appointed themselves to the office of guardians of the young Queen, and the Queen-mother proceeded to France, took her instructions from them, and returned to Scotland to carry them out. They were natural as the instructions of the French court—they had equally natural results as enforced in Scotland. French soldiers and commanders outraged the feelings of the people by assuming offensive liberties and prerogatives. The high offices of the state were conferred on Frenchmen, and we find a De Rubay holding the Great Seal, and a Villemore filling the office of comptroller, while D'Oysell acted as chief adviser of the regent and prime minister. The regent proposed to pick the strongholds of the country one by one out of the hands of their baronial commanders, and garrison them with French soldiers—it was on receiving a hint to part with his fortress of Tantallon for this purpose, that the old Earl of Angus, with grim humour, said his house was at her Majesty's service—but he must needs be the commandant, for no one could hold it so well. The climax was reached when an inventory of property and effects was made throughout Scotland, for the imposition of a subsidy which would have gone to the support of an army of foreign mercenaries. Three hundred of the barons and gentry met in the church of Holyrood, where they propounded some significant constitutional doctrines for the limitation of the sovereign authority, and among these it was specifically observed, that the monarch was the Queen of Scots, as being the leader of the Scottish people, and not the Queen of Scotland as the possessor of the soil, and entitled to dispose of that which was upon it. This was the first solemn protest against the influence of the French alliance. A political party was formed, which joined and strengthened the religious party arising out of the progress of the Reformation. Since that time France was no longer the ally of the nation of Scotland, but of a party there, and with the decay of that party the alliance died.

Meanwhile the French statesmen went on with their project of annexation, the necessity for which indeed was rendered clearer to them by the waxing strength of the lords of the congregation. To the party of the Guises it was virtually part of a conflict for existence and dominion within France itself, and just at the moment when the civil war was breaking out in the

conspiracy of Amboise, we find Catherine of Medici significantly writing to the Duke of Alba her opinion, that if the insolence of the Scots is not quelled, it will infect the reform party in France.*

An event had in the meantime occurred, which to those statesmen who see nothing beyond forms, had completed the annexation. The young Queen of Scots, married to the Dauphin, had for a few months enjoyed the dignity of a Queen of France. Commissioners were sent from Scotland to adjust the marriage treaty, with anxious instructions to preserve the independence and the separate laws and institutions of Scotland, whoever should, in consequence of the marriage, become monarch of the Scots. It was agreed that a son of the marriage should have both thrones, but if there were daughters only—disqualified by the Salique precedents from mounting the throne of France—the eldest should have Scotland. The indefatigable Guises, however, saw that the opening of the succession to a descendant of both the monarchs, would not convey the notion or produce the effect of annexation to the crown of France, so articulately as a transference to a King of France, not the son of a Scottish monarch. It was desired that the honours, as they are usually termed—the crown and sceptre of Scotland—should be sent to France; this was refused by the cautious Scots, and there is no doubt that the object of desiring them was, that Henry might obtain through them the ceremonial title of a Scottish coronation. All available inducements were employed to prevail on the commissioners to do homage to Henry as their king, but although they were profuse and deferential in rendering their humble duty, they carefully qualified their acts as done, not towards their king, but towards their queen's husband. A modified term was afterwards found for a dignity suitable to the position of Henry—he ought to have "the crown matrimonial" of Scotland, and this point was conceded by the Estates. The expression subsequently created much discussion in Scotland. In a Latin manifesto, addressed by the lords of the congregation to all Christian princes,† it is asserted that the expression was invented by the Guises, who intended to turn it to substantial use, and adopted by the estates of Scotland in their simplicity, as an inoffensive courtesy. If we may rely on a statement by Bishop Keith,—adopted by Tytler and the other ordinary historians,—Mary was required by her uncles to sign three private deeds, conveying the realm of Scotland to the King of France, for such reasons as in modern bill transactions are sententiously termed "value received."

* Teulet, i. 536. † *Ibid.* i. 414.

After a French prince became the monarch's husband, the Scottish regal documents assumed a tone of high prerogative, previously unknown. Even when they were reluctant concessions to the power of the lords of the congregation, they took the ancient imperial form of gracious gifts emanating from the royal benignity. The French state-papers, in their references to the old alliance, no longer speak of it as an agreement between two independent states, but enlarge on the graciousness of French patronage and protection—speak of the privileges communicated to the Scots, as the Roman emperors might have alluded to Britons or Armenians acquiring the right of citizenship, and indeed refer to Rome's treatment of her provinces, as a fitting example to be followed. At the same time they discuss the question, whether Scotland is to follow the established succession in France, or be a provision for a second son of the House of Valois. The relative position of the countries had, in French estimation, undergone a change since the day when James III. was asked to use his powerful intercession to quell the feuds between his two good friends, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy.

The remaining events which exercised an influence on the wavering alliance, are matters of history so conspicuous and notorious, that the reader who has attended to our details of smaller matters, will have concluded the narrative for himself. The policy of the Guises triumphed, but not for themselves. *Sic vos non vobis.* Their fate with that of many who were dropping around them, illustrated the truth of the sententious lesson, which teaches us how likely it is that the bloody and deceitful man shall fall a victim to his own policy. The puny life on which rested their hopes of governing Scotland through their niece, now drooped and died, and Mary was sent from the courtly splendour of Villers Coterets to hear discordant musicians play doleful tunes on fragmentary fiddles around the sordid chambers of Holyrood all through the dreary Scottish night. The Romish party triumphed in France, the party of the Reformation in Scotland—and this was equivalent to English predominance or to national independence as subsequent events might determine. The last warlike service done by the French with the consent of the governing powers in Scotland, was by that force which garrisoned Leith under the Queen regent, and held it against the lords of the congregation. But the Queen regent was deposed, and died of a broken heart. A formal alliance was contracted with England in the treaty of Berwic. The French force was driven to capitulate, but an important condition was exacted from them ere the capitulation was accepted. They would fain have treated with England as the

natural enemy of France, but they were required also to treat with the lords of the congregation as a victorious enemy, and they had especially to commit France to guarantee to them an amnesty from any prosecution for their conduct as opponents of their sovereign. So departed the last of the French allies. Queen Mary, it is true, secretly courted the aid of the league, and, in later days, the exiled Stewarts in their projects to re-establish their dominion, obtained some meagre aid from the Kings of France. But from the return of Queen Mary down to the Russian war, the Scot and the Frenchman never fought side by side in legitimate national alliance.

The conclusion of the alliance was coeval with the most significant indication of its effects on Scotland. The history of Queen Mary, with all its alternations of exciting brilliancy and tragic shadow, presents us with the concentrated exemplification of French influence on Scotland. The combination of a vicious refinement with an unscrupulous barbarism, must always produce malign social conditions, and in Scotland, the results of the combination were hideous. And, yet to say that the influence exercised on Scotland was purely French, would be to malign a people with many virtues. The influence came through the government of France, but it came from an Italian source. The discussion on this occasion of any new light which late inquiry has thrown on the interesting biographical controversies about Queen Mary's own conduct, would lead us too far from our main object. But we may just remark, that we think much of the difficulty so fertile in eloquent eulogium and caustic invective, has arisen from a neglect to remember the influences presiding over the education and training of the unhappy princess. The fortunate experience of the world in which we live, inculcates a reluctance to admit, that beauty, fine taste, high culture, genius, and generosity, can subsist in the same heart with the darkest vices of our nature. It is the fortunate characteristic of human progress, that in the general case, science and refinement conquer vice. But for purposes the wisdom of which we must not question, in Italy during the sixteenth century, and in the nations where Italian influence prevailed, the highest developments of science and refinement were the slaves of the most degrading and dangerous vices. There was nothing beautiful and engaging which might not as a perfect companionship, be associated with the disposition to betray or to murder; and the numerous and systematic poisonings which rendered courts a terror to their more ardent frequenters, stand forth as a pregnant testimony to a state of morals where the highest social position and the utmost scientific skill were alike the slaves of crime. From one brought up in such

a school, what was to be expected but that which all evidence has proved to have been found.

We have heretofore spoken of the alliance, chiefly in its political influence on historical events; we must now bestow a few sentences of our brief remaining space on its permanent social influence. We scarcely perhaps accomplish the transition from the political to the social, in saying, that the success of the Protestant party in Scotland had an influence in inspiring the Huguenots to fight for a similar success, which justified the warnings of Catherine of Medici. John Major, a Scotsman, but a doctor of the Sorbonne in Paris, taught the Principles of the Constitutional Responsibility of Monarchs with great distinctness, and Buchanan, who had all the learned world for an audience, echoed them with greater eloquence in purer Latin. Such precepts, attested by successful examples, strengthened the hands of the Montmorency and Coligny parties, and helped the Reformers to such success as they obtained.

An absolute spirit of intolerance has ever been the curse of every predominant party in France, religious or political. The Romanists would not tolerate the Protestants, and these in their turn, would never admit it among the practical solutions of their long war, that Papists were to be tolerated. So even when from the force of circumstances the monarchy was obliged to admit the Protestants to certain privileges, these neither asked nor gave toleration. They were to their Romish fellow-countrymen aliens existing within the kingdom on terms of armed neutrality, having their own fortresses and universities, their own municipal establishments, and their own courts of law. Since the leaders of our Reformation were trained among those valiant reformers of France, it is not a conjecture totally extravagant, though too slightly supported to be worth urging, that the persecuting principles, which have been found in many Scottish ecclesiastical documents, but which were alien to the feelings of their nominal professors and practically abjured by their conduct, may have been derived from this foreign source.

The influence which, commencing at an earlier date, was exercised by France on the institutions and laws of Scotland, is of a more specific and extensive character. In England, the separation of the national legislature into two houses, is nearly coeval with its independent existence, and the separate growth of the Lords and Commons is the most specific feature of the national constitution. In Scotland the estates met together, and down to the last it was scarcely an established point whether they were to vote collectively or by orders. The very same difficulty encountered the estates of France when they met to commence the first Revolution, and their

solution of the difficulty, by absorbing the others in the third estate, was the first act of their great work. It would be idle to attempt to trace a minute parallel between a body which had been dead for centuries in France, and one which all the time was living and acting in Scotland. It will be admitted too, that the derivation of one or two technical expressions from a common root, will not show that Scotland derived the corresponding institution from France. But when we find the old *ouverture* of the French Assemblies represented by the overture of the Scottish Parliament, subsequently bequeathed to the ecclesiastical courts; when we find that the head of the Scottish burgh ceases to be a mayor, and becomes a provost, or prevôt, surrounded by bailies for aldermen; when the English Barrister is represented by an Advocate or Avocat, and the Agent is a Procurator or Procureur,—the supposition of a French origin to the common nomenclature would not be untenable were the question worthy of contest. But we are by these trifles led to the threshold of far more substantial identities. The Court of Session was avowedly formed on the absolute model of the Parliament of Paris. It succeeded to the functions of certain tribunals, which had sprung in the shape of judicial committees, from the bosom of the legislature. It was thus naturally in a position to imitate those semi-legislative functions which were almost forced on the French Parliaments by the departure of the National Assemblies. The Court of Session retained, until a very late period, a deliberative character very distinct from the strictly administrative tone of the English Bench. The fifteen Lords were addicted to acrimonious debate on speculative points, sometimes conducted between two parties, who like those of the Ministry and the Opposition in Parliament, considered it proper etiquette to be always on opposite sides, and it was long ere this venerable Court could be brought to a proper understanding that it was not in any shape a legislative, but was a simply judicial body.

There is a remarkable similarity to each other in the early laws of England and Scotland. In many instances each derives both the nomenclature and the substance, from the laws of the Saxon Kingdoms. Examples of identity might be cited in greater number than the reader would desire to study, and perhaps it is sufficient to point to the one testimony of the disputes relating to the authenticity of the *Regiam Majestatem*. If we admit that this is not a body of laws, of an early date, indigenous to Scotland, but a mere transcript of the digest of English law by Glanville; the fact remains, that a plagiarism from an early English law book served pretty well to represent the early laws of Scotland.

From the War of Independence down to the Union, however,

the two countries sought their laws in directions totally different. The English common-lawyers had a terror of that magnificent system known as the Justinian Jurisprudence. Even down to the days of George III., it was deemed an effective sarcasm on Lord Mansfield's enlightened adjustment of the commercial law, to say with Junius, that he would have made an excellent Pretor to Justinian. The lawyers hated the civilians, believing that the seeds of despotism were sown in the system—and perhaps they were right. Great masses of the Roman law, doubtless, were mixed with the English common-law; but their origin was carefully concealed; they were brought in by stealth, and, removed from their own proper places in a beautifully adjusted system, they served less to give symmetry than to add grotesqueness to the vast and clumsy, but solid, roomy, and commodious edifice of the common-law.

Scotland took the civil law pure from her Continental Patron, and it is wonderful at the present day to see how much the French law, as systematised and abridged into the Code Napoléon, resembles the law of Scotland, as it has been systematised and abridged by a slower process. Scotland had no home-school of law. In the earliest records that we peruse of the method of admission to the Bar, the candidate generally represents himself as qualified by study in the University of Paris or elsewhere in France.* We find one of our chroniclers railing at the presumption of one aspirant to the Bar, who professed to know the law, yet had never been beyond the bounds of Scotland. We have a picture of the Scottish youth returning to his own homely country, haughty in the possession of the learning acquired in despotic France, in the reception of Alexander Seton, who became afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Dunfermline. The family historian, with a due feeling of pride, records how on his return from France—"He made his publick lesson of the law before King James the VI., the Senators of the College of Justice, and Advocates present, in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood House, in his lawer gown and fournooked cape, as lawers use to pass their tryalls in the Universities abroad, to the great applause of the King and all present."† These foreign lawyers naturally brought with them the feudal system

* As for instance, an admission of 4th June 1576 runs,—"Mr. Robert Lumsdean, Licentiat in the Law, gave in a supplication bearing that he had diverse years continewed in the study of the lawes, and teaching yrof publickly in famous Universities within the realm of France, and now intends by the Lord's favour to deduce in practique the fruit of his labours, and to bestow some yeares therein in the noble auditory of the College of Justice, whertherou he may hereafter be a sober member of the commonweal of this realm, doe profit after his power; therefore he seeks to be admitted, and promises in respects of his youth-head to use it warily by their lordship's own consideration."—*Grant MS., Adv. Lib.*

† House of Seytoun, 63.

of France, as well as the civil law. It has often been remarked, to how small an extent the great work of Sir Thomas Craig on the feudal law, informs us of the peculiar adaptation of the system to Scotland; but a great jurisprudential scholar, such as Craig, would have deemed it an unworthy task to dwell on a matter so humble and provincial. It is telling what is well known, to say that the feudal system had a deeper social root in Scotland than in England, where its aggregate power in Parliament and the Crown, checked its local growth in the shape of those powerful seigniories which both in France and Scotland stood between the sovereign power and the subjects of the realm. We all know that seignorial jurisdictions existed in Scotland down to the '45, as in France they lasted to the first Revolution. Some great houses, such as the Hamiltons, had their seignorial courts in both kingdoms. On the other hand, there was one department in which centralisation was detested in England and cultivated in France,—this was the function of the criminal police, consisting in the detection of crime, and the prosecution of the criminals. How much cost and inconvenience, how much clumsy administration of the law, and even gross injustice the English people must have suffered, in their steady determination to retain these functions in their own hands, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Perhaps the privilege they retained was worth its price at one time, though the day may have come when the dangers it relieved them from have become traditionary and imaginary. As the kingdom of France was gradually consolidated, the prerogative of the Crown was asserted over each province and its local administrators, by the supremacy of the chief legal adviser of the Crown over the provincial police. The investigation of offences, and the prosecution of their perpetrators came thus to be conducted by local officers, presided over by the King's Advocate. Precisely the same system has for nearly as long a period existed in Scotland. Beside analogies so extensive and important, it seems trivial to mention that the "Dyvours habit," or the party-coloured garment of ignominy which used to be worn in Scotland by culpable bankrupts, is of French origin.

So much for the effect of the French alliance on our history and institutions; let us now glance at its influence on habits and manners.

The most enduring testimony to the social habits of early times is architecture. We may excavate in some instances a buried city, or we may find the pictures and furniture of a people deposited in their tombs; but the countries possessed of such casual testimonies are few, and Scotland is not among them. We have very faint vestiges of the pans and gridirons of our ances-

tors,—of their beds, tables, and chairs; but we have many specimens of the houses they inhabited, and the fanes in which they worshipped. To cast, in the first place, a glance at what the Normans left,—it is a fact, curious, but perhaps not very important, that we have not a single known vestige in any baronial building of the style called Norman, though we have several ecclesiastical edifices, constructed according to that precursor of the pointed Gothic, and some of them, as Kelso, Jedburgh, Dunfermline, Aberbrothic, and Leuchars, are stately buildings. Perhaps Norman Castles, such, for instance, as the White Tower, Bamborough; and Newcastle, in England, may have existed and been destroyed; but unless we suppose this destruction to have been very extensive, it must be inferred that the Norman churchmen had established their influence earlier than the Norman barons. The oldest castles in Scotland are built in that fine baronial style which in England succeeded the Norman, and is sometimes called the Edwardian. Examples are found in Dirleton, Bothwell, Caerlaveroc, Kildrummy, and Lochindorb; and as these were all conspicuous in the war of independence, and are exactly like the castles which Edward built on the frontiers of the conquests in Wales and Ireland, it is conjectured that they may have been built by the invaders.

After the battle of Bannockburn very few castles, and no considerable ecclesiastical edifices appear to have been built for perhaps a century. We have here a natural enough testimony to the exhaustion of the country's wealth by the critical struggle. When the building of churches was resumed their architecture was no longer identical with the ecclesiastical architecture of England. Perhaps its character was in some measure national; but whatever it imitated was to be found in France. Both in France and Scotland that leading characteristic of the earlier Gothic,—the pointed arch,—was preserved until Gothic architecture was extinguished. In England the chief feature of the latest age of Gothic architecture was a flattened or depressed form of arch called the four-centred. A great number, perhaps a majority, of the ecclesiastical edifices of England belong to this type. We believe that there is not in Scotland one instance where the four-centred arch has been used for the ceiling of a church, or even for a window or a door.

While the Scottish ecclesiastical architecture became notable rather for its dissimilarity to the English than its identity with the French, it is clear that the baronial residences of our ancestors had their origin in France. Probably some of them were the work of French artists, while others might be provincial adaptations of the plans so imported. We believe it would be as difficult to find in England a mansion bristling with conical turrets, as

in Scotland to find a Norman keep, or a church with depressed arches. The specimens of French architecture to be found among our country houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would fill a list too long for this occasion. As conspicuously fine specimens we may name Glammis, Pinkie, Menzies, Fyvie, Castle Fraser, and Midmar. Any one who, having these in his eye, looks over views of old French chateaus, or turns the pages of so elementary a volume as Caumont's Rudiment d'Archéologie, cannot fail to perceive the identity we speak of.

The introduction of this architecture into Scotland has a simple history. After the war of independence the Scottish baron could afford no better house than the plain square tower or block, which we find exemplified everywhere—in the great wall of China, and the Roman wall of Northumberland, in Hindostan, and Russia. Of this kind were the buildings which in Scotland succeeded those noble baronial edifices of the Edwardian style, consisting of broad square masses, with round towers at the angles, to flank and protect the screens of wall between them. This style was not confined to England. It was common to France and other affluent countries, where the feudal castle-loving habits of the Normans predominated. The English preserved until a late period the square keeps and angular round towers in their original form. The French, with aspiring desire for florid decoration, surmounted the round towers with spiral cones, and sometimes placed pavilion roofs on the square blocks. A model of the chateau with flanking round towers cone-topped is seen in Holyrood, and its prototypes may be found in the old engravings of Chantilly and Marcouci. Having put spiral tops on their angular round towers, we find the French in the next stage removing their foundations, and narrowing their diameters, so as to convert them into turrets, supported by brackets or machicolations clinging to the corner of the main building. They had assumed this stage when the Scots, improving in wealth, were enabled to decorate their edifices; and thus the grim square towers of the intermediate period sprouted into a growth of fantastic French turrets, tipped with spikes or gilded vanes. In Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, we found an example of a Scottish lawyer coming from France with his legal education. We shall find in the same person an instance of a Scottish laird coming from France with his ideas of a residence. We are told by the family historian already quoted that "He acquired the lands of Pinkie, where he built ane noble house,—braw stone dykes about the garden and orchards, with other commendable policie about it."* Besides Pinkie he built the

* House of Seytoun, p. 64.

castle of Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire; and, perhaps, these two edifices are the purest examples to be found in Scotland of the kind of architecture we have been endeavouring to describe. The similarity of our old street architecture to that of France in the elevation of house above house, in huge masses of building, perforated by graduated streets, is too familiar to any one who has visited Edinburgh or Glasgow to require more than a transient allusion.

An inquiry how far the intercourse with France may have affected the manners and habits of the Scottish people would lead us into discussions of too subtle and dubious a character. If we look to the French influence on the formation of absolute national character we believe that England imbibed more of it than Scotland, since the French element brought thither by the Normans entered into the very life-blood of the aristocracy, while in Scotland it had a merely external influence. In the one case it was a family union—an admixture of blood; in the other it was a mere partnership. There are traditional recollections—probably ill founded—of the dignified manners of those old Scottish gentry, brought up in the presence of fathers who, before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had studied at the French Protestant universities of Saumur and Sedan. There is a little statement in that very curious and scarcely remembered book, commonly called "De Foe's Tour," which we give, that it may be taken at its own value:—"There was a consert of music when I was at Stirling, where the ladies from the neighbourhood made a very good appearance. The young gentlemen in everything imitate the French, and have a *hauteur* which makes good the French saying, *Fier comme un Ecossais*. Their education being in France, and the title of laird (like marquis in France) being their general appellation, gives them these French airs."*

It would be a vain task to seek for the effects of French influence on the social habits of the Scotsmen of the present day. A search after the festive customs which it may have bequeathed to us would perhaps be more productive, if we may form a conclusion from the one small instance with which we propose to conclude. In England the great winter festival is Christmas; in Scotland, as in France, it is the first day of the year. Many dwellers in the southern part of Scotland have probably been only too well acquainted with the licensed saturnalia of new-year's eve and their never failing rhymes of "Hogmanay—trol lol lay;" and many essays have been written on these cabalistic words, generally beginning with an observation about the Druids of

* A Journey through Scotland, in Familiar Letters from a Gentleman here to his Friend Abroad, (1723,) p. 198.

old going forth to cut the misletoe with a golden sickle, or a quotation from the Germania of Tacitus. A saying of Lucian, that the Celts give Hercules the name Ogmius, has, with all the trite learning about a secret Ogham alphabet, been supposed to have some mysterious connexion with the genealogy of the practice. If it throw no light on the origin of the custom, it is at least a curious fact, that in many parts of France new-year's eve is celebrated by saturnalia which have received the name of the Eguinené, or Eguimené, from a prominent word in certain rhymes applicable to the occasion. They sometimes appear in such sequence as Eguimené, rollet follet, tiri liri. There is here, at least, a family resemblance to Hogmanay trol lol lay. Sir Thomas Urquhart, when he finds in "Rabelais" the words, "aller à l'aguilan neuf," translates them, "to go a hansel-getting on the first day of the year." We have before us, in a late number of the French illustrated paper, "L'Illustration," a representation of the festival of the Eguinané in Lower Brittany,—the street in which it occurs bears, in its steep irregular roofs and narrow bulging turrets, a close resemblance to portions of our old towns. In another number of the same journal we find a notice of the custom in the Garonne, where, under the name of La Guillanée, it is honoured by such rhymes as this,—

"Le fils du roi s'en va chasser,
Le fils du roi s'en va chasser,
Dans la forêt d'Hongrie;
Ah! donnez-nous la guillanée
Monseigneur je vous prie."

This has as great a resemblance to our own new-year rhymes as a language so different from the Scots could well afford. The French have as much difficulty as our antiquaries have had in finding an etymological origin for the characteristic words used on the occasion, but it is lawful to conjecture that we may have obtained them from France, where they were employed during the *fete de fous* as they are in this country in "the daft days."

ART. II.—1. *Researches on Colour-Blindness, with a Supplement on the Danger attending the present System of Railway and Marine Coloured Signals.* By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. 8vo. pp. 180. Edin. 1855.

2. *Mémoire sur le Daltonisme.* Par ELIE WARTMANN, Professeur de Physique à l'Académie de Lausanne. 4to. Genève, 1844. pp. 54.

3. *Account of two remarkable Cases of Insensibility in the Eye to particular Colours.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., &c. (Edin. Journal of Science, Jan. 1829, vol. x. pp. 153-159.)

4. *Observations on Colour-Blindness, or Insensibility to the Impressions of certain Colours.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., V.P.R.S., Edin., (London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Phil. Mag.,) August 1844, vol. xxv. p. 134.

5. *Deuxième Mémoire sur le Daltonisme, ou la Dyschromatopsie.* Par E. WARTMANN, Professeur de Physique à l'Académie de Genève. 4to. pp. 52. Genève, 1849.

6. *Observations d'Achromatopsie.* Par M. D'HOMBRE FIRMAS, Correspondent de l'Académie des Sciences. (Comptes Rendus, &c., tome xlix. pp. 173, 13th Août 1849.)

THE name of *Colour-Blindness* has been given to an affection of the eye, which renders it insensible to certain colours, whether they arise from the decomposition of the solar rays, or from artificial pigments, or from the action of natural bodies upon light. The prevalence, in modern times, of this interesting peculiarity of vision, is a very remarkable fact. In so far as we know, no notice of it has been transmitted to us by ancient authors, and the first case which has been referred to by writers on the subject, is described in the Philosophical Transactions for 1684.* This case, which is one of the rarest and most complete examples of colour-blindness, presented itself to "the great and experienced oculist, Dr. Daubeney Turberville of Salisbury," who gives the following account of it. "A maid, two or three and twenty years old, came to me from Banbury, who could see very well, but no colour beside *black* and *white.* She had such scintillations by night (with the appearances of bulls, bears, &c.,) as terrified her very much; she could see to read sometimes in

* No. 164, p. 736, Oct. 1684.

the greatest darkness for almost a quarter of an hour." Although this case of colour-blindness is a very remarkable one, we should not on that account have expressed any distrust of the descriptive powers of so "great and experienced an oculist" as Dr. Turberville. Had he said that his patient saw only *lightness* and *darkness*, we could have supposed that objects which appeared to her *sight* might have had the tint of *red*, *yellow*, or *blue*, but we cannot understand how any eye can see *white* without seeing *all* the colours which compose it. The colours of white light, in so far as we know, exercise, when in a state of combination, the same visual and physiological actions which they do separately,* and hence we may deny that the colour-blind maid could see colourless the White Horse at Banbury Cross. But when the Salisbury oculist tells us that this same maid "could see to read *sometimes* in the greatest darkness," and that this extraordinary faculty lasted only "a quarter of an hour," we are called upon to believe in a phenomenon surpassing in extravagance the miracles of clairvoyance.

In order to judge of the accuracy or the credulity of Dr. Turberville, we have looked into his description of some "other unusual distempers of the eyes," which he communicated to the Royal Society. These distempers are three in number.

"1. Another person," he says, "had no visible disease in his eyes, but could not see at all, *unless he squeezed his nose with his fingers, or saddled it with narrow spectacles*, and then he saw very well.

"2. I was consulted by a maid who had a pustule broke eye, *out of which there came fine small sand like chalk, for weeks together.*

"3. A saddler's daughter of Burford had an imposthume, which broke in the corner of one of her eyes; *out of it there came about thirty stones as big as pearl, and splendid.*"

Surrounded with such cases, we may safely regard the case of *Black* and *White vision* as one very imperfectly described, though the same language has been used by subsequent writers, in giving an account of the very few cases which have occurred of persons who are so far blind to all colours, that they distinguish only light and shadow.

The case of the Maid of Banbury seems to have excited very little notice, and it was not till a century had elapsed that the phenomena of colour-blindness began to attract attention. A few insulated cases were described in the Transactions of Societies, and in some of the scientific journals, but it was not till the publication of Sir David Brewster's Letter on Natural

* This is not true of the actinic rays which exercise opposite actions.

Magic, and his Treatise on Optics, in 1831, that the subject was regarded as an interesting department of Optical inquiry.

Professor Wartmann of Lausanne, and now of Geneva, was the first philosopher who collected new cases of Colour-Blindness, and arranged and discussed all that were known to him, with much sagacity and talent. His first Memoir was published in 1844, under the title of *Mémoire sur le Daltonisme*, and his second in 1849, under the same title, but with the addition of *Dyscromatopsie*, as the translation of *Daltonisme.* These valuable Memoirs were translated, either wholly or in abstract, into different languages. A more general attention was thus drawn to the subject, and new cases and new theories appeared in the different European journals.

In 1846, the attention of Dr. George Wilson of Edinburgh was directed to this subject when reviewing* the Life of Dr. Dalton, the celebrated chemist, who was affected with colour-blindness. Some years afterwards he resumed the inquiry, and in the *Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, for November 1853, he published the first of a series of *ten* papers, "*On the Prevalence of Chromato-pseudopsis or Colour-Blindness.*† These various papers form the volume which we have placed at the head of this article, along with a Supplement " on the dangers resulting from unsuspected or unconfessed colour-blindness on the part of signal-men at railway stations, or on ship-board,"‡ and an Appendix, containing new facts and views, which have been presented to the author since the publication of the separate Memoirs.

Although Dr. Wilson himself modestly regards his work "only as an imperfect contribution to the history of a remarkable, and by no means rare peculiarity of vision, requiring for its full elucidation a profounder acquaintance with optics, anatomy, and physiology, than he dared pretend to," yet we have no hesitation in recommending it to readers of all classes, as a popular work of great value, exhibiting no deficiency of optical, anatomical, and physiological knowledge, analyzing faithfully, and criticising candidly, the labours and views of preceding writers, and calculated, as he himself trusts, "to create or deepen the conviction that the study of colour-blindness will

* British Quarterly Review, April 1848, p. 355.

† These papers will be found in successive numbers of the Journal, from Nov. 1853 to Dec. 1854, with the exception of the numbers for February, March, June, and October.

‡ This Supplement " is a Reprint from the *Transactions for* 1854-1855 *of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts*, who not only permitted Dr. Wilson to use it, but circulated it at his own expense among the Railway Companies." The same Society " liberally, and without solicitation, placed at the author's disposal, a grant of money to be expended on the inquiry."

throw light upon intricate departments of scientific optics, anatomy, and physiology," and convinced that it has already an important practical bearing on those æsthetic arts which express beauty by colour, and on those economic arts, such as mapping, but especially signalling, in which colours are graphically employed."

Dr. Wilson is already favourably known to the public as the author of the lives of Cavendish and Dr. John Reid, and of several valuable memoirs in the transactions of our societies. We owe to him, also, various excellent articles in the British Quarterly Review, and a treatise in the Edinburgh Review on the Electric Telegraph, which now forms an interesting volume in the Railway Library, at present publishing by the Messrs. Longman. But though Dr. Wilson has already taken a high place among the distinguished men who adorn the colleges of our northern metropolis, his work on colour-blindness will add greatly to his reputation, and, we have no doubt, that the researches which it contains, and their practical relation to the safety of ships and railway trains, which he was the first to point out, were among the grounds of his appointment to the chair of *Technology, or Industrial Art*, which has recently been founded by the Crown in the University of Edinburgh. In the Inaugural Lecture which he delivered at the opening of this class on the 7th of November, he has modestly referred to his antecedents as a student at the High School and University of his native city, and we are sure that our readers will be gratified, as we have been, to learn something more of a philosopher to whose future labours the sciences and the arts look forward with high expectations.

Dr. George Wilson was born in Edinburgh in 1818. His father, Mr. Archibald Wilson, was a wine merchant there, and died at the place of his residence twelve years ago. He was an upright and intelligent man, valuing learning, and resolved that his children should obtain a fuller education than he himself enjoyed, although his own acquirements were beyond those which are generally possessed by persons in the same station of life. The mother of Dr. Wilson, Janet Aitken, who is still living, was the youngest daughter of a land surveyor in Greenock, and is regarded by all who know her as a woman of rare natural gifts, who zealously fostered in her children the love of knowledge which they inherited. Her family consisted of twelve children, of whom only two sons and five daughters survive. Daniel Wilson, the older of the two sons, has obtained the same distinction in literature as his brother has done in science. He is the author of a valuable work entitled "The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," and of other scientific and literary produc-

tions; and he has been recently appointed to the chair of English literature and history in University College, Toronto.

Dr. George Wilson is two years younger than Daniel, and had a twin brother who died in early youth. With the exception of a winter spent in London, his education was received solely in Edinburgh, and ceased, in so far as the formal study of literature was concerned, when he was fifteen. In his childhood he was remarkable for his love of books in preference to play, and was often found in a corner poring over a volume bigger than himself. At school, however, he never rose to the head of his class, occupying a middle place, and more noted for his general knowledge, to which his teacher often appealed, than for his classical acquirements. At the age of fifteen he left the High School of Edinburgh to become a medical apprentice, attracted to medicine much more by the opportunities which it afforded him for the prosecution of natural science, than by any interest in it as a profession. Chemistry became in the end his favourite pursuit, and under the late Kenneth Kemp, in the laboratory of Professor Christison, he acquired such a knowledge of the science, that he became Assistant in the laboratory of Mr. Graham, Professor of Chemistry in University College, London, and now Master of the Mint. During his residence in London in the winter of 1837-8, he took out his diploma from the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, and having returned to his native city he acquired in 1839 the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Unable to afford himself the advantage of foreign study, or foreign travel, he began in 1840 to lecture on chemistry in Edinburgh, and with the exception of a brief interval of eighteen months, he ably discharged the duties of his extra academical chair, till his appointment in 1855 to the new Professorship of Technology. The world does not know, and is seldom desirous to learn, the difficulties with which a youth of twenty-two years of age, of a sensitive temperament, and a generous nature, must have had to struggle in discharging the arduous duties of an unendowed chair. While the daily preparations in the laboratory break in upon the continuous leisure, and disturb the mental serenity which original research demands, the insufficient and uncertain emoluments of the office expatriate the philosopher from his own domain of science to fields of literary labour in which he can reap only temporary fame. With relations, too, dependent on his professional success, and, perchance, with a family advancing to maturity, the man of science has to mingle the bitterest feelings with the most arduous toils, while he sees that the influence of wealth, and political corruption is the general passport to official position and national honours. We do not know how many, or which of these difficulties beset

the path and embittered the spirit of Dr. Wilson during the fifteen years of arduous toil through which he had to struggle in the performance of his professional duties; but we know that overwork and anxiety of mind produced their usual effects upon a frame not naturally robust, and involved him in an attack of dangerous illness from which he narrowly escaped with life; with a constitution permanently enfeebled by disease, and the consequences of a severe surgical operation which it rendered necessary. Permanently crippled in limb by this severe illness, our author has travelled but little, and is one of the very few scientific men, who, in this restless age, has never crossed the British Channel. The human constitution, however, when guided by a brave spirit often gathers strength with age, and we trust that Dr. Wilson, in his new and congenial position, and disburthened of anxieties which preyed upon his early life, will find leisure to pursue those important researches in which he is so well qualified to excel.

These simple annals are those of hundreds of our Scottish youth of noble intellect and lofty acquirements, after they have left the university in which they have been trained. Without fellowships in our colleges to stimulate ambition, and without endowed academies to afford an asylum to merit, the intellect of our youth is cramped in its infancy and crushed in its manhood. Genius has never, under British rule, been the passport to distinction or to office; and when, by the force and character of its development it has extorted preferment or honours, the boon has often, as we fear may have been the case with Dr. Wilson, arrived too late, when the feeble tenement has been shattered, and the mental spring overstrained.

Having given our readers this brief notice of the early history and professional pursuits of Dr. Wilson, we shall now proceed to give some account of his researches on colour-blindness, of the theories which have been devised to explain it, and of the important practical purposes to which the study of it may be applied.

We have already seen that this singular affection of the eye received the name of *Daltonism* from M. Wartmann of Lausanne. M. Prevost of Geneva had applied the name *Daltonian* to the colour-blind, and thus induced his countryman to adopt the name of *Daltonism*, which has been too generally employed by foreign writers. But while we abjure the application of so venerable a name to an imperfection of vision which characterises thousands, we must equally protest against the name of *Idiopts* which Dr. Whewell has proposed to substitute, and against the unpronounceable names of *Chromopsis*, *Dyschromatopsis*, *Dyschrosis*, *Pseudopsis*, *Heteropsis*, *Achromatopsis*, *Chromatoblepsis*, *Chromato-pseudopsis*, and *Parachromatism*, which we

have elsewhere proposed to translate into the simple term of *Colour-Blindness.*

Till within these few years this affection of the eye was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals; but it appears from the calculations of various authors, that *one* person out of every *fifteen* is colour-blind. According to the experiments made by Dr. Wilson upon 1154 persons at Edinburgh in 1852-53, *one* person in every *eighteen* had this imperfection.

1 in 55 confound *red* with *green.*
1 in 60 confound *brown* with *green.*
1 in 46 confound *blue* with *green.*

Hence *one* in every 17·9 persons is colour-blind.

It is a curious fact, and one now placed beyond a doubt, that colour-blindness is hereditary and runs in families. In some cases *five* and in others *fifteen* individuals of the same family have been colour-blind, and in so far as experiments have yet been made, the imperfection is more common in males than in females.

In treating of this interesting subject Dr. Wilson considers it under the following heads:—

I. Nature of Colour-Blindness.

II. Cases illustrative of the degrees and varieties of Colour-Blindness.

III. General conclusions concerning the colours perceived with most difficulty and most liable to be confounded with each other by the Colour-blind.

IV. Extent to which Colour-Blindness prevails in Males and Females.

V. Theories of Colour-Blindness.

VI. Advantages and disadvantages of Colour-Blindness,—its prevention and cure.

Colour-blindness may be divided, as Dr. Wilson has done, into three kinds.

1. Inability to perceive any colour but *black* and *white* or *light* and *shadow*,—a highly coloured picture appearing like a mezzotinto engraving.

2. Inability to distinguish *browns, greys,* and neutral colours.

3. Inability to distinguish between *red, blue,* and *yellow,* and *green, purple, orange,* and *brown.*

The *first* of these varieties of colour-blindness is exceedingly rare, though, as we have seen, it is the first that has been put upon record. Mr. Huddart has described the case of three persons of the same family who distinguish in colours only tints of luminous intensity, calling all *bright* ones *white,* and all *dull* ones

black; and Spurzheim mentions a family all of whom could only distinguish *black* and *white.* Dr. Wilson has not met, in his numerous examinations, with a case of this kind, though he mentions a physician who confounds all colours. He has heard, however, on good authority, of a *house painter* now in Australia who could distinguish only *black* and *white.* Cases of this kind require to be studied with particular care. It is impossible that an eye can see *white* without seeing the colours which compose it, and we have no hesitation in stating that *colourless* whiteness should not be seen by any person who is colour-blind. If he is blind to *red,* his whites should be *greenish* or *blueish,* and if he is blind to any other colour, his *whites* should be tinged with the complementary tint of the colour which he does not see.

In the *second* variety of colour-blindness, the mere shades of the more compound colours, such as browns, greys, and neutral tints, are alone mistaken. Dr. Wilson is of opinion that, in the majority of persons of the male sex, this is the rule more than the exception. The power of discrimination, he thinks, is more dormant than absent. The very common difficulty of distinguishing between *pink* and *pale blue* must, we think, be owing to a real though slight insensibility to *red,* owing perhaps to the frequent exposure of the eyes to strong light. We should expect this imperfection to exist, and indeed all cases of the second variety, among persons who spend their time in the open air, or who are professionally exposed to strong light. The writer of this article, for example, in consequence of having used his left eye for half a century in looking at the strongest lights, sees all colours most brightly with his right eye.

The *third* variety of colour-blindness, and the one which Dr. Wilson chiefly considers, is that in which the primary colours, *red, blue,* and *yellow,* are confounded with the secondary and tertiary colours—such as *green, purple, orange,* and *brown.* In looking at the three primary colours, *yellow* is most distinctly seen, and more readily recognised than the rest. Bright *blue* is quickly recognised, and, in some cases, is better seen than yellow; but *red* is the colour which is most perplexing to the colour-blind, being, in some cases, described as black, yet in most cases mistaken for green. *Green* is sometimes confounded with yellow, frequently with blue, and generally with red. *Purple* is mistaken for blue, and *orange* for yellow, owing no doubt to the insensibility of the observer to the red which they contain. Dr. Wilson mentions it as singular, that "though blue and yellow are so well seen, their combination green is one of the great stumblingblocks of those who confound colours." The cause of this we think obvious. There are few greens that do not contain much *red.* The green of Dr. Wollas-

ton's spectrum, of four colours taken from the sky, consists of red and yellow, and, in the theory of the triple spectrum, the prismatic *green* contains both *blue* and *yellow* as well as *red* light.

With these general remarks we shall now proceed to give an account of some of the more important cases of colour-blindness. In the Second Division of his work—illustrating the degrees and varieties of colour-blindness—Dr. Wilson has described *seventeen* cases, *fourteen* of which have occurred among males, and *three* among females, and has referred to others which had been previously described. We have ourselves had occasion to investigate this affection of the eye in several individuals. The case of Dugald Stewart was described to us by Mrs. Stewart. We examined the colour-blindness of Dr. Dalton, at the first meeting of the British Association at York in 1831 ; and, at another time, the cases of Mr. Liston, and the celebrated astronomical instrument-maker, Mr. Troughton. Dugald Stewart confounded *red* and *green* to such a degree that he could not distinguish the *red* apples of the Siberian crab from the *green* leaves of the tree. Mr. Troughton confounded with the *green* leaves of plants *red* petals which were far more luminous than the leaves. He saw the whole of the prismatic spectrum ; but the only colours which he distinguished were *blue* and *yellow*. Sir John Herschel, who examined Mr. Troughton's vision more elaborately than we did, used the tints of polarized light, and the results which he has published are conformable to those obtained by other observers. In examining his tables we find some instructive facts relative to *white* light, to which we shall by and bye have occasion to refer. They are as follows :—

Colour to an Ordinary Eye.	Colour to Mr Troughton's Eye.
White.	Yellow.
White.	Very little colour (implying some.)
White.	White.
White.	Blue.
White.	White, with a dash of yellow and blue.
White.	White, with blue and yellow in it.
White.	White.
White.	Blue.
White.	Blue.
Nearly white.	Blue.

Dr. Dalton, like others who are colour-blind, could not distinguish red from green. He himself tells us that "in the solar spectrum, that which others call *red* appears to him little more than a shade." And again, that "in viewing the flame of

a candle by night through the prism, the *red* extremity of the image appeared *more vivid than that of the solar image.*" That the spectrum of a candle should be more vivid than that of the sun seems at first sight incredible, supposing that the *solar spectrum* in the first sentence is the same thing with the *solar image* in the second. We have no doubt that the solar spectrum was received upon a white ground, and therefore far less brilliant than the spectrum of a flame seen by direct vision through a prism. The spectrum which we submitted to Dr. Dalton was the Wollaston spectrum of four colours formed by the light of the sky, the only one which ought to be used in this class of experiments. He saw distinctly the whole spectrum, which appeared to him to consist only of *blue* and *yellow* light.

In the case of Mr. Liston, (a young gentleman of about twenty years of age,) whom we examined in 1829, we obtained the following results:—

When a variety of coloured silks were submitted to him, he arranged them as follows, into *two* sets of colour, viz., Blues and Browns.

	Silks.	Colours into which they were arranged.
First Set.—	Green. Pale Blue. Purple. Carmine Red. Pale Pink. Peach-blossom. Red Lilac Purple. French White.	All these silks were pronounced to be *Blues* of different shades.
Second Set.—	Dark Green. Duck Green. Vermilion Red. Brick-tile Red. Chestnut Brown.	All these silks were pronounced to be *Browns* of different shades.

The following results, obtained with the spectrum, were more instructive:—

The prismatic spectrum, formed from the light of a clear sky, was looked at directly through an equilateral prism of flint glass, placed at the distance of twelve or fourteen feet from a very narrow longitudinal aperture. The colours thus produced were *four*, as in Dr. Wollaston's spectrum, viz., *red*, *green*, *blue*, and *violet*.

1. When Mr. Liston looked at this spectrum he saw only two colours, *yellow* and *blue*, the *yellow* occupying the *green* and *red* spaces.

2. When all the colours were absorbed by a *red* glass, excepting *red* and a little *dark green*, he saw only *one* colour, viz. yellow.

3. When the middle of this yellow space was absorbed, as described in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix. p. 439, Mr. Liston saw the black space, with what he called the *yellow* on each side of it.

Leaving it to our readers to study the *seventeen* interesting cases of colour-blindness described by Dr. Wilson, or by the individuals themselves, we shall submit two new and unpublished ones, which have been kindly communicated to us by two gentlemen who are well qualified to describe their sensations. Both of them are of middle age, in good health, and possessing excellent vision.

"I have great pleasure," says Mr. Frederic Dyster, "in supplying the details you wish for, in reference to my colour-blindness. I am short-sighted, somewhat intolerant of brilliant daylight, (not that it produces pain, but simply that I dislike it,) but requiring and enjoying intense *artificial* light. The left eye has a longer focus than the right. In other respects the organs are normal. Colour, light hazel. My eyes are not easily fatigued, and stand three or four hours night-work with the microscope, without inconvenience.

"My *bêtes noires*, in the way of colours, are *green* and *red*. They are absolutely indistinguishable. *Red sealing-wax* and *bright spring grass* have absolutely the same colour. The *red* petals of the *fuschia* exactly match the leaves. Whether all *greens* are *red*, or all *reds green*, I know not, but I suspect the latter, as a regiment of soldiers look as cool and refreshing to my eye as an acre of vines. I am at fault also with *browns*, especially the lighter tints, and the darker ones. I think I recognise more by shade than colour. Supposing the compartments

Brown.					Green.				
A	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	B

A, B, coloured from 1 to 4, with successive shades of *brown*, diminishing in intensity, and 5 to begin with *green* of a lighter shade than 4, I should not detect the transition of colour. If I was shewn 1 and 8 apart, I should probably guess that 1 was *brown*, and 8 *green*. Between *purple*, *violet*, and *blue*, I see no difference, unless in shade. *Pink* is dirty *slate-colour*. A lady dressed in *light-blue*, appears extremely gay: Habited in *pink*, she might pass as a Quakeress. I am not aware of any

confusion about *yellow*, but I think I detect its slighter shades by artificial light better than normal eyes. I cannot trace any improvement or alteration in my powers of appreciating colour; and, from my own observation, I should have much more hope of educating a dull ear to sounds, than a dull eye to colours. I have at times taken great pains to impress colour on my optic nerve, for the want of it often sadly bothers me, in my little natural history pursuits, but quite in vain. The case which offers most entire identity with my own, is Lord ——'s. On comparing notes, I think we might have changed eyes without any damage to either contracting party. I think he told me he had sent a report of his case to Dr. George Wilson.

"As a sort of counterbalance to my colour-blindness, I have a very acute perception of shade; and my wife tells me that if she wanted a *brown* ribbon and a *red* ribbon, of equal shades, I should select them better than she could, provided I was guided as to colour. I enjoy engravings more than coloured pictures; but you must not suppose that in regard to colour, I am in the same position as a person without ear is in regard to noise. I have the most intense pleasure from the colours of nature, and from the gorgeous displays of polarization."

The following case of Colonel ——, which resembles several of those which had been previously described, possesses the additional interest of being one of those which is hereditary. Colonel —— drew up the following account of his case, after I had put into his hands Dr. Wilson's work.

"I have been much amused," he says, "in reading many of the cases described in Dr. Wilson's book, they are so very like my own, and the artifice used by persons afflicted with colour-blindness to conceal their defect, put me in mind of myself when I was a cadet at Woolwich. I was several years a cadet at Woolwich, and had to draw fortifications in which *carmine* is used to represent masonry. I have often put a *blue* line where *lake* should have been used, and when spoken to about it was obliged to get out of the scrape as well as I could; but no one ever discovered my defect. My case corresponds with many given in Dr. Wilson's book. *Red, green,* and *brown* are decidedly my stumblingblock. I cannot see a *poppy* in a potato field.* I could not see a huntsman with his red coat riding alongside of a green hedge if it were not for his white breeches. My wife had once a brilliant green dress on. I asked her why she wore a *snuff-coloured dress?* *Blue* and *yellow* I never mistake, unless sometimes when I mistake *a very light red* for *yellow*. *Blue* is

* "Scarlet poppies," says Dr. Wilson, "growing among corn constantly eluded Mr. T.'s notice."—P. 55.

the colour I like best. I see colours best by candle-light, but not perfectly. I can distinguish shades with the minutest accuracy. A great number of colours in a carpet confuse me so much that I lose all confidence in my judgment of them. I have in every other respect a peculiarly good sight. I had three brothers; two of them were affected by colours exactly in the same way as myself, but my eldest brother distinguished colours correctly. My mother's sisters were affected with colour-blindness, and their father had the same defect, so that it appeared in the males in one generation, in the females the next, and again in the males."

In his third chapter, Dr. Wilson gives us the general conclusions at which he has arrived respecting the colours which are perceived with most difficulty, or which are most liable to be confounded with each other by the colour-blind. The substance of those which occupy in his volume twenty-seven pages may be given in a few paragraphs.

I. The primary colours, *red, blue,* and *yellow* are never when *full* confounded with one another, but shades of them are liable to be so. Dr. Wilson considers it as a new and important fact, "that the sensitiveness to colour of a colour-blind eye suffers sooner from the withdrawal of light than that of a normal eye," the "red first becoming indistinct by darkening, then, probably *blue,* and finally *yellow,* and all of them becoming sooner indistinct to the abnormal than to the normal eye." Dr. Wilson concludes also, that "it is more characteristic of a colour-blind eye to confound the *light* shades and the primary colours than it is to confound their *dark* shades."

II. The *Primary* colours are not *always* confounded with their *complementary* ones. *Red* is indeed confounded with its complementary *green,* but not because it is complementary. Dr. Wilson has not found *blue* to be confounded with its complementary *orange,* nor *yellow* with *purple.*

III. The confusion of *red* with *green* is the type of colour-blindness, though each of these is liable to confusion with other colours. Dr. Wilson is of opinion "that *red* and *green* are *both* occasionally perceived in *daylight,* or in *sunlight,*" as he elsewhere states.

IV. The distinction between *red* and *green* becomes in many cases quite apparent to the colour-blind by gas-light or candle-light. The flowers of the fuschia and the scarlet geranium then become distinguishable from the leaves; and, generally speaking, colour-blindness is a much less serious defect in artificial than in day-light. Dr. Wilson mentions this as "a remarkable fact, which has not hitherto been sufficiently regarded," without

noticing that to normal eyes sensitive to all colours and their shades, almost every colour, and especially secondary ones, suffer a marked change by candle-light. This arises from the predominance of *red* in all artificial lights, but especially in flames that burn with smoke. In bright torch-light, in which there is no saline substance, the colour-blind would, we are persuaded, see colours best. In illustration of these views we shall give here a series of unpublished experiments which the writer of this article made twenty-four years ago in candle-light.

"1. *Pure reds* become more transparent in candle than in day light.

2. *Reds* with a little *yellow* become *more red.*

3. *Reds* with a little *blue* (*sulphate* and *nitrate* of *cobalt* solutions) become *redder* and *yellower,* and more transparent.

4. *Bright pinks* (expressed juice of the *purple tradescantia*) [illegible]h of their blue appearance.

[illegible] *washy pinks* [illegible]ressed juice of the *verbascum purpureum* and of the dark *red hollyhock*) becomes *pale bright red.*

6. *Orange* colours become *redder.*

7. *Reds* and *fine yellows,* such as *orpuneat, oil of Cassia,* and the juice of the *lysimachia* and *coreopsis,* lose their peculiar yellow.

8. *Pale yellows* have their colour made richer and redder. These yellows are the juices of the marigold, lilac campanula, senecio jacobea, and other plants made yellow by carbonate of soda.

9. *Yellow brown,* olive-coloured, viz. the expressed juice of the leaves of the common laurel kept four months in the dark, becomes much more transparent.

10. *Yellow brownish* becomes *redder* and more luminous in the *rudbeckia,* and in the faded juice of violet leaves, heart's-ease, and the yellow inner bark of the *berberis communis.*

11. *Pale yellow paper* becomes almost colourless, the added red making it liker the reddish tint of candle-light.

12. *Fine bluish green* (oil of cajeput) becomes paler or less green.

13. *Bluish green* (solution of *soda sulphate of chromium,* becomes *dark pink.*

14. *Bluish green* in a diluted solution of *sulphate of indigo,* becomes *dark bluish pink.*

15. *Bluish green* in a solution of *oxalate of chromium and potash,* becomes *blood red!*

16. *Pinkish blue* in a solution of *litmus,* becomes *pinkish red.*

17. The *green* juices of all leaves (that of the common laurel

principally used), are of *a yellow green* at certain thicknesses, become *yellow, orange,* and *deep blood red,* according to the thickness.

18. The *blue pale grey* of a solution of *sulphate of ammonia and chromium,* becomes *pink.*

19. *Palish blue* in a solution of *nitrate of copper,* becomes *bluish green.*

20. The dark and *deep blue* of a solution of *ammoniuret of nickel,* becomes a *bright pink!*"

When such changes take place with the normal eye in candle light, we need not wonder at those produced in the eyes of the colour-blind.

V. In some of Dr. Wilson's cases, persons who can discriminate bright and well illuminated *red* and *green* close at hand, fail to distinguish them when removed to a short distance. As distance cannot alter the colours, this result is not surprising. The intensity of illumination which made the *red* and *green* visible, is reduced by distance to that degree at which they cannot distinguish them when near. The distances and degrees of illumination would require to be accurately stated before we can draw any conclusion from remarks so general. In another place, Dr. Wilson mentions a *few feet or a few yards,* as contrasted with a distance called *near the eye.* If we call the last distance a foot, and the few yards four or five, that is 12 or 15 feet, then the diminished illumination would be as 144 or 225 to 1, which sufficiently accounts for the *red* and *green* becoming indistinguishable. In discussing this subject, Dr. Wilson infers that "there is what may be termed *chromic myopia,* or a short-sightedness to colour not accompanied by a corresponding short-sightedness to form or outline, but this is surely a *truism,* unless it can be shewn that distance alters colours in some other way than by diminishing their intensity. Form and outline are visible only in consequence of difference of lights or tints, and though the colour-blind may cease to perceive the *red* of the geranium petal, its substituted *green* may give a better outline to the leaf. To the same eye, and in the same light, and in the same healthy condition of the organ, colours cannot become more or less visible, but in virtue of their change of intensity.

We are now prepared to consider the *second* head of Dr. Wilson's *third* section, in which he treats of the *confusibility of red with black,* or the *total invisibility of red,* a variety of colour-blindness which, as he considers remarkable in a scientific point of view, he discusses at great length. His arguments in favour of this doctrine are drawn from four sources,—from general observations of the colour-blind on ordinary colours,—from a careful examination of Dr. Dalton's own observations on his colour-

blindness,—from experiments with the red end of the solar spectrum, as seen by some colour-blind persons, and from considerations derived from certain experiments of Sir David Brewster.

1. The facts enumerated under the first of these heads, are by no means fitted to establish the *total* invisibility of *red.* Mr. N. states that a deficiency of daylight makes *scarlet* resemble *black*, another gentleman copies *red* lines in *black* ink; a third writes a letter partly with red and partly with black ink; a fourth mistakes *red* paint upon the pavement for soot, while several mistake scarlet for black cloth.

2. In examining Dr. Dalton's case, Dr. Wilson attempts to establish his insensibility to red light, but with more ingenuity than success. Dalton himself tells us that he matched *red* sealing-wax with *grass*, and he states *as contrary to fact*, his own expectation, "that *red* bodies, such as vermilion, should appear *black* to him." In apparent opposition to this conviction, Dr. Wilson quotes a passage in which Dalton says, "that part of the image of the spectrum which others call *red*, appeared to him little more than a shade or defect of light;" but we may oppose to this passage another also quoted by Dr. Wilson, in which Dalton informs us, "that the red extremity (of the prismatic image of a candle flame) appears more vivid than that of the solar image." This greater vividness arises from two causes, from the image having been seen *through* the prism, and from the greater quantity of red light in the flame. In support of these views we may adduce the fact, that when Sir David Brewster examined Dr. Dalton's vision at York in 1831, he distinctly saw the whole *red* extremity of the spectrum as *yellow* light, when formed by the bright light of a summer sky. Mr. Troughton also saw the *red* space *yellow.*

3. In order to prove the total invisibility of red, Dr. Wilson next adopts the only legitimate process, namely, an appeal to the length of the solar spectrum. With the aid of Professor Kelland, he examined several individuals, but as we think without any definite result. Mr. Hughes, who mistakes *red* for *black* when these occur in thin lines, saw the spectrum as long as Dr. Wilson himself did, that is, *the whole of the red space.* Dr. Y. was indecisive in his answers, that is, he sometimes saw the red space. Mr. T. R., "the best marked example known to Dr. Wilson, of a congenital tendency to confound red with black," was only so far blind to red, that but from one-sixth to one-eighth of the red space was invisible to him. With "the lime-ball spectrum, which was much fainter and less brilliant than that of the sun, *nearly the whole of the red* was not discerned by T. R." Putting these two experi-

ments together, the conclusion at which we arrive is not that of Dr. Wilson, "that the proof of blindness to red is complete," but that if the solar spectrum had been brighter, T. R. would have seen the *whole of the red space*, and if the lime-ball spectrum had been fainter, he might have seen *none of it*. Experiments with the solar spectrum, reflected from paper, are very unsatisfactory. Dr. Wollaston's four-coloured spectrum, seen by direct vision, should be used; and in experiments on its red extremity, all the more refrangible colours should be absorbed by blue glasses, so as to exhibit the red space at its greatest length."*

4. Dr. Wilson's last argument in favour of total red blindness is derived from experiments by Sir David Brewster, on what he calls *artificial colour blindness*, in which a normal eye loses sensibility to red sooner than to any other colour, and from which he draws the conclusion, "that any defect of sensibility produced by the action of light or any other cause, will, if carefully examined, be found to be a maximum with red light." † When the retina is excited by a strong light, such as a bright flame, the image of a white body, such as paper, received on a part of the retina farthest from the bright image or point of excitation, is *greenish-yellow*, becoming, at distances nearer that point, *yellowish-green*, *green*, *blue*, *dirty purple*, and almost disappearing when the image is close to the point of maximum excitation. The cause of these changes is obvious, the part of the retina least excited because farthest removed from the exciting cause, becomes insensible to the *red* rays; nearer the part of excitation it becomes insensible also to the orange, nearer still to the yellow, and so on till close to the exciting centre it is nearly insensible to all light whatever. Hence we have the white paper first *greenish-yellow*, or a mixture of all the rays except *red*, then *yellowish-green*, or a mixture of all the rays except *red* and *orange*, next *green*, and so on with the other colours.

Dr. Wilson considers these results as in accordance with the total insensibility to red, which they certainly are; but they do not directly support the doctrine that in abnormal eyes the red wholly disappears. Nor does it derive any support from the ex-

* Before quitting this part of the subject, we must notice what we consider an oversight on Dr. Wilson's part, calculated to mislead him in his reasonings. "Since I have observed," he says, "the total invisibility of red, I have inferred that the colour-blind do not see a *red-blue* as blue *minus* red, but as blue *minus* red *plus* black; in other words, the red is not merely abolished, but is *replaced by black*, and the *reddest purple* must, in such circumstances, appear a *very dark blue*." Now we have no hesitation in affirming that the *black*, arising from the insensibility of the retina to any colour, is not a *black pigment* which can be added to or combined with any simple or compound colour, but is merely a negation of all colour, or a dark ground, so to speak, upon which the simple or compound colour will appear with *renewed brightness*.

† *Phil. Mag.* Aug. 1844, vol. xxv. p. 136.

periments which he quotes from Professor Dove, in which red and blue lined diagrams are viewed in the stereoscope through red and blue glasses. Until we know the place in the spectrum of the rays which compose the red and blue lines, and the absorptive action of the red and blue glasses, we cannot determine the true cause of the early disappearance of the red lines.

Although we thus slightly differ from Dr. Wilson, who is more diffident than dogmatic in his conclusions, we consider his analysis of *red* blindness as very valuable, and we agree with him in thinking that the subject is of great importance in a scientific point of view.

In treating, in his *Fourth* Section, of the statistics of colour-blindness, or the extent to which it prevails in males and females, Dr. Wilson is led to conclude,—"That in this country the number of persons as markedly colour-blind, as Dalton was, *i.e.*, given to mistake red for green, brown for green, purple for blue, and occasionally, even red for black, is not less than 1 in 50, and including all kinds and degrees of colour-blindness 1 in 20." These results are deduced from the following very interesting table.

Extent of Colour-Blindness as ascertained by the examination of 1154 persons at Edinburgh in 1852-3.

Profession.	No. of Persons Examined.	No. of Colour-Blind.	Confound Red with Green.	Confound Blue with Green.	Confound Brown with Green.	Proportion of Persons Colour-Blind.
4th Infantry,	437	31	6	12	13	1 in 14·1
7th Hussars,	177	13	5	6	2	1 in 13·6
Artillerymen, Leith Fort,	123	5	2	2	1	1 in 24·6
Professor Kelland's Pupils,	150	3	3	0	0	1 in 50
Edinburgh Police,	158	5	1	2	2	1 in 31·6
Students of Veterinary College,	47	1	0	1	0	1 in 47
Attendants at Royal Asylum,	42	5	1	2	1	1 in 8·4
Dr. George Wilson's Pupils,	20	2	0	0	0	1 in 10
Total,	1154	65	19	25	19	Over 1 in 17·9

That colour-blindness is a hereditary defect and clings to certain families, cannot be doubted. "With few exceptions," says Dr. Wilson, "every one of the parties whose cases I have specially recorded has near relatives as colour-blind as himself." Five of them had each a brother colour-blind. One has five brothers equally defective. The father, brother, sister, and nephew of another are equally so. The Countess of D.'s father, son, and two nephews are colour-blind, and a Mr. S. has, or had, five

near relatives in the same predicament. That colour-blindness prevails among females is proved by the preceding statement; but Dr. Wilson has no results to indicate its extent.

We come now to Dr. Wilson's *fifth* and very interesting section on the *theories* of colour-blindness. Omitting minor opinions on the subject, he considers only two of the more prominent, namely:—

1. The *Chromatic theory*, or that which refers the phenomena to the chromatic condition of certain portions of the optical apparatus of the eye; and

2. The *cerebro-retinal theory* which refers the phenomena to the *peculiar organization of its nervous apparatus.*

1. The *Chromatic Theories* are only two in number, namely, the one adopted by Dr. Dalton, and another suggested, but not adopted, by Sir David Brewster.

Dr. Dalton considered it as "almost beyond a doubt, that one of the humours of his eye, and of the eyes of his fellows, was a *coloured* medium, probably some modification of blue," and he thought that "it must be the *vitreous* humour, otherwise it might be discovered by inspection, which has not been done." This opinion was adopted by M. Prevost of Geneva; but in so far as Dr. Dalton's case is concerned, it has been disproved by the fact, ascertained by Mr. Ransome, after the Doctor's death, that, with the exception of a slight amber colour in the crystalline, the aqueous and vitreous humours of Dr. Dalton's eyes were colourless, and that the tunics, the retina, choroid, and sclerotic presented no peculiarity.

Notwithstanding this result, Dr. Wilson very justly remarks that it is still "worth a brief consideration whether colour-blindness ever depends on alterations in the colour of the optical apparatus of the eye," and he proceeds to adduce various chromatic phenomena which have been observed in connexion with it, and may have some influence over our perception of colour.

The first of these is a fact mentioned by Sir David Brewster, "that in dissecting many hundred eyes of quadrupeds and fishes, he observed that the vitreous humour was in some cases of a *greenish blue* colour," and "that in several cases the retina had a marked *French gray* or *blue* tint, which decidedly absorbed *red* light." Hence he "was led to hazard the idea of a blue retina, as one which might be admissible as a cause of colour-blindness; but *only on the supposition* that the choroid coat should prove to be the seat of vision." Dr. Wilson thinks that this limitation was not necessary, because a coloured retina would give a perception of colour. This, however, depends upon the place of the stratum of the retina, (for the retina is a compound membrane,) in which the colour resides. If in a stratum anterior, or coincident with the true membrane, which carries the

sensation to the brain, its colour would be perceived; but if posterior to it, it would not. But though this chromatic theory is given by its author as a mere conjecture, there are several facts, besides those on which it was founded, which deserve notice. In the "rods and bulbs" of the majority of the lower animals, and particularly in the Chelonian reptiles and birds, "globules resembling oil, either colourless or possessing most brilliant tints of yellow or crimson, occur."* Mr. Bowman, too, has observed in a portion of the retina of the tortoise a most elegant array of *pale*, of *yellow*, and of *crimson* globules, which in birds display most beautiful patterns of colour. These facts are brought forward by Dr. Wilson to induce competent inquirers "to study these globules, in reference to their possible influence on the vision of colour."

Among the other possible sources of, or influences upon, colour vision, Dr. Wilson mentions the *yellow spot* of the retina, and the colours of the choroid. This spot, the *macula lutea*, or *limbus luteus* of Soemmering, who discovered it, is found only in the human retina, and in the retina of apes, and some lizards. The true character of this yellow spot and its use are equally unknown. According to Soemmering it is a hole, called the *foramen centrale*, and according to Messrs. Tod and Bowman it is a *minute aperture*. But whatever it is, it has properties different from every other part of the retina. It is the spot of most-distinct vision, or that upon which we bring the image of any object or part of an object, which we wish to see most distinctly. It is also the spot, as Sir David Brewster discovered, which, after the eye is refreshed by being for some time shut, is less sensible than the rest of the retina to light, showing itself for an instant as an opaque reddish brown spot, and therefore becoming first sensible to red light.† When the eye has been exposed to light, and after being shut, opened, this spot is more sensitive to light than the rest of the retina, and appears more luminous.‡ The *foramen centrale* is also the spot upon which are depicted the *yellow* and *blue* sectors or *houppes* discovered by M. Haidinger.§ If we admit, then, that the *foramen* or *hole* extends through every stratum of the retina, then it follows *that the choroid coat*, immediately behind it, is the seat of vision.‖

---

* *Edin. Monthly Med. Journal*, July 1852, p. 54.

† This is obviously the dark spot described by Mr. Maxwell in Dr. Wilson's *Appendix*, Note E, p. 164-5.

‡ Brewster's Optics, new edit., p. 410; and *Reports of Brit. Association*, 1848, p. 48, 49.

§ Ib. p. 245.

‖ This opinion we have long ago thought probable, and, without adopting it, have on various occasions brought forward arguments in its support. In his Treatise on Optics, new edit., p. 411; and Reports of Brit. Assoc., 1852, Sir David Brewster has described a case in which the whole retina was paralyzed,

But whatever be the cause of Mr. Haidinger's sectors, and whatever be the nature of the *limbus luteus* or *yellow* spot, they cannot influence the phenomena of colour-blindness, because the false perception of colour is seen by portions of the retina which have no connexion with them.

The only other phenomenon of colour in the eye is that which occurs in the choroid coat and the eyes of quadrupeds. It is produced by the *tapetum lucidum*, which in the eyes of the sheep and the ox reflect a silvery, yellow, green, and red light. Sir David Brewster discovered in the human eye,—in the eye of a boy, about ten years of age, a reflection from the choroid of a bright red colour with a purplish tinge.* Dr. Mackenzie afterwards saw a reflection in the eye of a girl, and other persons have seen it, (particularly in albinos,) of the colour of burnished brass. How these colours could produce colour-blindness, even if they existed *only* in the colour-blind, we cannot venture to conjecture. They exist in the choroid, and they must pass through and colour the retina; but how these colours of varying tints affect white light, incident on the retina uniformly, we cannot tell. Sir David Brewster, who examined them in the tapetum taken from the eye of a newly-killed ox, found that they were the colours of thin plates. When the tapetum was dried, its surface became absolutely black in consequence of the fibres having shrunk to the size of the third of a millionth part of an inch—the size which produces blackness. One of these tapeta he has now in his possession, and after lying a quarter of a century in this dried state, it exhibits the beautiful *green* and *blue* tints, when the fibres are swelled by water into their colour-producing dimensions.† It is curious, in the present day, to read the strange speculations of men like Monro, Hunter, and others, that this colour is derived from the green grass on which the animals fed, or was intended to make that grass more visible in the dark! We might as well expect green eyes in shepherds,

and the gentleman, who is now living, saw only through the *foramen centrale* by the action of the choroid coat alone! The function of the choroid coat, in vision, is explained in the first edition of the treatise above referred to, p. 291, London, 1831. The same doctrine seems to be adopted by Professor Goodsir, and the continental physiologists.—See *Edin. Trans.* vol. xxi. p. 347.

* This observation, which Dr. Wilson (*Edin. Trans.* vol. xxi. p. 329), mentions as first made by Mr. Cumming, in 1847, and by Brucke a little later, was made by Sir David Brewster in 1824; and an account of it published in October 1833, in *Phil. Mag.* vol. iii. p. 289. It is referred to also in his Treatise on Optics, edition of 1831, p. 291.

† See *Phil. Mag.*, October 1833, vol. iii. p. 288, and Mr. Fielding of Hull's paper on the *Membrana versicolor* in the anterior lamina of the choroid in the same Journal, Jan. 1834, vol. iv. p. 14. Dr. Wilson does not seem to have been acquainted with these articles.

or seek for a pin in twilight by means of the rays scattered from the cornea and the sclerotic.

We now come to the second class of theories of colour-blindness, to which Dr. Wilson gives the name of the *cerebral* and the *retinal* theories, the first of which is that of the phrenologists, who suppose that the faculty of distinguishing colours depends on the development of a portion of the brain in the middle of the superciliary ridge, or over the roof of the orbit. We regret that Dr. Wilson should have taken any notice of such a theory—a theory founded on a hypothesis which all natural philosophers disavow.* The theory itself, even if we admit the hypothesis, has not only not a single fact to support it; but is contradicted by every comparison that has been made between the bump, or the hollow in the bone, (for there may be nothing corresponding to these in the brain,) and the power or the defect in the distinction of colours.

In discussing the *retinal* theories, we must begin by the humiliating confession that we do not even know that the retina is the seat of vision, and that, if it is, we know little of its structure or its functions. By the retinal theory we must understand the theory which ascribes colour-blindness to some peculiarity or defect in the condition of the nervous structure or structures, which convey the impressions of light to the brain.

The existence of colour-blindness might almost have been predicted from analogous defects in the other organs of sensation. In the senses of Touch, Taste, Smell, and Hearing, such defects certainly exist. The sense of *Touch* has not yet been sufficiently studied, but we have reason to believe that it is not only capable, in certain persons, of distinguishing colours, but incapable in others of distinguishing particular colours. Both Mr. Wartmann and Dr. Wilson have examined individuals who correct by the touch, the erroneous judgments which they form regarding colours.† In the sense of *Taste* the same defect exists. Some persons are highly sensible to certain tastes, and not to others. Some cannot distinguish *Sour* from *Bitter*, and we know

* We regret this the more after perusing his excellent note H, in which he condescends to argue with Mr. Combe whether Lord Jeffrey had or had not that appreciation of colours which is supposed to be indicated by the size of a bone. It is admitted that his Lordship's *colour bone* was in defect. It is admitted also that he was not colour-blind, and a question in physical science is made to depend on the conflicting testimony of persons who deny or maintain that he had "a fine sense of the harmony of colours."

† Mr. Wartmann refers to three cases in which blind persons discriminate colours by the touch, and Dr. Wilson mentions the case of Alexander Lyon of Stirling, whom he himself saw tell the colours of "men's dresses, promptly and correctly." The writer of this Article saw Lyon, at an earlier period of his life, in 1810, perform the same experiment successfully. He is said, however, to have failed "in indicating the colours of silk or cotton fabrics."

of a gardener who is not sensible to the taste of strawberries. In the sense of *Smell*, the same incapacity exists of recognising the presence of particular odours, though others are quickly perceived. But it is in the sense of *Hearing* that we have the most perfect analogy with colour-blindness. Certain ears that hear all ordinary sounds most distinctly, are deaf to grave sounds, while others are deaf to shrill sounds, like the chirp of the cricket and the grasshopper,* just as the colour-blind see the colours at one extremity of the spectrum, and not at the other.

Among the retinal theories of colour-blindness, that of Dr. Thomas Young is the earliest. He attributes the defect to "the absence or paralysis of those fibres of the retina which are calculated to perceive red;" but nobody knows that there are any fibres for the perception of red, blue, and yellow light, or that there are any fibres at all. Sir John Herschel,† and Mr. Wartmann,‡ in his first Memoir, ascribe colour-blindness to "a defect in the sensorium;" but we know nothing of the sensorium, and therefore a defect in it means nothing more than the truism that the colour-blind have the defect of not seeing colours. Mr. Wartmann, however, in his second Memoir, has advanced a step farther. He conceives that the retina is in such an abnormal state, that it vibrates similarly with a red and green ray. But this again is just a truism, and so is Professor Kelland's theory; and we cannot agree with Dr. Wilson in attaching any value to them. If we are to assume that the retina is a vibrating body, like the tympanum, the simple statement of the analogy between cricket-deafness and colour-blindness is as satisfactory to the mind as any theory, however ingenious or elaborate it may be. If the cause of colour-blindness depends on the retina as a vibrating body, or upon the vibration of separate fibres for separate colours, which is probable, we shall never advance any farther in our inquiries. If it depends on the absorption of light by any portion of the optical apparatus of the eye, which is improbable, its cause may sometime or other be discovered. §

* The writer of this Article, though his hearing is perfect, and each ear equally acute for all ordinary sounds, is absolutely deaf to the chirp of the cricket with one ear, while he hears it distinctly with the other. We do not believe that each eye of the colour-blind has been separately tested.

† *Treatise on Light*, sect. 507, p. 434.

‡ *Mémoire*, &c.; or, *Phil. Mag.* 1844, vol. xxv. p. 140.

§ Both Mr. Wartmann and Dr. Wilson have expressed the opinion, that the phenomena of colour-blindness could not be accounted for by the existence of colour in the transparent membranes of the eye. This we cannot admit. If a solid, a fluid, or a gas should absorb the extreme half of the *red* space in the spectrum, and at the same time as much, or as many separate parts of the more refrangible rays, as would be complementary to the *red* space absorbed, the solid, fluid, or gas, would be *colourless*. The absorbing action of coloured membranes,

Before quiting this part of our subject, we must notice a difficulty, already referred to* respecting the perception of *white* light. In so far as we can find, the colour-blind have a distinct perception of *whiteness.* Colonel —— assures us that he sees substances *purely white,* and Mr. Dyster, in reply to our inquiry, has sent us two pieces of white paper, one of which he considers to have a slight tinge of blue, and the other to be *colourless white.* His perception of *white* is perfect. We see the two papers exactly as he sees them. Here then is a difficulty which no theory can solve. If *white* is necessarily a compound of *red, yellow,* and *blue,* and if in certain of Dr. Wilson's cases *red* is *black* and *totally invisible,* how does it happen that red is distinctly and fully seen as an ingredient of white light? If there are separate fibres for conveying to the brain the perception of each colour, or if every fibre vibrates in a different manner for every colour, why should they not vibrate as perfectly when excited by *red* light acting alone, as by *red* light acting in composition? The only possible explanation, we think, must be derived from the supposition that each fibre, or the whole retina, carries the perception of all colours to the brain, and that the dormant faculty of vibrating to *red* acting alone, is roused when the fibre or the retina is, at the same time, vibrating to *yellow* and *blue;* just as an ear, deaf in ordinary circumstances to sounds of certain intensity, hears them distinctly in a rumbling carriage, or when the nervous apparatus is, as it were, put on the alert, or agitated by discordant sounds.

In his *sixth* section, Dr. Wilson treats of the prevention and cure of colour-blindness, and of its advantages and disadvantages. He discusses the subject under three divisions:—

1. Does colour-blindness admit of cure?
2. Does it admit of temporary palliation or correction?
3. For what professions is colour-blindness a disqualification?

1. To the first of these questions we reply with Dr. Wilson that congenital colour-blindness is incurable.

2. To the second we give the same reply as Dr. Wilson, that it cannot be palliated by the use of coloured glasses, nor by Dr. Trinchetti's proposal to extract the crystalline lens, nor by Szokalski or Seebeck's proposal to gaze protractedly on coloured bodies. The only mode of palliating this defect is by making

&c., in the eye may be quite different from any of the absorbing media at present known. Who, for example, would have believed, till they saw it, that the very palest and almost colourless nitrous gas would exercise upon light such a strange absorptive power, as to cut up the spectrum into hundreds of differently luminous bands?

* See pages 326 and 3[illegible]2.

use of artificial lights, in which the red and yellow rays are predominant. In such flames all the elements of white light should be present, but for the most common cases of colour-blindness, (the red and green cases,) the red and yellow rays which are the produce of imperfect combustion should exist in excess. For other cases the student will readily discover which of the colours of the spectrum should predominate.

3. The third question put by Dr. Wilson is one of great importance, and he has discussed it with his usual sagacity. The obvious reply to the question is that *colour-blindness* incapacitates the individual for all professions in which he has to judge of colour. Dr. Wilson has answered the question more minutely within a limited range. Owing to the hopelessness of curing, or even palliating the defect, he considers it "necessary to exclude from certain professions, where that is practicable, those who suffer from it." Children colour-blind should, he thinks, be dissuaded from callings such as that of the house-painter, the dyer, and the weaver, and should not be strongly encouraged to become analytical chemists, naturalists, botanists, geologists, or physicians. We are disposed to add that they should not be allowed to be physicians, apothecaries, nurses, or cooks, or of any profession in which coloured medicines, powders, or solutions, are administered to the sick, or coloured substances used in the preparation of food.

Dr. Wilson is not very dissuasive in dealing with the colour-blind aspirant after æsthetical fame. He thinks that the juvenile artist will cheerfully surrender his palette, when he is blind to its polychromatic surface; but he encourages him to employ his eye "for form and outline, light and shade, *chiaro obscuro*, aerial perspective, and other achromatic aspects of pictorial objects," and recommends to him "crayon drawing, sketching in sepia and Indian ink, lithography and engraving, and especially architecture and sculpture." We are hardly disposed to second this recommendation. The defective eye must generally copy from coloured objects; and if the artist is blind, or partially blind, to some colours, and confounds others, he cannot copy in light and shadow a polychromatic object,—he cannot give the lights and shades which variegate its surface and which are seen by normal eyes. The copies of coloured portraits and landscapes made by the photographer are sometimes hideous, and exhibit defects of a very singular kind. The *blue* in the human skin turns out *white*, and the *red* either *opaque* or *black*, and lights and shades of the most extraordinary kind are thus produced. Photography has a great victory to gain before it can achieve its highest purpose,—the reproduction of colour. In this branch of his profession the photographer is colour-blind, and the colour-blind

artist will not greatly excel the photographer. Even with the whitest marble he will occasionally fail; and if we are to introduce colour into statuary we must deprive the colour-blind sculptor of his chisel.

The professions for which the colour-blind are most seriously disqualified are, as Dr. Wilson justly states, "the sailor and railway servant, who have daily to peril human life and property on the indications which a coloured flag or lamp seems to give." In the royal navy, the colour-signal-men are selected as having a quick eye for colour; but in the merchant ships Dr. Wilson suspects that more than one of the fatal shipwrecks and collisions, which are so numerous, "may have resulted from the mistaken colour of a light-house beacon or harbour-lamp, which, on a strange coast, and with, perhaps, the accompaniments of a snow storm or a thick fog, has been wrongly deciphered by a colour-blind pilot." On railways he considers the danger much greater than at sea, and yet we are not aware of any case in which an accident has happened from this cause. This, however, is no reason why the railway companies should not adopt one or other of the two securities suggested by our author, either that all their "servants should be tested for colour-blindness or that the shape and movements of signals should be substituted for *green* as a caution signal, and *red* as one for danger. We have long ago pointed out the danger, even when we have to deal with normal eyes, of using *red* lights as distinguishing lights on our coasts. It says little for the science of our light-house engineers that they adopted the only colour which white light can assume in abnormal states of the atmosphere; and as the same objection applies to the red lights at our railway stations, the sooner they are abandoned the better.

The public are under deep obligations to Dr. Wilson for hav- g taken up this subject with so much zeal, and treated it with so much sagacity. In his supplement of twenty pages "on Railway and Ship Signals in relation to Colour-blindness," he has explained minutely the nature of the danger to which the trains are exposed by the present system, and has suggested different methods of effecting better arrangements.

1. There are three kinds of Railway Signals in use, *Pillar* or *Mast Signals*, *Flag Signals*, and *Lamp Signals*. All of these are used in the day-time, the lamps being necessary even in summer while the trains are passing through the tunnels.

These signals, which are used in most railways, indicate SAFETY, CAUTION, and DANGER. In the Pillar Signals, when the signal is to the left of the engine-driver, the WHITE side of the Fan is seen, and indicates ALL RIGHT—GO ON. When the signal is to [illegible] right, the GREEN side of the Fan is seen, and im-

plies CAUTION—GO SLOW. When the signal of DANGER or STOP is given, two Fans, both painted RED, indicate it to the engine-driver. At night these same indications are made by *White*, *Green*, and *Red* Lamps, which turn on the top of the Pillar.

On some lines *Danger* and *Safety* only are indicated, the one by the *Red* side of a disc by day, or a lamp by night, and the other by the *White* side of the disc by day, and a *White* light at night.

The Semaphores are tall pillars having a moveable arm at their top like the blade of a clasp knife. When the blade is shut up within the post it signifies ALL RIGHT. When elevated to an angle of 43° it indicates CAUTION, and when raised to an angle of 90° DANGER. A triple lamp with White, Green, and Red lights, is attached to the Pillar.

The Flag Signals are merely pieces of woollen gauze, White, Red, and Green, attached to hand-staffs carried and exposed by the signal man.

The lamps are generally provided with deeply convex lenses of White, Green, and Red glass. "All trains carry at night a White head lamp in front of the Engine, and both by night and by day a Red tail lamp is attached to the last carriage. At night two or more additional Red lamps are generally carried on each side of the train, and one behind on the right side of the Engine."

In pointing out the disadvantages attending the use of red and green for railway signal-colours, Dr. Wilson adduces several interesting facts which deserve to be more thoroughly studied. One of these to which we have already referred, is the supposed visibility of blue light where the red is invisible. The fox-hunter, it is said, loses in faint twilight the power of distinguishing a red from a black coat; and Professor Dove of Berlin, mentions that he has often observed that on leaving a picture-gallery on the approach of night, "the *red* colours had altogether disappeared, while the *blue* appeared in all their strength." In proof of the correctness of these views, Dr. Wilson says, that "It is sufficient to contrast the appearance of the evening sky, after sunset, *as seen through a red and a blue glass.* The former grows darker and darker as daylight departs, and rapidly becomes, to all practical intents, opaque; the latter, though taken of such thickness as to be darker than the red by full daylight, continues transparent so long as the faintest twilight lasts, and by contrast with the red appears to increase in visibility and transparency as darkness comes on." In explanation of this experiment, Mr. W. Swan rejects the one previously given by Dr. Wilson, namely, the greater sensibility of the eye to blue than to red

light, and reasons in the following manner:—"I see a reason," he says, "for the disappearance of the red, and the continued visibility of the blue, as the darkness increases, quite independent of any difference of sensibility of the eye to these colours, which, if I recollect aright, was the explanation given of the phenomenon. Suppose the blue glass to be rather more opaque than the red in full daylight, or, to be more exact, suppose it to transmit a less percentage of the total incident light than the red does, it will then appear darker than the red."

There can be no doubt that this would be the case, seeing, as Mr. Swan states, that daylight contains much red, and twilight little red, and more and more blue as night advances; but it is not true, as Mr. Swan avers, "that the red glass will transmit a constantly decreasing, and the blue glass a constantly increasing, proportion of the whole incident light; and that at length the red glass will become almost opaque to the light falling on it, while the blue will appear more transparent than before." All this would be true if the blue light of the sky contained no red rays, and if we possessed blue glasses, which transmitted only the same blue rays, without any of the red. Under such circumstances the *blue* glass would transmit as little *red*, and the *red* glass as little *blue* as a plate of metal; but our blue glasses transmit a great deal of red light, so much so that in increasing the thickness of some of them they become red, almost all the blue being absorbed, while the *red* glasses of moderate thicknesses absorb all the blue, and the other more refrangible rays. Accurate experiments are therefore required before we can arrive at sound conclusions on this point, and ascertain the relative visibilities of different colours as produced by artificial glasses, and as modified by the different sensibilities of the eye to different colours.

But however this may be, there can be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Swan's views in reference to the danger of using red signals in twilight, when they are more wanted than in the broad light of day.

Dr. Wilson has mentioned various other reasons against the use of red and green signals. It has been stated, though we doubt the accuracy of the observation, that a red light at a distance seems much farther off than a colourless light placed beside it,* and hence it would follow that danger signals would appear less near than they are, so that a "standing train would thus be exposed to the risk of being run into by the moving one." Dr. Wilson reminds us also of another objection to red signals made by an anonymous writer in the Times, namely,

* [...]verse of this is true in binocular vision.

that as the engine-driver must often assist his stoker in supplying coal to the furnace, he might be unable from the action of the fiery glare upon his eye, to recognise a small red flag unexpectedly waved in front of his engine.

From these observations it is obvious that coloured signals, such as they now exist, should be discontinued on all our railways, and, as Dr. Wilson suggests, that "different colours should be connected with different shapes, so as to vary the number of signals and heighten their dissimilarity." An arrangement of this kind, in which colour is combined with form, both in day and night signals, has been erected by Mr. Bouch, at the Leven junction of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway. "*One white disc* denotes SAFETY by day; and one white light safety by night. *One green fish tail* denotes CAUTION by day; and one green light caution by night. *Two red discs* denote DANGER by day, and two red lights danger by night."

From railway signals Dr. Wilson passes to the system of red and green lights at present in use on board steam-vessels, and adopted by the Admiralty in 1852. All British steam-vessels, when under steam, are strictly required between sunset and sunrise, to display a bright *white* light on the foremast head, a *green* light on the starboard side, and a *red* light on the port side, the side lights having screens of about three feet long, to prevent them from being seen across the bow, or from any direction except that of right a-head. The projectors of this system expect that by its adoption vessels will be "enabled to pass each other in the darkest night with almost equal safety as in broad day, and for the want of which, it is added, so many lamentable accidents have occurred." Dr. Wilson has made it clear, by means of various diagrams, that this expectation will be realized only when two vessels approach one another directly, whether the steersman of each be colour-blind or not, because each will see a triangle of lights approaching him; but that when vessels are crossing each other's bows, or moving at right angles to each other, the steersman of one of the ships has only one coloured side light of the other ship, to tell him whether this ship is crossing to his right hand or to his left, "and if he be the only look-out, and *is colour-blind, he will be uncertain whether to port or starboard his helm.* In like manner, when two vessels are passing each other, only the green or the red light will be seen by the pilot, and if one or both are colour-blind, these lights will be of less than no service, "the red lamp may be mistaken for green, or the reverse, and a collision determined by the mistake."

It is obvious from these various considerations, that all coloured signals should be abandoned both on land and at sea; and that our lighthouses should not be distinguished from each other

by red lights. The exclusion of the colour-blind from the office of signal-men would not give sufficient security either on shipboard or in railways. A temporary insensibility to colours, or a defective appreciation of them arising from local or accidental causes, might give rise to collisions of the most disastrous kind, while a change in the colours themselves from causes independent of the observer, might lead the sharpest sighted watchman to make the most serious mistakes. Should it be otherwise determined, however, on grounds which we cannot now anticipate, that coloured lights are, under all circumstances, the most distinct and distinguishable signals, the exclusion of the colour-blind from sea and railway service should certainly be adopted. Their defective appreciation of colour could be discovered by the simple process which has already been mentioned, of making them arrange according to their colours parcels of cloth or paper having different colours and shades of colour.

In enumerating certain social evils which may arise from colour-blindness, Dr. Wilson does not seem to have anticipated others of a very serious kind, from which much mischief may have arisen in the past, and from which much may be dreaded in the future. From the recent introduction of coloured signals at sea, and on railways, we are hardly entitled to suppose that any accidents have actually arisen from colour-blindness; but under all the circumstances to which we are about to refer, it is highly probable that not only loss of life, but calamities of a much higher order may have originated in this defect of vision. These evils may arise as follow:—

1. In the preparation of medicines.
2. In the manufacture, adulteration, and preparation of food.
3. In the operations of war.
4. In criminal trials.

1. Dr. Wilson has mentioned the profession of a physician as one which the colour-blind should not be encouraged to enter. In this opinion we readily concur, but we think that a colour-blind chemist and druggist would be a more dangerous member of society. To mistake one substance for another in the administration of medicine, even if neither is a poison, may be attended with serious results, but if the substance administered is either a poison, or has poisonous qualities, the mistake may prove fatal. Many of the vegetable, as well as the mineral poisons, whether in powder or in solution, have the most brilliant colours, and when we consider how many mistakes are committed by apothecaries who have a perfect vision of colours, we cannot doubt that these mistakes would be more numerous with those who are colour-blind.

2. If the imperfect vision of colours is a source of danger in

the preparation of medicines, it must have a wider range in the manufacture of food, where substances of all kinds and all colours are employed. In the manufacture of wines and artificial beverages, where deleterious ingredients are often used to impart colour and flavour, we are exposed to the same danger. In the numerous cases, too, where food and drink are adulterated by reckless hands, we have no security against the direct use of poisonous materials, while, at the same time, we run the risk of one coloured article being mistaken for another of less dangerous qualities. In the studio of the confectioner, where his works of art reflect more colours than those of the rainbow, powders and solutions of doubtful character contribute their ornamental powers; and they are still more dangerous in the cuisine or laboratory, where copper and brass utensils add their contingents of poison to those produced by the laurel-leaf and its congeners, or by the more hidden agencies of chemical transformation. The value of a nice perception of colour, and the danger of wanting it, were impressed upon our minds by an accident which may be instructive to the reader. It took place in a country house, where a barrel was supplied with rain water from the quadrangular hollow of the slated roof, by an open leaden conduit passing through a garret, not generally accessible to the domestics, and in which were put aside things seldom used. Among these articles was a huge mass of crystals of *superacetate of copper and lime*, which had been carelessly taken out of its place and moved to the edge of the leaden conduit. During a [illegible] fall of rain the current of water in the conduit reached the [illegible]acetate, and carried the solution into the barrel below, from which water was occasionally drawn for culinary purposes. When a portion of the water was given to the master of the house, he was struck with the faint and beautiful blue tint of the fluid, which he knew to be the colour of pure water free of vegetable matter. Upon examining a larger quantity drawn from the well he found no trace of colour, and it had then disappeared also in the water afforded by the barrel. Baffled in every attempt to discover the cause of the colour, he went to the garret, where he saw the dangerous proximity of the poisonous salt to the leaden conduit. Without this nice perception of colour the whole family might have been poisoned.

3. In all the operations of war, whether it is carried on at sea or on land, where the opinions or decisions either of officers or of men are to be influenced by coloured objects, a defective perception of colour may lead to the most serious results. When armies stand in hostile array, in which the soldiers are dressed in *white*, in *blue*, in *green*, or in *red*—or where troops are indicated by the coloured standards which they bear, or when signals are given with

coloured flags or coloured lights, we have elements of danger from colour-blindness, more numerous, and more extensive, in their possible results, than those which arise from coloured signals in ships or in railways. A colour-blind sentinel will not observe the approach of his *red* enemies, and the reconnoitring general may fail to discover his danger, or may command operations when either his own eye or that of his *aid-de-camp* has given him false information. An officer colour-blind may order his company, his troop, or his brigade to fire upon his allies or upon his comrades, when, under their chameleon uniform, he has mistaken them for enemies, or he may neglect to attack his enemies when he has mistaken them for friends.

4. But it is in criminal trials, on the examination of witnesses that may be colour-blind, that we have the greatest reason to dread the results of colour-blindness. The coloured dresses of the thief or the murderer would be mistaken—one witness would contradict another, and in some cases the guilty individual would escape by a *colour alibi*, while an innocent party might, for a similar reason, be found guilty. If the criminal were a soldier, a colour-blind witness who saw him in the criminal act would describe him as dressed in green, while another witness who saw him only during his retreat from guilt, would describe him in his true dress. On a hundred other occasions where concurrent testimony is necessary to the establishment of truths whether in criminal or in other trials, a judge and a jury ignorant of the phenomena of colour-blindness, might be led into the grossest acts of injustice.

Our exhausted limits will hardly permit us to give an account of the other works which we have placed at the head of this article.

The two Memoirs of Professor Wartmann will repay the most careful study by the interesting facts and views which they contain. The following are the general results of his earliest Memoir:—

1. Colour-blindness has not been studied by the ancients.
2. It has been found only in individuals of the white race.
3. There are many varieties of it from those who see only *black* and *white*, to those who in candle light confound approximating shades of *blue* and *green*.
4. There are more colour-blind than is generally believed.
5. The female sex furnishes a very small proportion.
6. In certain cases they may be recognised by external signs.
7. There are as many with *blue* as with *black* eyes.
8. Colour-blindness is not always hereditary.
9. It does not always affect the males of the same family.

10. It does not always commence at birth.
11. The colour-blind do not judge as we do of complementary colours.
12. Several of them are not sensible to the least refrangible rays.
13. They see as we do the lines in the solar spectrum.
14. They do not judge as we do of the contrast of colours.
15. Colour-blindness does not arise from a vicious conformation of the eye or any coloration of the humours of the retina.
16. The state of colour-blindness may be altered by very simple means.
17. Colour-blindness has its origin in a defect of the sensorium.

The second Memoir of Professor Wartmann contains discussions on the following topics :—

1. On the classification of the colour-blind.
2. On dichromatic colour-blindness.
3. On polychromatic colour-blindness.
4. On cases imperfectly described.
5. On the number of the colour-blind.
6. On the characteristics of colour-blindness.
7. On their division according to sex.
8. Is colour-blindness always congenital?
9. Its relation with the state of the other senses.
10. Influence of parentage.
11. Sensation of complementary colours.
12. Sensibility to differently coloured rays.
13. Statistics of colour-blindness.
14. On touch in the judgment of colours.
15. On the three theories of colour-blindness.

The Memoir of M. D'Hombre Firmas, which was read to the Academy of Sciences in Paris in 1849,* contains an account of three very interesting cases of colour-blindness, which are described with much accuracy, and of which no account has yet been given in our language.

1. The late M. de ——, of Anduze, was blind to all colours. Coloured objects appeared to him of all shades of grey between black and white. The only difference between a coloured and an uncoloured engraving was that the one was more clear than the other. He had heard that leaves *were* green, the sky blue, and blood red, but he never could apply these names to cloths or to papers of these colours. He could paint tolerably well, and pretended to be a connoisseur in the art, descanting with great adroitness on the composition, the drawing, the chiaro-obscuro, and the perspective of paintings, but he never gave an

opinion on their colouring. In like manner, when in a garden with company, he talked with fluency of the beauty, grandeur, regularity, and odour of the flowers, while he saw nothing in them but shades of grey.

2. M. C—— of Alais, a gentleman thirty years of age, in perfect health, and with good vision, was blind to all colours but *yellow*, every other appearing to have only different shades of *grey* between *black* and *white*. M. Firmas observed that he confounded the flowers of the common *Hortensia* with those of the *blue* variety, and also *white* and *red* Phloxes,—the leaves of these plants appearing to him of the same colour as their flowers. *White* roses were brighter than *purple* ones, but he saw *yellow* roses and Capucine as we do. *Red*, *violet*, *blue*, and *white* Queen-Margarets appeared to him more or less dark, but he saw so well their *yellow* centres that he recognised like others the browner and paler discs. This gentleman who studied geology could make nothing of the colours used to mark the different strata in the chart of M. Dumas. The lacustrine, neocomian, and lias formations were the only ones he could distinguish: all the rest seemed to him painted with grey. He drew tastefully with crayons, china ink, and sepia. He once tried to colour a landscape and a bouquet of flowers, but he greatly failed, and the resulting pictures had a very ridiculous appearance.

3. A young advocate of Montpellier could distinguish only *yellow* colours when the day was sombre, but he appreciated the different shades of it from *orange* to *straw yellow*. At noon, in full light, he saw a sort of *purple*, or *reddish brown*, of a *blue* or *violet* colour. He distinguishes the tint and the dresses of the persons he meets, and names the colours of the flowers in his garden, but it is conjectured that he knew them beforehand. He acknowledges, however, to his medical friend, that in the evening with the light of his lamp, and even in apartments well lighted, and at the theatre, *purple*, *crimson*, *rose colour*, *blue* and *green*, appear to him *browns* or *greys* more or less deep.

M. D'Hombre Firmas has described these cases as new examples of colour-blindness, without offering any theory or explanation of them. He mentions, however, that at Rome, when great illuminations are made, and tar barrels placed at the entrance to the principal palaces, the colours of the human face and of dresses are greatly changed. Every person who passes in front of these tar lights appear hideously pale, while red dresses and the *red* facings of an officer's uniform appear brown. These effects must have been produced by the predominance in the tar flames of a great portion of the peculiar yellow light which is generated in all soda flames, but particularly in the combustion of salt.

Art. III.—1. *The History of the High School of Edinburgh.* By William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh, Maclachlan and Stewart. 1849.

2. *The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh.* By Professor Pillans. Edinburgh, Maclachlan and Stewart. 1852.

3. *Reports and Prize Lists of the Edinburgh Academy.* 1825 to 1855.

4. *Report on the Grammar School, and other Educational Institutions, under the Patronage of the Town-Council of Aberdeen.* 1854.

5. *Reports of the Examiners of Candidates for Appointments in the Civil Service of the East India Company; with Copies of the Examination Papers.* August 11th, 1855.

6. *Report on the Examination for Appointments in the Royal Artillery and Engineers, held at King's College, London, on the 1st of August 1855, with Copies of the Examination Papers.* London, Harrison. 1855.

Ingenious persons have sometimes tried to picture what would happen, if the centre of gravity in the solar system could be suddenly transposed, and the movements of the planets confounded by the intrusion of some new and vaster sun into their orbits. Great, through all their mighty cycles, would be the instant shock of change: infinite would be the crash and confusion, as they swayed under the influence of contending masses. Yet, if only they escaped immediate absorption, there is no doubt that the drifting bodies would soon resume obedience to their ancient laws; the bright band of satellites would readjust its movements to its altered centre; and though some forms of present organizations might have perished in the huge catastrophe, the hand of the Creator would soon evolve a fresh and perhaps nobler order from the chaos, as the new system was pursuing its revolutions through the heavens.

Now we have at the present moment a small analogy to this hypothetical convulsion, in the sudden influence of recent examinations on the old educational systems. No such attraction as that Indian examination, more particularly, had ever before disturbed the quiet routine of our schools and colleges. There had been a few little-heeded premonitory symptoms: petty examinations, about which scarcely anybody cared, and which had small effect, except to force some slight modifications into existing plans, or to expose a few schoolmasters to the worry of anxious consultations with embarrassed parents. But this

Indian examination was a very different matter. Here were great prizes to gain, instead of doubtful *plucks* to avoid; rank, an early settlement, and wealth; a valuable certainty for the present, and untold possibilities for the future, amidst those dusky millions of the East, whose rule had till now been guarded by a jealous monopoly of patronage. It was now time for all colleges and schools to bestir themselves. And the effect has been, to transfer at one blow the main strength of examinatorial influence to a central board, or it may prove to be an aggregate of such boards, existing entirely outside of all our seats of learning, and entirely exempt from their control. The wand of mere college examiners is broken. Their approval is no longer looked up to by the student as his highest educational reward. Their judgment may be reversed on appeal to a tribunal, which can recompense its favourites by richer prizes. Every one, therefore, is naturally looking to see how the old institutions will bear the strain of this new trial; how they will comport themselves under this unexpected change. Now, men are saying, we shall all know how far old boastings will be justified, and whether venerable claims will be confirmed. Now we can examine examiners. Now we can turn the tables on the dignified authorities of college rule. We have at last obtained a central appeal to balance their pretensions; a court of supervision, which may correct some arrogance, dispel some foolish vapouring, and secure its true place for modest and hitherto neglected merit.

Their first impulse, therefore, hurried men to a speedy counting up of marks, and comparison of relative success. England boasted of her triumph with one in every four of her numerous candidates. Ireland, though the Dublin men had a grievous disappointment, was yet not quite inconsolable with her one in each eleven. Scotland bewailed the solitary promise of the one who succeeded, from her whole array of fifteen aspirants. So again, Oxford pointed proudly to her eight winners out of nineteen candidates, as an answer in full to the ignorance and misconception, which had dreamed that nothing useful or practical could spring from her secluded halls. Cambridge was a little doubtful whether all was fair, when she found that her thirty-two candidates only produced six winners; but she drew some comfort from the fact, that they stood rather higher than the sons of her sister on the roll. The London University College claimed the first man on the whole list, and was otherwise content to gain two places with six candidates. King's College, London, and Queen's College, Galway, held their heads higher at securing one place each with only two candidates. Queen's College, Cork, could not complain, because she too had only one place with five candidates, when she saw that her unfortunate elder sister of Dublin

did not gain a single place with fourteen. To console the wounded pride of Dublin, a fellow of Trinity College immediately published an abstruse calculation to prove that her students had "fought in the shade." But alas for Scotland! she had little ground for either immediate boast or after-thought solace. There was dismay throughout the land when it was heard, that the country had been beaten hollow on its favourite ground: that while the Scotch universities and schools had shewn their good-will by sending fifteen candidates, they had sadly exposed their weakness when only one of the fifteen succeeded. We have no wish to reopen unnecessarily the controversy which this provoking result occasioned; but some points in it seem to demand a closer handling. It must be admitted that Scotland has been in many respects unfairly treated in the recent changes. This has been clearly shewn by other writers. But when we look at the great breadth of the examination, and the large amount of attainable marks (6875), as contrasted with the smallness of the numbers which actually commanded success, (the highest being 2254, and the lowest 1120,) we do not think that there are many Scotchmen who are not conscious of a painful misgiving, that their countrymen had not been properly equipped for the contest.

On this, as on all other subjects, the plain truth is also the most wholesome. Do not let us try to hide it by phrases. Do not let us go off the scent by carping at the examiners, finding fault with their questions, suggesting doubts about their rules, or complaining of the unfair exclusion of Scottish professors from their list. There may be something in all this, and it will be well to get it amended if we can. But it is our still earlier duty to look to our own faults, and to see that they are amended. If Scotchmen were beaten, there are several respects in which Scotland was herself to blame.

They were beaten, then, because the raw and medley classes of Scottish universities cannot follow up the splendid drill of Scottish schools. They were beaten, because Scottish parents have been penny-wise and pound-foolish; because they have forgotten the means while they were grasping at the end; because they have sent forth their sons to the battle of life, after grudging them the training which they needed for the war; because they have impoverished their schools, by draining them of their older pupils, and drowned their universities, by flooding their halls with boyish students; because they have so shamefully underpaid the learned, that they have almost starved learning itself out of the land; because they have thus spoilt the fair stream of Scottish education, which flows near its source with a firm and steady current, by letting it flush forth too soon into

the diffusive, the shallow, and the worthless, instead of damming it up so as to make it strong, clear, powerful, and profound.

These are no words of ours only. They are but echoes of the penitential lamentations which have been sounding everywhere more or less clearly. and of course in some quarters with more or less opposition, during the last few months; in reviews and newspapers, in pamphlets and speeches, from council chambers and from professorial chairs. Now, if ever, is the time to roll off this disgrace from Scotland.

But to have any chance of doing so, we must first estimate calmly and coolly the precise disadvantages of our present position, and then seek for such improvements as may be perfectly compatible with the continued enjoyment of some great advantages, our possession of which we should be the last to deny.

We propose now to take up the subject with reference to the higher class of schools in Scotland, as an indispensable complement to what has been urged, and well urged, by others, on the necessity of University extension and reform.

The reader, who has no personal knowledge of the subject, may gain as much as he needs from any one of the four publications which we have put first on our list. The *Rationale of Discipline*, by Professor Pillans, is the record of the school experience of an energetic and now veteran teacher—a record which commands the homage due to single-minded and successful zeal. The *History of the High School of Edinburgh* is a tribute from a disciple of that ancient Institution, who has collected the scattered facts of its annals, and all recoverable details about its masters and its pupils, with an affectionate and genial care. The other great Edinburgh school, the Academy, has hitherto satisfied itself with furnishing materials for its future history; but a full knowledge of its system, and of the varied successes of its pupils, may be gathered from the volumes of its annual reports. The pamphlet on the Aberdeen Grammar School was due to the energy of its then rector, Mr. W. D. Geddes, now promoted to the professorship of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen. It suggests several important improvements, which are understood to be obstructed, as is usual in Scotland, by the state of the endowment.

There is one marked peculiarity in Scotch education which may facilitate our present work, namely, the uniformity which pervades its method from the top to the bottom. We have nothing like the vast gulf which separates an English village school from Eton; or which makes Eton totally distinct from Oxford. Our leading High Schools are only improvements on the models of our elementary schools. The classes of our Universities are only an expansion, with an unavoidable remission in

strictness, of the classes of our High Schools. Scotch schools differ from each other, not so much in form or plan, as in the rank of their pupils, the number, attainments, and emoluments of their masters, and the general level of their work. And even on these points, there runs a bond of fellowship, both in good and evil, through their several gradations. That old boast of Scotland, the healthy mixture of ranks in the competition of her class-rooms, has not yet finally departed. On the other hand, many of her highest schoolmasters continue, like their humbler brethren, to receive a most inadequate remuneration. Her most learned scholars, again, still rise occasionally from the masterships of her obscurer schools. And it is still no uncommon thing for a boy, who has received his only training in the school of some remote village, to fight a successful battle in the Universities, with the pupils of the leading Institutions. It must be understood, then, that the characteristics discoverable in the upper range of Scottish schools are, to a great extent, repeated throughout the whole educational system, of which such schools form the central part.

The volume of Dr. Steven shall furnish us with some extracts, to bring the High School of Edinburgh before us:—

The High School in 1803.—"The first day I entered Dr. Adam's class, he came forward to meet me, and said, '*Come away, sir, you will see more done here in an hour than in any other school in Europe.*' I sat down on one of the cross-benches. The class appeared very numerous and in the finest order. The Doctor was calling up pupils from all parts of it; taking sometimes the head, sometimes the foot of the forms; sometimes he examined the class downwards, from head to foot; sometimes upwards, from foot to head. The boys construed and answered with extraordinary readiness and precision, illustrating every allusion to Roman or Grecian history, antiquities, geography, mythology, &c. Nothing was omitted necessary to bring out the author's meaning, and impress it upon the class. He frequently alluded to his own works, in which he told them everything was to be found, if they took the trouble of consulting them. The Doctor was always on the floor; sometimes retiring to his desk, and leaning against it, but never sitting down. His attitudes and motions were very animated. In one hand he held a book or his spectacles, in the other, his *taws* or *ferula*, which he frequently flourished, and occasionally applied with great effect; but there was nothing like severity. I was amazed at the order, readiness, and accuracy of his class. . . . The next class which I visited, in company with a friend, was that of Mr. Alexander Christison, who was afterwards professor of Humanity. He was seated quite erect in his desk, on which his left elbow rested, his chin resting on his thumb, and his fore-finger turned up towards his temple, and occasionally pressed against his nose. When we entered, he took no notice of us. He

was giving short sentences in English, and requiring the boys to turn them *extempore* into Latin, and vary them through all the moods and tenses; which they did with great readiness and precision. He alluded to the Latin compositions and fine classical taste of our great poet, Milton, whom he lauded to the skies. His class was very numerous, and presented the stillness of death. You might literally have heard a pin drop. . . . He was a tall, handsome, square-shouldered, well-built man, every muscle indicating firmness, strength, and energy. The next master to whom I was introduced was Mr. Luke Fraser, whom we found standing on the floor examining his class. He was, I think, the strongest-built man I ever beheld. He was then old, and wore a scratch wig. I remember little more of this visit than that he was examining his class with great minuteness, occasionally teaching them to turn English into Latin, and, by conjunctions and relatives, lengthening out the sentences. The class, like the rest, was numerous, and in fine order. In changing books, however, the boys made a little noise, which he checked by a tremendous stamp on the floor, that made both them and me quake, and enveloped his own legs in a cloud of dust. . . . The fourth master whom I visited in his class was Mr. James Gray. He had then a large class, which appeared in admirable order. When we entered he was standing on the floor with his back to us, teaching with extraordinary energy and enthusiasm, his questions being put with great rapidity, force, and precision, and answered in the same style. The pupils had evidently imbibed much of the spirit and manner of their master. He seemed anxious not only to make his pupils good scholars, but to fill their minds with grand ideas. He was an exceedingly warm-hearted, benevolent, and enthusiastic man. . . . The fifth class to which I was admitted was that of Mr. William Ritchie. He had a very large class, and was walking about, putting many questions, but not receiving so many answers. I cannot say that I observed the same order, precision, or enthusiasm in this class as in the others. The boys, however, seemed much at their ease, and very happy. Notwithstanding the apparent laxness of Mr. Ritchie's discipline, I had afterwards reason to know, that his pupils, by the end of the fourth session, showed very considerable intellectual improvement and proficiency in classical studies. This, I think, was chiefly owing to his very systematic manner of prescribing his daily lessons, which enabled every pupil of any capacity to master them by his own private efforts."—Mr. B Mackay, in *Steven*, pp. 155-158.

This may be taken as a fair specimen of what could be said about the rest. And the reader will not fail to observe the curious resemblances which it bears, at once to the higher sphere of universities, and to the lower sphere of elementary schools. Some features remind us of the bustling activity of the masters who issue from our modern Training Institutions; others of the more dignified earnestness, which an energetic professor displays towards his students. Both equally find a familiar home in the

High School system; and both are equally unlike the cold reserve and silent *hauteur* with which the master of an English school of the same rank might sit and listen to the lesson of his class.

Another extract or two will shew how these schools are expected to face the public at their closing examinations. And it must be remembered that, as the class-rooms are generally open for at least one day in every week, something of the same sort, only before fewer spectators, may be going on at any time throughout the year.

The High School Examination in 1820.—"Next forenoon the class assembled at an early hour, and sat in anxious and silent expectation until the arrival of the presiding magistrates was announced, and the doors thrown open to the overflowing public. The examination commences; a few shots are fired in the lower parts of the class, but the discharge mounts rapidly to the higher regions of the line; and before an hour or two is past, the whole is confined to a rapid and red-hot interchange of interrogations and answers between the examinators' bench and the dux's form. The sun is descending rapidly to his goal,—the final question is put, and it is mute expectation all; the master announces the names and merits of the successful competitors for prizes; the tumult of applause begins, and, amidst its reverberated thunders, the prizes are delivered, the parting speeches are made, and all is over."—(Mr. Patterson in *Steven*, p. 204.)

The High School Examination, of a younger Class, in 1848.—"The year is now about to be wound up. The places are all finally arranged, the special prizes awarded, and all thoughts are fixed on two most interesting days, the closing days of the year. On the first of them, after two hours' preliminary work by the classical master, our youth, smiling, and excited, takes his parents to the Great Hall,—and there, in due order, are the specimens of his writing, which show the very best that he can do. This is duly commented on—he is praised or blamed, and his success is compared with that of others. Then he is summoned to a class-room, where the arithmetical master, with the board all shining black, is waiting. A few theoretical questions are asked. Then examples are given by the examiners. Thick and fast fly the strokes of the pencil—slate rapidly crosses slate—there are there quick eyes, and rapid thoughts, and swift manipulations—and the time is over before we had well known it had begun. There are there the honourable the patrons, the professors, the clergy, and others interested in the welfare of the youth of Scotland's metropolis. At this stage of his studies, our young friend is not interested directly in the French or German classes, the examination of which goes on at an after period of this first day. But we may enter without him, and hear the translations, the dialogues, and the recitations, which delight the ears of the admiring auditors.

"Still greater, however, is the excitement and the crowd on the morrow. Then the classical masters and the pupils are to show to

the satisfaction, not of parents only, but of the examiners, who for hours investigate in the presence of the public the acquirements which have been made, that the year's work has not been in vain. And, when this searching work is over, our friend, with the others, marches in due order into the Great Hall. Before his entrance with his fellows, the benches are crowded with fond and anxious friends. As each fresh class appears, there is a buzz and a recognition. Only the inner space is at last unoccupied. A door is thrown open. Then enter sword and mace, and magistracy in its robes, and attendant examiners, who take their places round yonder table, covered with books, the gifts of the corporation, and glittering with medals, silver and gold. Prize exercises are read: the Lord Provost, the representative of the interests of the city, expresses in language, often at once fit, graceful, and gratifying, the love that the corporation bears this, one of its most cherished institutions, and the prizes gladden some, and stimulate others Then the holidays are announced. During August and September, our youth may roam over mountain and moor, and he comes back to hear again, on the 1st of October, the booming bell that tells him to return to that labour, which he feels, though he may not be able, or perhaps willing, to express his thoughts, constitutes, after all, the chief part of his enjoyment."—(Mr. Gunn, in *Steven*, pp. 280, 281.)

The examinations of the Edinburgh Academy, though they are in great measure conducted by members of the English universities, and with no official relation to the city authorities, are not sufficiently different to call for any separate description.

It will be seen at once that these schools are completely unlike the English model. In many respects, for the details of which we may refer to Professor Pillans, (pp. 119-130,) they may even be directly contrasted. It is enough now to indicate the fundamental difference; that while a great English school collects a large body of boys, to live apart, with separate laws, and a strong corporate spirit, as a distinct and peculiar community, the Scottish school returns its pupils every evening to the family circles of a hundred homes. The English master, therefore, can gather in his grasp the whole work of education. He can lay his hand on every motive. He can insist that the physical, the moral, and the religious, shall be trusted, along with the intellectual, to his care. The parent sinks to so distant an influence, that if parental sedulity could be universally relied on, some violence might seem to be done to the laws of nature. The Scottish master can accomplish only a third of this work. He is in partnership with both the pastor and the parent. If he scorns to take rank as a mere instructor, pouring his knowledge into vacant vessels—if he claims the right of training, as well as teaching, to the utmost of his power—he soon finds that his utmost power is closely limited by the collateral influence of

the clergyman at church and the parent at home. The work is thus done by many hands. If all are equally excellent, the product may be noble—but it may be marred and vitiated by the failure of one. A narrow-minded clergyman, or a weak indulgent parent, may baffle the exertions which have been made in the school.

The system, however, has some obvious advantages, which we should be very sorry for Scotchmen to forget. Home influence bears so directly on every portion of the school, that it furnishes an efficient bulwark against the accumulation of that solid mass of boyish sin, which has sometimes made English schools, as Arnold admitted with such bitter feeling, "the very seats and nurseries of vice."* The master himself experiences a direct benefit from it, so far as it diminishes the possibility of that firm and compact organization amongst the boys, which confronts an English master, in generation after generation, with its stubborn and determined spirit. On the other hand, it has the no less obvious disadvantage, that, if it escapes some dangers, it does so by sacrificing the possible development of a higher excellence. The good moral character, which has borne up against this lesser trial, gives less guarantee for future stedfastness, amidst the growing temptations of manhood; nor can the cultivation of the intellect, under a system so much more diffusive, be made equally exact, polished, concentrated, and complete.

But whether better or worse than the English system, or rather with this practical mixture of both better and worse, these schools suit the great body of Scottish middle-class parents, and it is probable that they will long flourish in all Scotch towns. We have now to inquire into their efficiency, in relation both to their present duties, and to the fresh necessities which accompany the new examinations.

Let us first take the evidence of Professor Blackie, who is speaking, however, from a different point of view, viz., the call for University Reform:—

"Of the enormous evils to which this wretched system, or rather want of system, has given birth, it is unnecessary to speak at any length to the citizens of Edinburgh, who have already shewn a noble example to the whole of Scotland, in the elevation of one learned school, and the erection of another, so as fully to answer the highest demands that may justly be made on a *Gymnasium*, or learned school. The High School of this city and the Edinburgh Academy provide full means for the education of our most choice young men, from the age of nine or ten years, to eighteen or nineteen, when, according to

* Arnold's Sermons, ii. 108-9.

the laws of nature, they are calculated to receive benefit from a course of strictly academical instruction. But the erection of these two learned schools in the metropolis, though affording the surest ground of confidence for the hope of a better order of things, has yet gone but a very small way towards reclaiming the Universities from that state of puerility into which they had been degraded. The inveterate bad habits of a whole people are not changed in a day. . . . So we find in practice that, while the two Edinburgh academies offer the highest inducements to well-conditioned young men to remain at school, till that period when ripening nature imperatively calls for a transition to a higher style of training, nevertheless a great proportion of those who attend these institutions, is allowed to swarm off to College at the unripe age of fifteen or sixteen, when they are totally unfit for the sudden relaxation of the bonds of discipline which they experience, and are altogether unable to profit by that sort of instruction which it is the business of a professor, as distinguished from a schoolmaster, to impart. . . . These things are done in Edinburgh. In the provinces, of course, matters of this kind are necessarily a great deal worse. For not only are the Burgh schools in those remote quarters less under the influence of an elevating learned opinion, but the masters are more scurvily paid, and the professors (where there is a University) are less under the eye of those who might expect them to attempt a flight sometimes above the recognised level of elementary inculcation. So in Aberdeen, where I taught Latin for eleven years, I found that as little Greek as possible was taught in the school; and the boys sent at the earliest possible age to the University, in order that they might be driven through the more dignified march of a University curriculum before the age of eighteen or nineteen, whereby was secured the double benefit (as it was no doubt deemed) to the boys of an *academical education*, with an A.M. attached to their names for the period of their natural lives, and to the learned professor of a greater number of guineas in his pocket, to console him in some small degree for his many benevolent acts of *a-be-ce-darian* condescension."—*On the Advancement of Learning in Scotland*, pp. 23-25.

From this and other passages, we infer that, in the opinion of Professor Blackie, the provincial schools do not fulfil their duties, because, in general, they are miserably below their work; and that the Edinburgh schools, though thoroughly up to their work, still cannot fill their places properly, because, as he elsewhere expresses himself, "the Professors of the Faculty of Arts in the Scottish Universities, are supported in a great measure by *poaching on the schools*, and are only saved from starvation by making a compact with disgrace" (p. 38). We believe that this account of the matter would be in the main confirmed by other competent witnesses. Let us therefore take up these two points, as the basis of our present considerations.

The first educational necessity of Scotland, then, appears to be, that "the whole country must do for itself what Edinburgh has already done in the matter of the High School and the Edinburgh Academy."—(*Blackie*, p. 26.) The second, that the schools shall be delivered from the burthen of universities so underpaid, that they lean with destructive weight on subordinate institutions, which they ought rather to protect and foster. How are these objects to be gained? That is to say, where shall we find the funds by which the provincial schools are to be raised to the Edinburgh level; and the University Professorships are to be adequately endowed? Professor Blackie replies by asking, "How are your sheriffs and your sheriff-substitutes paid, your policemen, your scavengers, and your lamp-lighters? Is there to be a pound for every stalking subaltern of legal pomp, and shall men make words about a penny for the hard-working schoolmaster?"—(p. 52.) Well: if the public will admit the professor and the schoolmaster to the financial privileges of this motley company, it is true enough, as he says, that "the thing is done." But we have serious doubts about their chances, if they have to wait for the public recognition which is accorded to these useful personages. In short, we have little faith in the prospects of any appeal either to local rates or the imperial treasury, unless it be as a mere complement to the spirit of private munificence, which assuredly still lives amongst us, and to which the sister-country owed her great national endowments,—the inheritance from days gone by.

Unquestionably it is the mass of her magnificent endowments, not confined to the universities, but extending through every corner of the land, which gives England so vast a machinery for the higher education. This has long been felt in Scotland. Listen to Dr. Carson, who is proposing, in 1834, a very considerable *increase* of allowance to the High School:—

"The *whole sum* thus received by the *head master and his four colleagues* would not be more than *one-eighth* of the income of the *head master* of Eton School, who certainly has not severer duties to perform than fall upon the Rector of your school."—*Pillans*, p. 189.

Or listen to Sir William Hamilton:—

"No other country is so defective [as Scotland] in the very foundation of a classical instruction—the number and quality of grammar schools. England has its *five hundred of these, publicly endowed.* How many has Scotland?"—*Discussions*, p. 340.

Or let us borrow a specific fact on Scotland from Professor Blackie:—

"I have just received a letter from the Rector of the burgh school,

Stirling,—a scholar of profound attainments both in ancient and modern literature, from which I learn that his salary is £60 a year, and his whole emoluments £150! and he does the whole classical work of the place. This is a specimen of the method in which Scotland rewards her most laborious students and most enterprising scholars."—P. 21.

It is really worth while to shew the difference by some further details. Most people have heard of Lord Brougham's assertion, that the English educational endowments are worth "half a million a year."* Most people know something of the eight or ten great English schools, which are believed to have the revenues of little princedoms. Every one can say something on the supposed wealth of Eton and Rugby, of Winchester and Westminster, of Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital, or St. Paul's. Three of them possess noble colleges in the English universities. New College is the other portion of William of Wykeham's stately work, the "two St. Mary Winton Colleges;" King's College, Cambridge, belongs to Eton; St. John's, Oxford, in great part at least, to Merchant Tailors'. But it is not so well known that there are not less than one hundred and eighteen Grammar Schools in England and Wales, which severally enjoy an income, independently of fees from pupils, of more than £300 a year. About sixty-seven of these are returned at or above £600; thirty-three at or above £1000; at least fifteen or sixteen at or above £2000.† How high they rise may be learnt from the fol-

* The summary of the Charity Commissioners (see their Analytical Digest, 1842, ii. 829) presents the following figures:—

Income of Grammar Schools, ...	£152,047	14	1
Income of Schools not classical, ...	141,385	2	6
Income of Charities given for, or applied to, Education,	19,112	8	8
	£312,545	5	3

But the total might be stated much higher. Mr. M'Culloch says that it ought to be £400,000 or £450,000, and thinks that "a free revenue might be obtained, without injury to any useful purpose, of from £750,000 to £800,000 a year." See Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, Public Education, pp 159, 171, 223-4. It will be seen, that in the above table, the Income of Grammar Schools, to which our details are rigidly confined, forms less than half the total recorded revenue of Educational Charities.

† These calculations are based on the returns made to the Charity Commissioners between 1818 and 1837, (see the first part of their Digest of Schools and Charities for Education, 1813,) compared with Mr Parker's Educational Register (1855, the last published), which professes to give the latest returns from the Schools themselves. But the latter publication must be used with some caution; for its returns occasionally include charities devoted to almshouses, hospitals, and other local purposes, which the Charity Commissioners had accurately distinguished from incomes of Grammar Schools. As, however, there is good reason for believing that those revenues have often been considerably augmented since the returns were made to the Commissioners, we have admitted corrections from the Register, wherever they bore internal marks of accuracy. On the other hand, we have excluded from our reckoning at least *seven* schools which are rated at above £800 in

lowing specimens:—The Bedford Grammar School has nearly £3000 annually, out of an endowment which yields £12,500; Shrewsbury has £3100; Manchester, in 1826, had above £4400; St. Paul's, London, in 1820, had above £5200; Eton, in 1818, acknowledged to £7000; Birmingham now returns its income at £10,000; that of Winchester, in 1818, was above £14,000; the general income of Charterhouse, in 1815, was about £22,000; and, finally, the charitable foundation of Christ's Hospital, which educates very many from the middle classes, had an annual revenue, in 1811 and 1815, of considerably more than forty thousand pounds, and it has since been returned at *more than fifty thousand.*

What a contrast when we turn to Scotland! The Edinburgh hospitals are of no other avail on this subject, than as indicating that money was not wanting, if only a correcter appreciation of the public necessities had secured it a more profitable application. As telling on the higher education of the country, they are unhappily all but useless. The excellent Dick Bequest, too, does not fall within our present sphere. The valuable Snell endowment, as involving a necessary residence in one particular University, inflicts in many cases a positive injury on other colleges and schools, by withdrawing their most promising pupils, and thus increasing the very evil of which we find such reason to complain. As to the great number of petty bursaries at the Universities, which may be reckoned among the collateral privileges of schools, the Commissioners on the Scotch Universities and Colleges reported, in 1830, that in their present form they often do more harm than good.† For specific school endowment there may be something at Inverness,—something at Dollar,—something at the Madras School, St. Andrews; and perhaps one or two foundations may be rising in the country, which private munificence (did we not say that its spirit still lives amongst us?) is endowing with buildings that emulate the stately fabrics of the English schools. But what lamentable answers we receive, if we ask after the endowments existing in our provincial towns! We omit Edinburgh, because, though neither of its great schools has any endowment in the English

the Digest, because the Register shows that they have since fallen below that sum. Of Educational Charities in the widest sense, there are 56 or 57 with incomes at or above £2000 a year (Shuttleworth, pp. 170, 171.) Of schools, the census of 1851 presents returns from only 26 above £1000, and from only 12 above £2000; but it is confessedly imperfect. (Report, p. 48.) We believe that we have rather understated than overstated the truth, in reckoning the former at 33, and the latter at 15 or 16.

* For some of the larger Schools, see the Reports on the Education of the lower orders in the metropolis, 1816; (Christ's Hospital, p. 60; Charterhouse, pp. 141, 159; St. Paul's, p. 178;) 1818, (Eton, p. 69; Winchester, pp. 137, 141,) &c.

† See their Report, pp. 75 77.

sense, they have at any rate been furnished with commodious buildings, and possess from fees a fair, though still inadequate, income. We have already heard of the income of the school at Stirling. The master of the Brechin school, by a plurality of offices, gets £52, 10s., and has the disposal of a mortified bursary which yields £3, 10s. a year. The Paisley school is endowed with £16, 18s. 4d. and a house. The Dumfries school, with about 300 pupils, has an "income from endowment" of £144. The Irvine Academy, with the same number, one of £90. The Perth public seminaries, with 550 pupils, draw £250 a year "from Burgh Funds." At Montrose, with about 250 pupils, £195 is divided among five masters. At Kilmarnock, there are 360 pupils, with an aggregate endowment of £59. And we should get similar returns from other towns.*

In short, Scottish benefactors have done something for the poor, but have erroneously thought that the higher classes might be safely left to help themselves. They have done something to raise the lowest ranks to one common level of mediocrity; they have done nothing to provide for *any* ranks the opportunities of rising to distinguished excellence in the seminaries of their native land.

But, it may be asked, why endow schools for *the rich*, who can so well afford to pay for their own education? Simply because the noblest education *needs* endowment. *It never can be self-supporting.* And it never can be merely purchased in the market at a market rate.

We repeat, the highest education *must* rest on the safe and immoveable basis of a permanent endowment. Look at Oxford. There is the normal type of a costly education; and such men's private extravagance too often makes it. But remove the endowments, so as to limit the Colleges to what they earn, and there is scarcely one amongst them that could pay its way. Excluding the Halls, which stand on a different footing, and where, because of the fewness of the teachers, the education can scarcely be called first-rate;† let us see how the case stands with the

* These figures are taken from the Educational Register. They are, of course, mere specimens, but we believe fair specimens, of what a complete and full return would give. It is not easy to extract any trustworthy general statements on Scotch Schools from the census returns of 1851, because the returns are themselves imperfect, and still more because "an attempt to distinguish mortifications from the other kinds of endowment failed." (Report, p. 11. It is scarcely necessary to say that, by "endowments," we mean, "funds assigned in perpetuity for education," *i.e.*, "mortifications.") But it is a confirmation of the above account, that of 52 Burgh Schools represented as possessing some endowment, only one reaches £200 a year; and of 389 out of 491 other endowed Schools in Scotland which sent returns, only 34 reached £50, and only 4 reached or exceeded £1000 a year. (Table L., p. 50.)

† The reader is doubtless aware that in Oxford the "Halls" mean the five bodies, which consist only of a principal, a vice-principal, (with perhaps an occa-

Colleges. The buildings are all provided,—not lecture-rooms only, but commodious and even luxurious apartments, to accommodate all, or nearly all, the students. The Head is paid, not by appropriating to him the funds and duties of a professorship, but first by his large share in the ordinary college income, and next, in several cases, by some such addition as a cathedral canonry, or a valuable benefice in some neighbouring county. The fellows all receive a certain income, as a foundation for anything they may add by their own exertions. The under-graduates assist thus far: they help to pay and so keep up a large body of college servants: they pay a low rent for rooms, (say £10 a year,*) which either goes to a fellow whose tenants they are, or adds so much to the revenue, the bulk of which the college draws from its estates. They pay (we believe) a small percentage on their living, generally not more than sufficient to cover the expenses of management; and they pay a fee for tuition (about sixteen guineas a year) which supplies a modest income to the tutors in addition to their fellowships; but seldom such an income as would retain their services, except in rare and unusual cases, if the fellowship were withdrawn. Whatever the under-graduate spends more than this may pay the private tutor, or go to enrich the tradesmen, but it yields no further profit to the college revenue.

The point, then, which we would press is this, that in the so-called rich circles of the Oxford students, amidst that lavish expenditure which supports so large a trade in Oxford for supplying the mere wants and fancies of the University, all those youthful representatives of the wealthier portion of the middle and upper classes do really derive a distinct, appraisable, and perfectly eleemosynary benefit, from the ancient endowments which were left by pious founders. In one sense, we repeat, all commoners are on the foundation of their respective colleges, as certainly as the men who wear the scholar's gown. The

sional tutor,) and the under-graduates (if any,) and which possess no foundation like the Colleges. They need not be treated as exceptions to our present remarks,—*first*, because they have their buildings at any rate, and these are of the nature of an endowment; *secondly*, because only two of the five now make any pretensions to realize a remunerating income; *thirdly*, as we have said above, because the teaching is limited in value by the fewness of the tutors which the want of an endowment involves. Let a foundation be supplied them by the colleges, and they might become invaluable additions to the Oxford system. As to the "Private Halls" contemplated in the new Statute, we may wait till we see how they work. Our own opinion is, that even if they are started, the want of an endowment will soon destroy them.

* "The average room-rent," at Merton College, "is £5 yearly."—Evidence given to the Oxford Commissioners, p. 320. This is the lowest we know of. But think of £5 a year for handsome rooms in the quadrangles of that stately College! Why, an Edinburgh garret at 5s. a-week would cost a poor Scotch student £6, 10s. for the winter session. At Balliol there are 10 sets at £8, 8 at £7, and 6 at £6; but the average is stated at ten guineas.—(P. 145.)

same remark may be applied in an altered form to the great English schools. And the main reason why Scotland finds it difficult to compete with England in the highest learning, is, because she has *no* such endowments, and can confer *no* such benefits upon her sons.

This defect of endowment is so fundamental a weakness in Scottish education, that it may be worth while to look at it in another aspect. We may divide the annual expenses of an Oxford undergraduate into three portions; *first*, room-rent, tuition, and unavoidable fees; *secondly*, the rest of his "battels," *i.e.*, such expenses of living as are paid through the college; and *thirdly*, his own private expenditure for books, clothes, journeys, and all the etceteras in which he chooses to indulge. Of these three portions the first is immoveable: he has no control over it whatever, except perhaps for some slight difference in the choice of rooms. The second he can control to some extent, there being considerable difference between the "battels" of an economical and an extravagant man. The third is entirely in his own power, and the college authorities have nothing whatever to do with it, except so far as they may make rules to prevent it from running to excess. Now what we are pointing out is, that the vast expense of an Oxford education belongs mainly to this *third* head, in only a very slight measure to the second, and not at all to the first, which is lower than it could be made for the advantages, if it were not for the endowments. Suppose we put rooms, tuition, &c., at £30 a year, and the other battels at £50, (these figures are not far from the average): the large and variable amount which lies between this £80 and the three or four hundred which a youth often extracts from his confiding parent, is swelled out simply by his personal expenses, and has only the scantiest connexion with his college course.

With rigid economy, and in a cheap college, the three sums we have indicated might now perhaps be reduced to £25, £40, and £35: in all £100 a year. (We believe that hitherto £150 has been a low average; but it is the *third* head mainly that makes the difference.) Now the reason why room-rent and tuition form only a fourth of this sum, and, as they are the unchanging element, a rapidly diminishing proportion of any larger sum, is precisely because the endowments enable the colleges to supply them at a far lower rate than would be the market value for the advantages, if they could be appraised at a market price. It must be remembered, too, that we have been speaking all along of independent members. To scholars on the foundations of the colleges, the charge for room-rent and tuition is either remitted altogether, or is paid for them by the college funds.

In Scotland, the positive figures, like the advantages offered, are much lower; but the relative portion is altogether altered. To a poor Scotch student, his room-rent and fees amount to more than half his winter's outlay. To an Oxford student, as we see, they are only the fourth, the sixth, or even the tenth part of an expenditure, which would not be considered immoderate; and if he is on the foundation, they vanish from his accounts altogether. And this great difference, we repeat, is due to the endowments, which supply the colleges with their handsome buildings, and the tutors with the basis of their incomes.

But we are here approaching the subject of Scottish University Extension, which has, indeed, as we have seen already, a very close connexion with our present topic. Let us add a few more remarks upon it, so far as it bears on our immediate task.

The plans of University Extension which have been most canvassed are these four:—1. The foundation of more chairs; 2. The creation of a Tutorial body, with the rank and advantages of college fellows; 3. More respectable scholarships as rewards and helps for students; and, perhaps, 4. The commencement of a modification of the collegiate system, in the establishment of halls for residence. Some have objected to the latter changes, on the ground that they would bring our Universities nearer to the English model than would suit our national pride. But surely this is an absurd objection. Nor can it be amended into a sound one unless it can be shewn, that we are unable to appropriate a new advantage, without involving the concomitant sacrafice of an old one. We shall keep distinct enough from England, if we only maintain our professoriate in full, or even increased vitality, while we hedge round the professors with subordinate lecturers, who should teach under their absolute control. The point on which we have most difficulty is, that which we have arranged first, viz., the increase in the number of the professors. Unless the addition be accompanied by a variety of other improvements, so devised as to elevate the whole character of the students far above their present standard, we fear, that in an educational point of view, it may do more harm than good, by making our Universities still more excursive and superficial than they are. In this respect we see more hopefulness in the second proposal, which aims at strengthening the teaching body from below.

Both these changes, however, might tell with great advantage in a direction where there is manifest room for improvement, viz., that of raising the Universities, as not only the educational, but the intellectual centres of the land; a position which our overworked professors, though some of them men of eminent abilities, really lack the time to fill.

The other two proposals relate rather to the students than the instructors. We regard both of them as extremely useful, for at once making openings for the poor, raising their rank as scholars, and increasing their chances of obtaining the highest education. But for funds, again, we look with more hope to private munificence than to any prospect of adequate public grants. It is private munificence, we urgently repeat, that is now charged with the imperative duty of raising, reorganizing, and perfecting our Scottish Universities, so that they shall at once fill their own places more nobly, and leave more room to the schools for growth and development. The very dignity of their ancient descent forbids them to appeal to the public purse on the same level as those modern establishments which statesmen have seen fit to found in London and in Ireland. Let them look rather to rich and noble Scotchmen for new acts of the generosity which so many of their ancestors practised, when they furnished the endowments that have too generally perished in unhappy times.

This then is the great instrument for elevating Scottish education. Let the richer Scotchmen be taught to form a juster view of the true work of educational endowments. Let Scotchmen, for instance, who have gained great fortunes in India by the help of nomination appointments, begin to assist their countrymen to the same land of promise, through the more honourable portal of a merit examination. Instead of building large palaces, in which a handful of pauper children may be lost; instead of repeating to satiety the model of George Heriot, till what was once a glory and a blessing degenerates, in its everlasting echoes, into something not far removed above a positive evil; let them learn to endow our Grammar Schools with an honourable maintenance for the masters, and a useful foundation for the boys. Or looking to the Universities, let them strengthen the ranks of the instructors, and elevate the condition of the students. Let them copy, for example, the precedent of Mr. Snell's munificence, without such restrictions of attendance at a single University as now narrow the sphere of his bounty, and act so injuriously on all excluded institutions. Let them first found such exhibitions to carry men to England, but throw them open for competition to the whole of Scotland. They may be assured that such a boon would brighten the face of many a poor scholar on the shores of the west, or among the hills of the north, with the hopes of the highest English education. And let them, secondly, so condition their bequest, that it may revert to the Scottish Universities as soon as they raise their teaching to the English level; as soon as they claim their proper rank of sisters to the Muses by the Isis and the Cam, and grow ashamed of doing the work of mere preparatory schools. Or, again, let such rich Scotchmen

found halls for our colleges, where the poor student may be maintained and lodged, as well as taught; where he may give up his whole time to study, without the distraction of grinding schoolboys for his daily bread; and where bands of such students may receive the impress of a true collegiate character, under college discipline, and in the midst of dignified social intercourse, and with all the cultivating associations of a scholarly and learned life.*

We have dwelt the longer on this point, because we firmly believe that it is nothing but the present poverty of our Universities which has tempted them to give way to the weakness of parents, or, as Professor Blackie vigorously puts it, to "poach upon the schools." Let us add a few remarks on the relation which has thus sprung up between them.

That relation is now admitted by most men to be in the highest degree unsatisfactory. Instead of flowing naturally up into the Universities, through the top classes of the schools, the great majority of pupils stream over from the sides. They escape at almost all ages, from thirteen upwards; till they first pull down the college, so as to lie alongside, not above, the whole upper section of the school; and next degrade its class-rooms still further by their incapacity, till it is no longer fit to receive and carry on the more advanced pupils which the schools could furnish. Every Scotch schoolmaster is painfully familiar with the process of desertion. The boy grows tired of school. He tells his parent that he is sick of it, and would work better if he might but be allowed to go to college. Too often he is thinking only of greater dignity and greater freedom: escape from drill; access to a more varied circle of companions; perhaps the hope that he may evade the requisitions of the professor more easily than he could evade those of his master. College to him is a word of promise: but promise means, freedom from restraint, room for self-will, the attraction of a seeming manhood, which is engrafted on the immaturity of the boy. The parent suspects nothing of all this. To him the wish seems a noble aspiration. His son is panting for "fresh woods and pastures new:" must it not be because his precocious intelligence has exhausted, and is therefore weary of, the old? So he sends the boy to college. The refined discipline, which the higher classes of a first-rate school confer, is lost. The former spring

* Even as we are writing, we see in the papers, that "Major Brodie Campbell, besides several legacies to the poor, has directed that the remainder of his property, (supposed to be worth from £5000 to £10,000,) shall be converted into cash, and handed over to the Senatus of King's College, Aberdeen, *for the founding of bursaries.*" If this is true, we hope they will do some one considerable thing with it, and not fritter it away into a heap of additional petty benefactions.

of work is broken before a new one can be given. And a youth who, with sterner drill, and more elaborate polish, might have ripened into an accomplished scholar, becomes a mere dabbler in multifarious superficialities: a shallow sophist, with a scantling of all sorts of learning, but a profound familiarity with none.

Entrance examinations, though an indispensable beginning of improvement, can only work a partial cure. They are not strong enough, as barriers, to arrest the tide. The only thoroughgoing remedy will be found in the correction and elevation of the popular conceptions both of School and College. On the part of the public, a boy must no longer be allowed to fancy that he loses in dignity by remaining his right time at school; and the parent must cease to covet the barren honours of a merely formal college course. On the part of the Universities themselves, too, there must be a corresponding change of action. Not only their entrance tests, but *the whole range of their operations*, must be invested with so elevated and scientific a character, as to deter the raw schoolboy, who could only mar the work.

But what, then, is the true line of demarcation between School and College? It is not mere age; it is not mere acquirement. It is that capacity to study principles, which ensues on a complete and intelligent mastery of rules.

The mere necessity of *compulsion*, if taken by itself, like age or acquirements if taken by themselves, would furnish but a partial test. There must be some compulsory discipline at college; and there is little more, if any more, compulsion needed, to maintain the polished scholarship and gentlemanlike bearing which mark the Sixth Form of an English school. Even in England, the best schools overlap the Universities. An English Præfect feels it a temporary degradation when he first enters on a freshman's class. Mr. Robert Lowe complains to the Oxford Commissioners, that he "never shall forget the distaste with which, coming (to Oxford) from the top of a public school, he commenced construing, chapter by chapter, the 21st book of Livy."* We repeat, it is the capacity to enter freely and fully on the study of *principles*, which shews that a boy has now secured the main benefit conferred by the restrictions and discipline of school.

Let us dwell a little longer on this fundamental distinction. It is the main duty of a schoolmaster to *deal with rules*. Most true it is, that even with boys, and especially with elder boys, he should seek to light them up by a complete intelligence of the

* Evidence, p. 12.

higher truths on which they rest. But it is never his function to break entirely away from the region of the rules. If he can teach nothing higher, he is no better than a drudge, and is unfit for his work. But if he forgets them, and soars into broad generalities, amidst which all the exactness of early mental discipline is lost, he has never realized his proper and peculiar duties. His precise function is, to breathe life into the rules which he must not think of laying aside.

The true theory of a University is, that no one should ever enter it, until, over all the field of his school training, he is absolutely master of the rules, and has begun to comprehend the relation which they bear to the truths they embody. The professor has a right to range widely and freely over every portion of his subject. He may forget or never feel the fetter, by which his colleague in the school was bound down. He must for himself, of course, possess a perfect familiarity with the rules, or he will simply undo good work, and win deserved contempt from his exacter pupils. But he has a right to assume that they are all known already to his students, and need no further inculcation from him. And the misery of a Scotch professor is, that with the bulk of his classes, such an assumption would be merely a ridiculous mistake. To act upon it would be to pile up heavy parapets and turrets on a building, the foundations of which are unsound. He is reduced to the lower work of stopping the chinks as best he may, and then bidding us sleep in dubious safety :—

> "Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
> Magnâ parte sui : nam sic labentibus obstat
> Villicus, et, veteris rimæ quum texit hiatum,
> Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ."

On this view the spheres of schoolmasters and professors are distinctly and clearly defined. Each must thoroughly understand both rules and principles; but the schoolmaster teaches principles through the medium of the rules—the professor should be able to assume the knowledge of the rules, and to devote his whole strength to the expansion and elucidation of the principles. And on this distinction the whole machinery of both schools and colleges should rest.

Never, therefore, let a boy leave school—unless, indeed, you acknowledge him to be a hopeless dunce, who never ought to go on to college at all—until all the rule-teaching which is connected with school work is effectually finished. At college he must pass into some subjects which are entirely new; and in them must make acquaintance with something in the shape of rules, on which all exacter knowledge rests. But the accom-

plished scholar has now learned to receive them in a different spirit, and under an altered character. He can at once accept them in the light of principles; can at once grasp them, not as in his earlier youth, by a mere effort of memory, but by the instant appreciation of sympathy and knowledge. He seizes them, on the first hearing, as thenceforward to be permanent conditions of his intellect, and constituent elements of his thought. For mere rule-teaching, on school methods, a college is worse than a bad school. It attempts a sheer impossibility, which is also a gross impropriety; and it must really be pardoned when it fails.

Considering the necessary inequality by which schools must always be distinguished, it would be absurd to say, that on a mere measure of acquirement, the lowest class in a University shall be always higher than the highest class in the highest school. We have seen that it is not so in England. And in Scotland, so long as the difference of method is carefully remembered, there are special reasons why the colleges must hold out a helping hand to those, to whom the best school-teaching has been absolutely denied. But, however it may condescend, the college class must be considered, in so doing, to be simply striking its roots somewhat deeper into the earth. Its own proper glory is in the swell and expansion of its branches, which should rise broadly in the face of heaven.

But there is another respect in which we ought to note the bearing of these principles on the position of the schools. If a schoolmaster must be thoroughly familiar with the loftier teaching, which is to breathe life and intelligence through the framework of his rules, it follows that he requires qualifications scarcely less important than those of a professor, a truth which finds a practical recognition in the fact, that Scotch schoolmasters, from even the humbler positions, are still not unfrequently exalted to the professorial chairs.

Why, then, does that truth find no recognition whatever in the rank now assigned, in general, to the heads of the provincial schools? It is shameful to think of the degradation which is reflected, as we have seen, on those most important institutions, by the mode in which their masters are at once overworked and underpaid. We do not wish to see Scotland return to that curious level of educational equality, when two professors of humanity in the metropolitan University were promoted, in succession, to the rectorship of the High School; and two rectors of the High School were promoted to the Grammar Schools of Stirling and Prestonpans.* Nor again do we recommend that

* *Steven*, App; pp. 50-53. There were reasons for Thomas Buchanan's re-

subversion of ranks, which has gradually crept into the English system, where a great schoolmaster is ten times better paid, and is a ten times more powerful and important personage, than a university professor of the ordinary range. But what we are urging is, that the schools of Scotland will never prosper, till the rectors of country grammar schools are enabled to hold a higher social rank; till they receive, from their profession itself, some counterpart to that position which English masters owe to their clerical characters, as well as to their endowments; till, in short, they are all recognised as members alike of one learned and dignified corporation, to which belong some of the highest duties and places which public men can exercise or fill.

Let but the position of Scotch masters and their schools be raised, and we fear no examination, no competition, which the sons of Scotland can be summoned to encounter. Give them the firm basis of a higher discipline, under a more advanced and dignified system, and they will stand their ground against the world. They carry to the combat the self-denial of their hardy social training, and the vigour which is congenial to their northern clime. They bear with them that spirit of reflection, which leads them so soon to realize their position, their prospects, their individual responsibility. They bear with them a firmness which sometimes seems stubborn, a gravity which is occasionally premature, a precision which some would call pedantic; but firmness, gravity, and precision, which have everywhere placed Scotch names high on the roll of public influence, because they are the germs of practical power, of imperturbable perseverance, of sagacious administrative skill.

And now there is another question. If ever we acquire the endowments which are to raise our schools, and develop our universities, till the former become more generally efficient, and the latter claim their true position, as the great fountain-heads of national learning; what shall we say of our capacity to supply that purely *professional* education, which some branches of the new examinations demand? In other words, can our *general* schools, even when most efficient for their proper duties, prepare boys for naval, military, and civil service examinations, or must we still avail ourselves of the services of purely professional schools?

At this moment, we believe, professional schools are not in the highest estimation with the public. Haileybury is virtually gone. Carshalton, it is generally understood, is going. The work of Woolwich has been suddenly shared with other schools. There

moval to Stirling; see Hist., p. 12. But the other *promotions* seem regular enough. At another period, a metropolitan professor of humanity accepted the rectorship of the Canongate Grammar School.—*Ib.*, p. 4.

is a growing disposition to urge some fundamental change at Sandhurst. We conceive that professional *colleges* may still be needed; institutions of a higher rank than any which could now be found. But as to "the hybrid half-school, half-college system,"* we fear that it has produced unquestionable mischief; and we could scarcely sorrow at its fall.

But we have no wish to enter on the invidious details of that uninviting subject. Let us rather express the gratitude we owe to those who framed the Indian Report, for the testimony which they bear to the value of the highest *general* education. In the following sentences we have the answers to a hundred fallacies, which have long retarded the progress of our schools:—

"It is undoubtedly desirable that the civil servant of the Company should enter on his duties while still young; but it is also desirable that he should have received the best, the most liberal, the most finished education that his native country affords. Such an education has been proved by experience to be the best preparation for every calling which requires the exercise of the higher powers of the mind. . . . . Our opinion is, that the examination ought to be confined to those branches of knowledge to which it is desirable that English gentlemen who mean to remain at home should pay some attention. . . . . We think it most desirable that the examination should be of such a nature, *that no candidate who may fail shall, to whatever calling he may betake himself, have any reason to regret the time and labour which he spent in preparing himself to be examined.* Nor do we think that we should render any service to India by inducing her future rulers to neglect, in their earlier years, European literature and science, for studies specially Indian. We believe that men who have been engaged, *up to one or two-and-twenty*, in studies *which have no immediate connexion with the business of any profession*, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found, *in the business of every profession*, superior to men who have, *at eighteen or nineteen*, devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling."†

But, it may be urged, this will not apply to other examinations;

* *Oakfield*, i. 155. We do not say, however, that we adopt the vigorous condemnation which this eccentric writer passes on both Haileybury and Addiscombe. —i. 78; ii. 238.

† It scarcely needed the first signature to the Report to identify the author of these passages. See especially Mr. Macaulay's Speeches on India, July 10th 1833, and twenty years later, in June 1853. Compare, for instance, the following sentences: "If the Ptolemaic system were taught at Cambridge instead of the Newtonian, the senior wrangler would nevertheless be in general a superior man to the wooden spoon . . . . If, &c., the man who understood the Cherokee best would generally be a superior man to him, &c. . . . . the young man who cast nativities best would generally turn out a superior man . . . . the young man who shewed most activity in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone would generally turn out a superior man." (*Speeches*, p. 151.) "The youth who does best what all the ablest and most ambitious youths about him are trying to do well, will generally prove a superior man."—(*Indian Report*, p. 12.)

to those for instance which relate to various branches of the medical service; to those for the artillery and engineers; to those for the army in general, and the navy; to those which meet candidates for entrance at the professional schools which still exist, or which may hereafter be remodelled in the form of colleges.

The medical examinations, in which, as might have been anticipated from the excellence of her training, Scotland has held a very distinguished position, are only remotely connected with our present subject. It is confessed that they require a certain amount of special preparation, which is furnished, precisely on the principle we have suggested, in medical colleges. But even on that subject we should uphold the vast advantage to the medical man, of engrafting his professional discipline on the most liberal *previous* education which his resources can command.

Some of the other examinations to which we have alluded are so slight and general, that it would be a scandal if they afforded the smallest real perplexity to the pupil of any respectable school.

But the artillery and engineers demand a somewhat farther notice. The report of the examination for those appointments which was held last August is only second in importance, and scarcely second in interest, to those which relate to the Indian examination.

Let us first note, with unfeigned satisfaction, the improved position of young Scotchmen in this trial. Of 46 candidates, between the ages of 19 and 21, for 20 provisional commissions, the Scotch Universities sent three, every one of whom succeeded. Of 105 candidates, between the ages of 17 and 19, for 40 admissions to the senior practical class at Woolwich, the Scotch Universities sent six, of whom five succeeded.*

In the case of other colleges, also, these lists furnish both consolation for former failures, and drawbacks to set against former success.

Now the principle of this examination, preceded as it was by very scanty notice, was "to place it upon the basis of the general education of the country;" to "accept, as the means of comparison, the subjects which form the staple of the instruction in the public schools, where the candidates might be supposed to have been educated."

We do not see how the authorities could have adopted a

* It is noted under the former head, that the Edinburgh Academy sent one who did *not* succeed; but it should be borne in mind, that the youth at which they lose their pupils for the university exposes the Scottish schools to a special loss of credit in these contests. Thus, of three successful candidates in the second division, of which the Edinburgh University claims the merit, we observe *two* names that appeared not long since in the lists of the Edinburgh Academy, where they no doubt received their main education.

sounder principle. They had a right, indeed, to stipulate for special excellence in such branches of a general education as are especially connected with ordnance duties; a circumstance which perhaps told with some injustice on individual cases;* but when that one precaution had been taken, it was a wise and prudent measure in the military administrators to throw themselves on the resources of the public schools. We heartily hope that the experiment will soon be extended to all other branches of the service also.†

But now what fresh duty will hereby devolve upon the schools? Undoubtedly they must be prepared to receive, with due respect, such hints from the examiners as Mr. Moseley has furnished (p. 18), on the present inferiority of their scientific and mathematical training. But when they have done so, let them then thankfully accept the honourable burden which is cast upon them, and determine that, without surrendering consciously one blessing connected with their ancient forms, they will shew that these are perfectly reconcilable with sound concomitant training in the sciences of observation also.

We purposely abstain from any criticism on the special arrangements—for the expansion of their old curriculum—by which the two Edinburgh schools have been confronting their new obligations. Both schools are now, we believe, so well governed, that these experiments have every prospect of being carefully watched and wisely matured. If they can embrace an ampler field of study, without losing or injuring their old classical eminence, by all means let them make the trial. If they can subdivide their classes, so as to give more freedom of movement to their pupils, without abandoning the ancient centre, let

---

* For instance, among the candidates for the practical class, the *sixth* and the *eighteenth* were rejected, while the *fortieth* got in. The aggregate marks in the three cases were, 142, 88·5, and 25·8. In mathematics their numbers were, 3, 7, and 15; the lowest admissible number in that subject being 10 marks out of 120. Is it certain that, in this case, her Majesty has secured the services of the best man of the three? But this precise evil can scarcely occur again. A man would deserve to be rejected who slighted warnings on such a subject. That no marks should count on any subject which failed to reach a very moderate standard,—a principle common to this and to the Indian Examination, is another of their most useful rules,—another special security against the risk of shallow knowledge.

† We note a few changes in the announcements of the next Ordnance Examination, (Jan. 21, 1856,) which we record as a suggestion to the schools:—In the last Examination the subject of mathematics counted as one-fifth of the whole; it is now one-third, and is to be dealt with in a separate previous examination. Latin and Greek were together equal to mathematics, and weighed more than French and German; they are now only half the value of mathematics, and are made precisely equal to French and German. English was only equivalent to either Latin or Greek; it is now rated higher than Latin and almost double the value of Greek. The sciences were only equal to either Latin or Greek; they are now nearly as valuable as both together. Drawing is made indispensable. The age of candidates is also raised a year.

that plan also be fairly tested. If, again, as others have suggested, they can find for some a firmer centre in mathematical studies, and yet not resign their classics, even in those cases, altogether, we should be willing to watch patiently, though less hopefully, the results of that experiment also. Into these details we shall not enter. But we must crave leave to conclude with one word of warning, begging them to take good heed, while they are aiming at improvement, that they lose not one atom of important principle, and that they never descend for one moment from the elevation of their only proper ground.

It is the province of public schools to watch carefully the just claims of the public; but to lead, not to follow, in deciding how they may be most wisely met. They must themselves undertake the task of moulding education in conformity with existing necessities; but they must never debase themselves by running heedlessly and thoughtlessly at the heels of change. The true work of great schools is, not to secure more pupils, but to maintain great principles. It is better, if need be, to submit to some temporary unpopularity, than to resign their high position by swerving at the impulse of each passing movement. Recent events may furnish us with one illustration. There never was a more foolish, though unintentional, affront to schools, than when public examiners presumed to dictate to them, not only subjects, which was strictly within their proper province, but the precise portions of appointed authors and the precise editions of historical and mathematical publications. In some cases the matter assumed a still worse aspect, when such editions had been published by the examiners themselves. Some schools, we believe, condescended to obey the order, and to split up their classes for special instruction, according as Cæsar, or Virgil, or Livy, was wanted; according as Mr. A, or Mr. B, or Mr. C, was likely to examine the pupil in his own peculiar work. Others maintained the more dignified attitude of continuing to teach Latin, or mathematics, or history, as their duty bound them, but of teaching them, even at the risk of some temporary inconvenience to their pupils, from the books and in the manner which their own experience recommended as the best.

Now that evil is, or soon will be, ended. While many could suggest detailed improvements in the papers of the two great examinations to which we have especially referred in this Article, no one can deny that, on the whole, they are full of the noblest promise; that they impose no degrading restrictions, that they dictate no unseemly conditions; and that, great as is the advantage which they may bring to the services with which they are connected, it is scarcely greater than the benefit which they may confer on the whole system of our classical schools.

ART. IV.—1. *Die Zeichen der Zeit: Letters to Friends on Freedom of Conscience, and the Rights of Christian Congregations.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, Royal Prussian Actual Privy Councillor, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1855.

2. *Ueber Christliche Toleranz; on Christian Toleration; a Lecture delivered before the Evangelical Union in Berlin, on the 29th March* 1855. By FRIEDRICH JULIUS STAHL. Berlin, 1855.

DO any of our readers wish to form for themselves a just notion of a thoroughly-educated, highly accomplished, well-experienced, pious, patriotic, healthy-bodied, healthy-minded, and in every respect harmonious and well-rounded German gentleman, let them be introduced forthwith to the Chevalier Bunsen, and study him attentively; for like most of his countrymen, who are worth anything, he is not a man to be looked at merely with a passing glance, however sharp, but demands to be perused like a good book, and to be handled with a certain seriousness. Our common habits of international criticism are certainly not the results, in the general case, of very profound study, or very extensive observation; they are a bundle of mere impressions accidentally and hastily taken up, and leaving a type on our minds not of the thing itself, as it lives and grows from its own peculiar centre of organism, but only of a few striking points of the thing—points, that is to say, as they happen to strike us, and as they affect that extremely unphilosophical, and not over charitable humour, in which it is the pride of Britons to contemplate foreigners. Some thirty or forty years ago there were few persons in this country, who had any idea of the Germans more profound than what might be derived from these vulgar sources; but since then we have made vast strides in our knowledge of continental things, especially German; and if there is one public man more than another, a knowledge of whom has tended to raise our general estimate of German character and German worth, it is the Chevalier Bunsen.

There are various sorts of Germans. There are learned German professors, the most heavy-laden of the book-consuming and book-producing class; there are wild German students, with long hair and large boots, and infinite capacity for beer and tobacco-smoke, and freedom and fatherland, and philosophy, and all sorts of juvenile inflation; there are bureaucratic and diplomatic Germans, men of admirable knowledge in history, of

exact accuracy in statistics, and of most unsullied honesty, but who look upon human society as a mere machine, of which not the beams only and the cylinders, the cog-wheels, and the fly-wheels, and the bands, but the very steam and whole impulsive power comes from themselves; there are heterodox Germans, who believe neither in Jesus Christ nor in the Gospel; and there are orthodox old Lutherans, who believe that the Gospel can profit a man little, without the *ipsissima verba* of Luther's Catechism, and that the sacrifice of Christ can save a man with difficulty, who does not understand the theory of consubstantiation; then we have metaphysical Germans, who can construct a cosmogony as glibly as old Hesiod, and run you up the ladder from infinite nothing to infinite something, as lightly as a young lady at the piano rattles off her scales; and poetical Germans, who on mere moonshine and mediæval imaginations, can live more comfortably than you do on beef-steak and other solid nutriment, and who have learned the art of falling in love with death, and singing their passion in harmonious swan-songs most musically. But these are merely such extreme developments of the German genius, such glaring caricatures of their most characteristic tendencies, as any John Bull with his naked cold regard of national prejudice and superciliousness may discover; such caricatures, in fact, as make up the great mass of what those who have never studied the German mind under favourable influences, are accustomed to understand, when they reprobate any book, or any character, as essentially *German*. But the Chevalier Bunsen is not a man whom a sober-minded Englishman would ever dream of attempting to blow aside with a puff of British contempt in this fashion. We can make short work enough, when we are in the humour, with Immanuel Kant, and Hegel, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Oken, and even the Olympian Goethe, fastening cleverly on his weak points; but Bunsen is a German in a position with reference to us that will not allow him to be ignored, and of a type that will not admit of being caricatured; he claims imperatively to be known; and whenever known he cannot be otherwise than loved, admired, and respected.

Of remarkable men there are two distinct classes: those who possess a peculiar talent developed to an extraordinary degree of intensity, and those whose intellectual wealth consists in the harmonious combination of various powers not naturally associated together, often antagonistic and apparently incompatible. A Beethoven in music, a Schiller in poetry, a Cavendish in science, may represent the one class; Goethe, Pastor Oberlin of the Ban de la Roche, Dr. Chalmers, and the Chevalier Bunsen may represent the other. Perhaps the most extraordinary feats of what

is called genius have been performed by men belonging to the first class; but with all the admiration which such feats naturally excite, it is often difficult to conceal from ourselves the painful feeling, that there is some great weakness about such men just in proportion, as it would seem, to the extraordinary vigour of their favourite faculty. In fact, these men have put forth a gigantic growth; but it is all in one direction; you walk round about the phenomenon, and find extraordinary luxuriance on the one side compensated by perfect bareness on the other. On the contrary, the minds which are great by virtue of harmonious combination of apparently incompatible excellencies, if they do not astonish you so much at first, are not apt to disappoint you on more minute inspection. There may have been many more eloquent preachers than Dr. Chalmers; but how seldom do you find that rushing and equestrian oratory combined with such a various scientific culture, such a broad, cheerful, and expansive piety, such a child-like simplicity of emotion, and such a direct and soldier-like energy of action? So it is with Bunsen. Prussia, like Russia, has many clever diplomatists: in no country of Europe are the masters of public business, and the regulators of social form more respected and more respectable; even the liberals in Germany, where they are not embittered by personal feeling, speak with just acknowledgment of the character and talents of the Prussian bureaucratists; but Bunsen, had he been a mere first-rate German diplomatist, would have failed to make that impression on this country, which we know he has made. In addition to mere diplomatic fidelity and acuteness, during the fourteen years of his residence amongst us, he exhibited to the men of this country a depth of profound scholarship, a breadth of philosophic survey, and a liberal flow of fine, healthy, human, and Christian sentiment, that took captive all who had any perception of what is great, and any sympathy with what is noble in human character. Men "in the House" and in West End saloons, who were ambitious to grace their political speeches with a Latin quotation, were astonished to find a son of red tape who could quote Homer a great deal more fluently than they could Horace; Puseyites in their dim and narrow-windowed cells heard from afar that there was an ambassador from the Court of Berlin in London who knew the Greek fathers, and the liturgies and the creeds as well as they did, though he made a very different use of them; Exeter Hall orators, and Baptist missionary agents, and evangelical alliances, and Church of England home missions found him equally open to zealous sympathy, and ready for hearty co-operation, provided they would accept him such as he was, a man without hatred, and a Christian without sectarianism. It was manifest to all, that a German with a large

heart was in the midst of us, and with an intellect nothing smaller, and of extraordinary accomplishment to boot; a man who could employ the leisure wisely stolen from a busy public life one day in editing a collection of old German hymns, the next day in working out a new chronology for the history of the Old Testament; and the third day in vindicating the disputed authorship of an ante-Nicene treatise on Church heresies; a man who had lived much amongst books, but more amongst men; who, with a rich and multiform experience, had spent one part of his life in Berlin, another in Rome, and a third in London; and who had lived in each of these so different places, with open eyes, and open heart, and active hands, and yet maintained everywhere the native freedom of a noble and a manly character. But there was one quality of Bunsen's mind, which, though from the nature of the case less appreciable in England, was not less necessary to his completeness as a man, and which has now not the least virtue in determining the influence which he must exercise over his countrymen in Prussia and in Germany,—we mean his patriotism. He believed in Prussia, and he believed also in Germany: in Prussia as the most influential essentially German state: in Germany as his own fatherland, and as a country, which by the very significant fatherhood of Kepler, Luther, and Goethe, seemed destined to play an important part in the highest intellectual and moral life of modern Europe. For the sake of this faith, when an anti-German, and, because an anti-German, in his view also an anti-Prussian party, had possessed themselves of the weak and vacillating mind of the present King of Prussia, Bunsen refused to hold office any longer as the representative of that kingdom at the Court of St. James's. The Russian party at Berlin celebrated their ill-omened ovation by the banishment from London of perhaps the most accomplished and the most respected gentleman that ever had represented a German Court in the British isles.

But the Russian party in Berlin have no doubt by this time discovered that they have only done their work by halves, in sending Bunsen simply out of London. So long as such a German can live at large in Germany, with a free pen and a free press,* the anti-German party in that country will sit upon a purple cushion not without thorns. In some respects the learned diplomatist now enjoying the ease of domestic life, and the dignity of literary leisure on the romantic banks of the Neckar, is a more dangerous enemy of the conclave of courtiers, bureaucra-

* The press in the north of Germany is practically free to those who know how to use the liberty wisely. There is an immense difference in this respect between the atmosphere of Berlin and Vienna.

ists and bigots in Berlin, than he could have been on the larger but more remote stage of London. So long as he lived in the huge English metropolis, he was at least half an Englishman; returned to Germany he is altogether a German; and such a German as he is at the present moment above all things necessary there—for as Napoleon said, at those most critical periods of the world's progress, when humanity stands most in need of a man, "how rare are men!" Now Germany is at the present moment going through one of those periods of national discouragement and depression, during which the presence of a man like Bunsen, with his hearty hilarious temperament, and unshaken faith in God and human progress, is of incalculable value. The year 1848 brought to a culminating point all those deep-rooted aspirations after national unity which had been stirred up in the general German soul by the momentous struggle of 1813; the waves of national enthusiasm rose up valiantly and swelled proudly; but as there was no Neptune to rule the flood, and to dare nobly what the moment required, the tumid billows of political sentiment could only sputter and break into foam, and die; and now there has followed, what after such a futile outbreak is the necessary consequence, a period of ebb and stagnation, and depression, and with not a few also of hopelessness, despondency, and dark despair. The party of the "Reaction," in Church and State, has now got hold of the rudder of affairs in Berlin; and the object of this party, so far as one may judge from their conduct and tendencies—for they are obliged to exercise a certain caution in the public profession of their principles—is not only to extinguish the idea of German nationality that still slumbers in the breast of the noblest among the people, but utterly to nullify and thoroughly to undo all those liberal and constitutional measures which had been inaugurated by Baron Stein with such gallant confidence in the year 1808, confirmed by the sworn word of great European potentates at Vienna, and hallowed by the patriotic blood which flowed so freely at Leipzig and Waterloo. In a word, constitutionalism was to be tolerated only as a form; the government was to revert to the old type, which the German petty princes had with only *too* happy fidelity borrowed from the great Louis of France, and of which the fair maxim was, "*everything* FOR *the people, nothing* BY *the people;*" though in practice, under the influence of this system, the people, besides losing their native pith and enterprise, have generally had reason to complain that they have been treated not as children by indulgent fathers, but as mere chessmen with whom a company of kingly, courtly, and bureaucratic gamblers might play the game of governing, for their own private amusement and advantage. To such a system,

as a true German, and a historical student well instructed in the system of local and communal liberties, which originally belonged to all the Teutonic tribes, Bunsen was opposed. His noble nature rebelled against a theory of politics which recognises in the social mass nothing more than the wheels of a gigantic official machine; his residence in Rome had shewn him to what a state of degradation this maxim, when consistently applied, can reduce the Church; and now his sojourn in England has taught him how the most glaring vices of mere administrative machinery can be neutralized, and even turned sometimes into virtues, by great spontaneous activity and individual enterprise among the masses of the people. With such experience and with such feelings, the philosophic Prussian diplomatist and doctor of theology, found himself restored to his country at a period when men with whom he had formerly rejoiced to co-operate were coming forward unblushingly, or with a thin disguise, as the advocates of a despotism in Church and State, of which the perfect pattern existed in St. Petersburg. For a man in his position, and with his character, under such circumstances there was no choice. He could not be deaf; he would not be silent. Unvalued men might hold their tongues without charge of remissness or cowardice; but he durst not. The nation looked to him as the honest prophet who alone could voice their burden with a weighty sincerity, and present their grievances with a grace. There was not a party or a class in Germany who had not reason to respect or to fear, whenever he might come forth with his oracle. The Roman Catholics feared his erudition; the Protestants respected his liberality; the Philo-Russians of the reaction feared his intimate knowledge of public life in Prussia during the last forty years, and his power of exposing their tortuous ways, and their subtle-woven sophistries; the king—a kindly man amid much weakness—honoured him as a high-minded Christian gentleman, and was grateful to him as a faithful servant. Never prophet spake under more favourable circumstances; and his prophecy is now before us, in every respect worthy of the man, and well fitted for the times. "*Die Zeichen der Zeit*" is, indeed, not like the previous works of the author, a monument of subtle thought and elaborate research, from which the learned of future generations shall borrow the corner-stones of their edifice; it is in truth only a collection of pamphlets bound up into the shape of a book in two volumes; but the pamphlets of such a man at such a time in Germany, are of more value than many systematic dictionaries, and many long-rowed encyclopædias. They contain the living oracles which help us to apply the experience of the Past to the interpretation of the Present, and the prophecy of the Future. The

coming historian of the age of the Reaction in Germany, when treating of the important relations of Church and State in Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century, will have no more important documents to refer to than those which are contained in "The Signs of the Times," by the Chevalier Bunsen.

The title of the book, from which we shall now proceed to translate a few extracts, is certainly for us, who live in this time and place, somewhat unfortunate. It is apt to excite expectations which will not be gratified. When a book comes upon us with such a superscription, we are apt to think of the book of the Revelations, and the Number of the Beast, and the publications of the Reverend John Cumming. But the learned Prussian does not expound mysteries, or read dreams in that fashion at all. He deals merely with existing facts and explains them as one who believes that one consistent, wise Providence has worked out the past which we inherit from our fathers, and is now shaping out the future, which our children shall inherit from us. The following passage states the double point of view, under which the Chevalier, through a series of politico-ecclesiastical discourses, finds himself constrained to contemplate the present aspect of religious life in Prussia, and in Europe generally :—

"On my return to my own country last summer, after fourteen years' absence in England, I began to compare the impressions with which I had left Germany, with the more ripe views which, through more extended study, and a more large experience I had obtained; and in doing so I found my mind's eye fixed on two phenomena which stood forward as signs of the times, both by the extensiveness of their operation, and by the pregnancy of their significance. I mean the power of free spontaneous association on the one hand, and on the other the rising claims and increased power of the clergy or hierarchy. The principle of voluntary association, to speak of this first, has been for a long time active in England; and there is in and about London, and in Great Britain generally, scarcely any great movement or public work, of which the roots are not to be sought in that principle. From an association of merchants and capitalists, has, within a single century, arisen the British Empire in India, one of the greatest in the world. The free State of America arose principally out of free Christian congregations and other English associations, and the germs of a Canadian union are even now visible, which, through the power of this principle, is destined to play no unimportant part in the theatre of the world. What else but association has, in the course of two decades, called into existence the gigantic works of railway communication, which completely throw into the shade the most important undertakings in the shape of roads and canals, that formerly were the boast of princes and states—works, the construction

of which has required more capital than the revenues of all the kingdoms of the world? What other principle than this has during the same period in England achieved the erection of more new churches and chapels, with congregations of earnest worshippers, than all the governments of Europe, and all the clergy had been able to erect during the last four centuries?

"Whence is this phenomenon? is it a product of the most recent time, a child of the present century, at least of the last eighty years, a shoot of the great modern industrial movement, or a conquest made for us by the philosophy of the last century, and our so much bepraised 'modern civilisation.' Not at all. The history of England proves the contrary. In this land of lusty liberty and local energy, we find free congregations forming themselves in the sixteenth century. These congregations developed themselves as Independents, and asserted their right to exist, like Christianity itself, originally, under the persecuting influences of two hostile national churches. Out of these Independents arose those modern 'Baptists,' whom even learned theologians in Germany will sometimes be found confounding with the fanatic followers of the famous Jack of Leyden, in the sixteenth century. These Baptists are by their ecclesiastical constitution, as everybody knows, free Independents, and are distinguished, as a sect, only by their practising the rite of baptism according to the fashion of the earliest Christians, by immersion. This rite they administer only to such persons as, being arrived at the age of manhood, come forward of their own motion, and profess faith in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of mankind. They also had their birth in the midst of persecutions, and established themselves as free Christian associations of the faithful, not only in England and Scotland, but also in the United States of America, where they now number many thousands of congregations, and above five millions of Christian souls, black and white. The great moral vitality of these two bodies of free associated Christian Churches, is shewn in the success of their missions, by which whole races have been converted and civilized, whilst the Jesuit missions, in Paraguay, have trained a people altogether unfit for self-government, and who can do nothing out of leading-strings. So the Independents worked in Tahiti, against whom the French missions could produce a counteraction only by bayonets and brandy. So also the Baptists in the Sandwich Islands, where the state which was founded by the mission now forms an Independent Church, which sends out its own missions to the islands of the Pacific. All this has taken place in the course of sixty years. During the same period, or rather during the last 250 years, the state churches of both England and Scotland have shewn very little capacity for extension; the German and Dutch Reformed Churches even less, and the Lutherans no missionary capacity at all. To the same rubric belong all free associations for chapels of ease, scripture readers, and all the various appliances of the Home Mission in London, and other great cities; also the extraordinary activity of the British and Foreign Bible Society. All these associations have sprung into being within the last sixty

years, and now they send out thousands of evangelists and apostles to the most distant parts of the globe, and educate as many evangelists and apostles out of the converted natives, to be the germ of improved races to people the world in future ages. The youngest of these free religious associations, the Free Church of Scotland, which has grown under our eyes in the most recent days, has, alongside of a very respectable but somewhat ossified national church, (*höchst achtbaren aber etwas erstarrten Landeskirche,*) put forth an amount of moral activity which pales the glory of all the state churches in the world."

The first great sign of the time therefore, which strikes the mind of our Prussian theological philosopher, is the principle of voluntary association as contrasted with the machinery of government both in Church and State. Let no man think this a matter of small moment in reference to the general culture of Europe, because it is a thing so common and familiar in these islands. That it is not confined to this corner of Christendom, the Chevalier goes on to shew in detail, specifying particularly the Gustavus Adolphus association in his own country, for the support of impoverished evangelical congregations, particularly in Roman Catholic countries, the activity of which is attested by the fact, that in the course of a very few years, and those not at all favourable to such undertakings, it has collected and distributed above half a million of dollars.* But there can be no doubt, on the other hand, that there is no country in the world in which this principle is so active at the present moment, as Great Britain; while it is equally certain that the system of official over-governing, which is the characteristic of Prussian politics, is always striving to keep this most powerful influence within as narrow bounds as possible; and if it is an influence ordained by God for the attainment of most important ends in human civilisation, it is easy to see how an enlightened Prussian statesman is doing the highest service which a far-sighted patriotism can perform when he unfolds to his countrymen the method of its operation, and enumerates the extraordinary triumphs which it has achieved. It seems, indeed, to have been one of the great objects of the Chevalier in writing this book, to make a declaration in the face of the German Governments, that the principle of doing every thing by forced Government machinery, and nothing by free popular movement, is a principle that, as God has constituted the world, can never lead to any great moral results; and such a declaration in fact, is made with very marked emphasis

* In estimating the amount of moral sympathy for ecclesiastical objects in Germany indicated by this figure, the reader must bear in mind the comparative value of money in a country where 2000 dollars (£300) per annum is a large salary for Government officials.

in another part of the volume from which we are now quoting. Those who have ears to hear in Berlin, in Mecklenburgh, or in Hanover, let them hear the following words:—

"I confess, as a German and a Prussian, not without sorrow, that experience and reflection have convinced me of the truth of the political principle, that THE SYSTEM OF CENTRALIZATION IS INCONSISTENT WITH THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE TO TRUE FREEDOM, AND IS A SYSTEM WHICH, IN THE LONG-RUN, WEAKENS MORE THAN IT STRENGTHENS, THAT AUTHORITY OF THE STATE IN BEHALF OF WHICH IT IS MAINTAINED. By centralization I mean the common continental system of governing merely by government officials. The necessary operation of this system is to keep the people in perpetual tutelage, to interdict them from performing the slightest function of public life on their own motion, and to prevent the existence of any social organism alongside of itself, and specially to repress that independent life which naturally belongs to every healthy Christian congregation. A bureaucracy, of this description, which strengthens the fiscal element of the old absolutism, by a mechanism going down into the lowest details of police regulation, according to the idea of Napoleon, is in no department more unsuitable and more dangerous than in the relations of the state to the Church. As soon as a collision takes place between a purely bureaucratic government, and a church under the influence of exalted hierarchical ideas, the state always come off with damaged reputation from the contest."

More important words than these have not been spoken by any public man in Germany, since the time when the sudden shock of national adversity forced the Prussian Government to seek help from the liberal counsels of Baron Stein. It were easy to enlarge on the important political principle here enunciated, and to accumulate all sorts of instances from the philosophic Φύλακες of Plato's ideal republic, through the rapacious fiscal officials of the long dreary and obstinately dying Byzantine Empire, down to the bureaucratic and pragmatical Gerards and Manteuffels that now advise the weak majesty of Berlin; but we must leave the political question undiscussed, in order to place before the reader that portentous ecclesiastical sign of the times, which has mainly called forth the Chevalier's manly protest:—

"Not less distinctly recognisable on the Continent, as well as in England, is the second sign of the times. I mean the rising power of the clergy as a ruling caste, or the hierarchy; and that principally, though by no means exclusively, of the Roman Catholic clergy. Here also, of course, the difference of national habits and institutions produces a corresponding difference in the historical exhibition of one common social principle; but the phenomenon remains substantially the same. No two things are more different in many respects than

English Puseyism and German Lutheranism. The one rests on an Episcopacy independent of the State* and of the police, and stands in an intimate relation to many national feelings and modes of activity. Lutheranism, again, is the child of a consistorial church governed by state officials. The Lutheran pastors, from whom this hierarchic tendency proceeds, shew themselves with a few exceptions, not at all moved either by the congregational element which Germany knows only through the Reformed (Genevese or Calvinistic) Churches, or by those regenerating influences which have stirred the general Christian world during the last sixty years. To both these vital movements they rather oppose themselves as encroaching on the dignity of office, or, as infected with the modern plague of Liberalism, the common enemy of Churches as of States. And in relation to German science, philosophy, and the higher philological criticism, to which they are indebted for everything that they know, they assume a position of direct antagonism, taking their stand stiffly on a theological system, which is as far removed from the great ideas of the symbolical books of the Reformation, as it is from the greatest and most genial of the Reformers whose name they abuse. Going far beyond the point of view alike of the exuberant Steffens, andthe temperate Harless, they insolently accuse the great men of our universities, of keeping themselves at a distance from the congregational life of the Christian Churches, and sacrificing practical life to critical science; altogether forgetful of the fact, that one main reason of the debility of our congregational life was even that very lifeless orthodoxy from which these men have achieved our redemption. The undeniable results of learned research they reject as infidel, and condemn as godless what unquestionably arose from a deep fountain of religious earnestness. And in this way they cut off the roots of all congregational life in our churches, whether it be, on the one hand, by their high notions of the dignity of the clerical body in the Christian Church, or, on the other, by the slavish servility with which they delight to recognise themselves as titled officials in opposition to the popular masses of which Christian congregations are necessarily composed. And if they do not persecute with the sword, as their predecessors did, this seems to arise more from the lack of power than of hearty good-will. For that this hearty good-will to persecute, as the natural concomitant of high hierarchic tendencies really exists, is attested by so many prominent facts of which everybody takes note, that I need not bring forward detailed proofs of the fact, writing as I do principally for German readers. That the same exorbitant claims are made in England, under different local conditions, the phenomenon of Puseyism sufficiently attests; and a detailed examination of the state of the different churches of Europe, would only bring out into more distinct and undeniable prominence the truth of our general assertion, that

* Of course comparatively, when set against the Lutheran Church in Germany. The Chevalier knows perfectly well what the exact amount of State dependence is which distinguishes the English Church, as contrasted with the churches of the Independents and other dissenting bodies.

the HIERARCHIC ELEMENT IS AT PRESENT VERY ACTIVE THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF CHRISTENDOM. The claims of a divine right inherent in the clerical body over the consciences of men, and, as far as possible, over the whole intellectual culture of the human race, are every where the same; and not less striking, to a first glance certainly, is the contrast between the exalted notions on this subject now prevalent, and the more moderate views generally entertained at the commencement of the present century."

To us in this country who know the ultra-Lutheran party in Berlin, principally by the results of their policy in the prosecution of the poor Baptist preachers in various parts of northern Germany, this sketch of their character and principles, from a person of unquestioned personal piety and profound theological knowledge, who has lived long in the midst of them, cannot but prove peculiarly valuable. Even more interesting, however, as touching our own immediate feelings and relations, must be the opinion of such a man on the state of our British churches, and on the elements of a new ecclesiastical life now fermenting in the midst of us. The following passage contains the Chevalier's ripe conclusions on the Anglican phenomenon of PUSEYISM, the counterpart in this country of the High-Lutheranism of the German churches just described; and in reading this opinion, we must bear in mind that the writer has the double advantage of having lived for many years amongst us, as part of our own ecclesiastical life, (for in this he shared by his large Christian sympathy, and by the fact of his having a son in the English Church); and farther, as a well-instructed and impartial spectator, which very few or none of us can afford to be.

"Puseyism, as it appears in the Episcopal Church of England, and in the United States of America, is only a feeble copy of the hierarchic schemes of Rome, its great prototype, while it is opposed in these countries both by a Puritanic opposition of a decidedly national type, and by a general desire for greater evangelic liberty. But to the praise of both these parties, and more still of the English people, let it be said, that their High-church leaders, in so far as they have not publicly gone over to the Church of Rome, are not to be reckoned among the enemies of civil liberty, as little as their theological opponents the Evangelicals can be accused of wishing to establish an ecclesiastical absolutism in the hands of the civil power, such as exists in Petersburg. After many oscillations, many men of consequence belonging to both parties are now proposing to admit the laity to a share in the government of the Church, according to the example of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United States. But the clerical party here displays all the blindness of hereditary absolutism. They are inclined, as the resolution of the majority of the Convocation in the present month (July 1855) shews, to concede to the laity this liberty on the principle of *octroi*, without comprehending that the

laity can never allow the existence of any such right in the clerical body. The consequences of this obstinate clinging, on the part of the clergy, to their imaginary exclusive privileges of ecclesiastical government, are seen in the disinclination of the people to have anything to do with their proposals.

"This hierarchical party demands from the Crown the authorization to originate and to bring forward an improved constitution for the Church. Now, this is what the clerical assembly is just as little entitled to do as the old French Parliaments would have been entitled to sketch out a scheme of a free constitution for the French people. The clergy have not even a right of veto on the claims of Christian congregations; for these exist by the very institution of the Church. It is also quite plain that the English nation could never look with any other feeling than that of great suspicion, on a new constitution originating with the clergy, after some of the leading bishops have openly declared, that, in any case, they must reserve for themselves the decision of everything relative to doctrine—of course liturgical reform also—they being the body to whom God has given the exclusive right of interpreting the doctrine of the Church. And they believe, no doubt, in all honesty, that the act of Episcopal consecration gives to them this exclusive right of settling disputed doctrinal points.

"The reaction against the claims of the hierarchic party in England has hitherto been more of a defensive character. The common law protects the laity and the parish clergyman. The Bishop, indeed, can canonically depose the latter, and excommunicate the former; but the injured party has his action of damages. In this way the point of the hierarchic thunderbolt is altogether blunted: and the parochial rector, in a contest with the bishop, stands so secure, that any matter of difference between them must be tried at common law, and before a jury, as in ordinary civil cases. The question now arises, whether it be possible to change this negative attitude of the Christian laity in England into a positive one? To attain this object, a royal commission might be nominated, consisting of lay and clerical members, to draw up a scheme of church-government, in which the rights of the laity should be recognised. And, indeed, if something of this kind does not take place, the consequence seems unavoidable, which many foresee, that THE COMPLETE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND MUST TAKE PLACE, AND THAT BY THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF A GREAT, POPULAR, AND PURITANIC MOVEMENT FROM BELOW. And if a crisis of this kind shall come to England, I have no doubt that the problem will be solved in that country, in the manner that circumstances shall make expedient, without violent convulsions, and in a genuine Christian spirit.

"The fever of Puseyism, however, which had possessed the minds of the younger half of the clergy and some of the more excitable youths in the universities, as also of some persons of the female sex in the higher ranks of society, is evidently on the decline. The stern realities of life are driving these sickly fancies away. The severe struggle with Russia, with its earnest human and moral significance,

with its lessons and warnings, and with its brilliant examples of personal devotion, with which High-church ideas had nothing to do, has wakened the substantial thinkers of the nation out of their dream. The mediæval hallucinations of that party vanish before a real world of this sort, as mists before the sun. Just so, at the end of the last century, the fever of Jacobinism in the same country was made to abate before the reality of military energy and of armed nationality, created by the genius of Pitt; just so also, in the year 1848, the broad practical common sense of the middle classes saved the nation from the miseries of Communism and Socialism; and even so certainly the sacerdotal puerilities of Puseyism will dwindle into their native insignificance when confronted with the momentous human interests that are now being contended for under the walls of Sebastopol."

These sentiments, coming from such a quarter, will doubtless be duly weighed by many persons in England who have had the happiness of coming in contact with the intelligence and high Christian worth of the author. On the merits of the views stated, our limits forbid us to give here anything more than a general expression of hearty sympathy; and we hasten, in the company of so large-hearted and catholic a Christian philosopher, to cast a bird's-eye view over some of the most striking aspects of the moral and religious life of our age, as they arise out of the exaggerated claims of the same great hierarchical party, under various names, all over Europe.

In order to exhibit more clearly the nature of these claims, the Chevalier directs attention to two other subordinate signs of the times, as follows:—

" *First.* The continually increasing desire of the nations for FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

" *Second.* The continually increasing desire of the clergy to suppress this freedom of conscience, and to PERSECUTE all those who exercise their own free judgment in matters of religion."

And then he proceeds to make the following admirable remarks on the connexion between freedom of conscience and every other sort of freedom that social man can enjoy.

" The striving after freedom of conscience appears in the history of the last centuries, and especially of the last eighty years, as the prototype and condition precedent of all social liberty and civil rights. The same was the case at the era of the first preaching of the Gospel. The new model, according to which the best modern political constitutions are formed, had its foreshadowing type in the original constitution of the Christian congregations. A detailed analysis of history shews how freedom of conscience is the first condition of the right of property, and of every civil right. The biography of Galileo teaches clearly enough how the freedom of scientific research can grow only out of the freedom of religious conviction; the history of modern nations

shews how scientific enlightenment, when introduced by freedom of conscience, produced results of the most blessed kind, which were in vain sought after by a people to whom that indispensable condition of all true freedom was wanting; a people who would be free without conscience, and enjoy rights without carrying the feeling of duty in their bosoms. Nor is the cause of these historical phenomena difficult to understand. For if all individual freedom can produce salutary results only in so far as it is exercised conscientiously; if conscientious men and true morality can exist only where that which is most holy in the conscience, viz., the faith in what is divine, and the will to subserve it, is respected by the removal of all constraint; it is plain that the right use of every other sort of freedom must lie in the possession of this fundamental freedom. And as is the case with political freedom generally, so specially must the relation of freedom of conscience be to the right of freedom of opinion, freedom of the press, and the right of free activity in the industrial domain. The right of individual citizens to exercise their trades for themselves and the public, the right of free trade, instead of prohibitory tariffs, all spring from that same root in the religious conscience; and the enemies of the former have not been less eager than the opponents of the latter, to prophesy the dissolution of the bands of society, and the overthrow of all civil order, from the relaxation of the exclusive laws by which the social machine had so long been regulated. But experience has demonstrated the contrary. Humanity has gone on achieving for itself one domain of freedom after another triumphantly, for this deepest reason, that the GUARANTEE OF ALL POPULAR FREEDOM DOES NOT LIE IN IDEAS OF THE UNDERSTANDING, AND IN ENLIGHTENMENT PROCEEDING THEREFROM, BUT IN A MORAL SUBSTRATUM OF CHARACTER AND IN MORAL CULTURE; which moral culture, as we have seen, is impossible without the first condition of all moral life, the free determination of the will, according to the idea of that which the heart of the individual acknowledges to be most sacred."

But in spite of the triumphant assertion of the rights of conscience, by which the last three centuries have, above all preceding ages, been distinguished, the counteracting influence of an increased tendency to intolerance and persecution in the most recent times, and at the present hour, is not less strikingly manifest; perhaps more strikingly just because the world had got accustomed to the pleasant notion, that the blood-sucking vampire of the Romish Church, to which so many pious lives were sacrificed in ante-Protestant times, had now become a tame and milk-sopping beast, from which only a poor nervous weakling or a religious alarmist could apprehend any danger; and now after this comfortable intermezzo of ecclesiastical peace and security, forth comes the mediæval monster again, smelling of blood and dungeons, and walks in procession through civilized cities, escorted, as of old, by two grave and decent virgins, milk-white

Religion on the right hand, and square-capped Learning on the left. On this very ill-omened sign of the times in which we live, let us hear the Chevalier:—

"Who, at the commencement of the present century, would have believed that in the land of the judicial murder of Jean Calas, symptoms of the renewal of religious hatred would have been manifested immediately on the restoration of the Bourbons? that contemporaneously with Le Maistre and De Bonald,* a school of men would arise who should defend the Bartholomew massacre, and apply to that bloody business the terrible words,

Ce sang, étoit-il donc si pur?—

that in 1823 Frederick the Seventh was only with difficulty kept back from re-introducing the Inquisition into Spain?—that the Zillerthaler in Tyrol, after enduring much harsh treatment and oppression, should, in the fourth decade of this nineteenth century, *in violation of rights secured to them by the law of the land,* have received from the Austrian Government the grace of banishment from their green native hills, just as the Madiais, in 1853, were graciously permitted to leave Florence? Yea, who would have believed that thousands of Protestants, and millions of united Greeks, in the kingdom of Peter the Great, which, though despotic, was founded on the principle of general toleration, and under the government of the brother of that religious and liberal Alexander should have been forced into the National Church of Russia by every evil art of fraud and violence, and that in districts where this National Church had never been predominant, or had never existed?

"But what shall we say? Is it not a fact that the same demon of religious persecution has shewed its renewed activity, even in Protestant Churches? The States of Sweden,—even that Sweden which, two hundred years ago, came forward as the champion of religious liberty in Germany,—have last year passed a very intolerant act. The persecution of evangelical unions is maintained, and all native Swedes who shall join the Roman Catholic Church are forthwith banished the country. The king, after long delay, has sanctioned this illiberal enactment with regard to Sweden, while in religious Norway the most perfect freedom of conscience exists! Then as to Germany, not only in Mecklenburg, which has become the victim of a general system of reckless retrogression, but in other German lands, a violent and inhuman persecution has been raised against the Baptist congregations, which, under the protection of short-lived privileges, had begun to be organized.

"Nay, what is more striking, even among Christian men of liberal culture in Germany, doctrines with respect to toleration have been publicly propounded more worthy of the seventeenth century than of the nineteenth. Whence this halting of the Germans behind the general march of civilized humanity?

"I say nothing about the Jews. To deal with them on principles

of intolerance and exclusiveness is accounted no illiberality by many men who are the leaders of our most liberal political parties.

"It is plain, therefore, that the present passion for religious persecution is not confined to a few fanatical and ambitious individuals, but has its roots deep in society, and in our present social conditions. As little can it be characterized as the tendency of any particular Church, or of any single people. Is it a daughter of the increased power of the hierarchy?—or is it a consequence of the general ecclesiastical movements of the age?—or is it an effect of retrograde Absolutism as such?—or has it perhaps yet deeper sources in the consciousness of those in power that the existing ecclesiastical and political institutions, being destitute of every principle of natural cohesion, can only be kept from springing asunder by artificial and violent means?"

After this general statement of the subject, the Chevalier proceeds to examine in detail some recent events in the public life of Europe, and especially of Germany, which leave no doubt as to the existence of an extensive conspiracy in the clerical mind of the age, for the purpose of asserting their exclusive claims in the most absolute manner, and trampling down all free thought by fraud where possible, and by force where necessary. Into many of these detailed expositions we have no space to follow him; all that we can do is shortly to indicate the principal contents, that the Church historian and the political philosopher may be made aware what rich and various materials are collected in these pages for enabling them to form a sound judgment of the character of the age in which they live. The first matter handled is the celebration of the jubilee of Bonifacius, the apostle of the Germans, which took place in Fulda, Mainz, Altenberg, Strasburg, and various cities of Germany, on the 5th of June of the year which has just passed away. On this occasion, the Baron Ketteler, bishop of Mainz, which in the eighth century was the see of Bonifacius,—delivered an oration to his clergy, in which the following strong passage occurs:—"To Bonifacius the Germans owed that unity of faith which, in the days of the Carlovingians rendered a political unity possible. But when in after ages that spiritual bond was torn asunder, then there was an end also of German political unity, and the greatness of the German people. As the Jewish people lost its vocation on the earth by crucifying the Messiah, so has the German people lost its high vocation in the kingdom of God by destroying the unity of faith which was created by Bonifacius. Since that time Germany is the country which has contributed mainly to destroy the kingdom of Christ upon earth, and to introduce a heathenish way of viewing things into Christendom." There is nothing here but the traditional cant about a merely

external and mechanical unity, cemented by clerical domination, to which our ears are sufficiently accustomed in this country; but in Germany, where Catholics and Protestants have been wont to live and to mingle together in peace, and to have all social and civil rights in common, such language is ominous, and looks as if the terrible lesson of the thirty years' war, and the conditions of the peace of Westphalia—written in blood two hundred years ago—had been forgotten. Bunsen, therefore, does good service to his country by bringing forth from the multifarious stores of his ecclesiastical erudition the most ample proof that Bonifacius was not so much the apostle of Christianity in Germany as the apostle of the hierarchical system and the Papacy, while the true apostle of the Germans was unquestionably that Ulfilas who, about the year 370, made from the original Greek—and not from the Romish-Latin—New Testament the well-known Mœso-Gothic translation of the Scriptures, the oldest and most classical monument of the Teutonic languages which exists. The system of Papal tyranny, of which Bonifacius was the tool, consisting, as it did, in a cunning combination of Jewish sacerdotal exclusiveness and of sensuous heathen ceremonial, was, according to Bunsen, the real cause of the destruction of Christian life in Germany, by robbing the Christian congregations of the freedom, and self-originated vitality, which was their glory in the first centuries of the Church. To restore these rights, the Revolution, which took its name from Martin Luther, became necessary; and the political evils with which this religious reform was accompanied must be laid to the charge not of the heroic instrument of that reform, but of its hierarchical opponents, whose corporate selfishness had at first made reform necessary, and whose infatuated obstinacy vainly endeavoured to check its progress when commenced. As to the general charge of "heathenism," brought against the German people, it is an easy thing for Bunsen, who has lived many years in Rome, to reply, that "*in no country of Europe is a living faith in the moral government of God at a lower ebb than it now is in that very Italy, where the external unity of a Church, consisting merely of clergy, is most rigorously maintained;*" and he adds, moreover, what well deserves to be seriously considered by persons in this country, that "the German people has a more profound faith in the moral government of the world than any people known to me." But over this, and many other most interesting statements in the Chevalier's book, our present purpose forbids us to linger. After discussing, in a masterly style, the ecclesiastical and political bearings of the apostleship of Bonifacius, the author goes on to set forth, in a more distinct and articulate style, the claims of the ultramontane party in Germany, as they are contained

in the Manifesto of the Assembly of German Roman Catholic Bishops, which took place at Wurzburg, in the memorable year of 1848, when the secret aspirations of all hearts burst convulsively into public view. These claims, of course, under the imposing title of the unfettered liberties of the Church, meant, according to Romanist ideas, the absolute irresponsibility of the clergy, as opposed to the State and the Christian Congregations, in all points, not only of religious doctrine and discipline, but of national education, Church patronage, and of certain important social rights, such as the right of marriage, and in all matters also pertaining to the administration of Church property. These claims were more fully stated and insisted upon, with a calculated violence, by the same party in Baden, in the year 1851; on which occasion the five bishops of the ecclesiastical province of the Upper Rhine presented to their respective governments (for there were others associated with Baden) a memorial, conceived in the spirit of the manifesto of 1848; and the statement of their demands, in the words of one of their own doctors of ecclesiastical law, as given by Bunsen, in an Appendix to his first volume, must be regarded as one of the most important documents, illustrating the recent history of the Church, that his two valuable volumes contain.* Baden, as most of our readers may be aware, is one of those little German states which labour under the unfortunate division of the government and the people, between two distinct faiths, that of the government being the minority. In this State, while the established religion is Protestant, and the whole population not more than a million and a half, there are, according to Bunsen's statement, 900,000 Catholics. A better state of things could not be desired for a well-banded body of Romish Churchmen, with all the strength of Rome behind, trying to realize those schemes of absolute domination which the Romish hierarchy, where it exists, can never cease to cherish; and, accordingly, we find, that the presentation of this claim of sacerdotal rights in the year 1851, was followed in Baden by a conflict between Church and State of a very disagreeable nature, and which, after various attempts at compromise, remains still unsettled. According to the account, however, given by the Chevalier, an eye-witness (for he is at present domiciled in Baden) and a spectator, both well-informed and impartial, in the various phases of this collision, the government has generally had the worst of it. Instead of standing firmly upon the law of

* The work from which the document in the Appendix is taken, bears the title, "Exposé Historique et Raisonné du Conflit entre l'Episcopat et les Gouvernements des Territoires composants la province ecclésiastique du Haut Rhin en Allemagne. Par M. L. A. Warnkoenig, Professeur du droit Ecclésiastique à l'Université de Tübingen, Bruxelles, Paris, et Leipzic, 1854."

the land and the sense of justice, and moderation inherent in the Christian people, the Baden administration, after complicating matters by the rash interference of the police, entered into negotiations with Rome, in the conduct of which the narrow spirit of centralized bureaucracy, proved no match for the far-reaching ambition and obstinate consistency of the ultramontane hierarchy. Those, in this country, who have taken a philosophical, and not a merely local interest in the proceedings which ended in the disruption of the Scottish Established Church in 1843, will read with much instruction the detailed account given by the Chevalier of the same sort of struggle now taking place on the banks of the Neckar. We proceed with our humble duty of indication. After discussing the exorbitant claims of the hierarchical party in this Baden collision of Church and State, the Chevalier, in his seventh letter, takes up the subject of "the fight of the Romish priesthood against the conscience of the laity, and the history of the most recent persecutions." On this chapter we need say less, as it discusses matters which have excited much comment in the English newspapers, and even given rise to the active intervention of the British Government, not without partial success. In the same section of the work, the reader will find ample documents stating the case of Dominico Cecchetti, who, without even the formality of a trial, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a Tuscan bridewell, *for the crime of having in his possession a copy of Diodati's translation of the Bible;* also of the no less revolting case of John Evangelista Borczynski, lay-brother of the order of the Merciful Brothers in Prague, who, in the month of April last, was imprisoned by the Austrian government at the instance of the Church, for the crime of going over to the Protestant faith, a change which he is perfectly entitled to make by the laws of the empire! Along with these facts,—as Germans are always learned, and will always philosophize,—the author gives us, in the same section, an admirable survey of the whole doctrine and practice of priestly intolerance and persecution, from the ancient Phenicians and Egyptians down to the most recent exhibitions of sacred spite in Italy, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden. After an eloquent and manly appeal to the Emperor in behalf of the most recent victim to ultramontane principles in once liberal Austria, the Chevalier proceeds to handle a matter less harrowing to Christian feelings, but not less dangerous to the growth of religious liberty in Germany. This is nothing less than a very ingenious and sophistical defence of Lutheran intolerance and bigotry, by Dr. Julius Stahl, a Prussian, one of the most prominent members of the Upper House in Berlin, a member also of the Ecclesiastical Council which manages the Church affairs of the kingdom, and a person high in the confi-

dence of Dr. Hengstenberg, and that extreme party (with whom Tholuck will not act) who are endeavouring by the combined influence of an exclusive patronage, and a sharp police, to school the speculative German mind into a stiff orthodoxy, and to drive the idle crowds of cigar-smokers and coffee-sippers by tuck of drum and touch of baton into the Church. This method of regenerating the religious life of a country, however natural in Ludwigslust and Berlin, where nothing is done without a drummer and a policeman, appears altogether perverse to the Chevalier Bunsen, who, in opposition to it, maintains that it is of the essence of Christian piety, as indeed of everything that deserves the name of moral, to be voluntary; and that there is no way by which a people can be restored to religious usages and ecclesiastical forms once fallen into disrepute, unless by shaking the Church altogether free from the shackles of a bureaucracy and the terror of a police, and thus giving complete freedom to the individual conscience, and to the development of congregational life. Congregational life—FREE CONGREGATIONAL LIFE—that is the watchword of an effective Christianity in the opinion of Bunsen, as of every man who has studied the early history of the Christian Church with intelligent sympathy; but there is another watchword which was early raised among the followers of Christ, and which the advocates of intolerance in all ages have professed, viz., the UNITY OF THE CHURCH. This, as plainly appears from the address of Dr. STAHL, of which the title stands prefixed, is the watchword of the dominant party in the Lutheran Church at present; and the virtue of this watchword it is which they invoke when they refuse to the poor Baptists who are very small sinners, if they be sinners at all, that free right of religious toleration which they willingly concede to the splendid offenders of the Romish Church. Let us see how ingeniously Dr. Stahl—for he is both a clever and a well-read man—expounds to the conclave of pious Hengstenbergians in the capital of Prussia, the philosophy of Christian toleration, or rather of Lutheran intolerance. We translate the first two pages of the discourse :—

"In the epoch of modern culture, which loves to designate itself the era of enlightenment and philosophy, the cardinal virtue, which stands above all virtues, is RELIGIOUS TOLERATION. Every man is to live according to his private conviction—Christian, Jew, Mahommedan, philosopher—but he must yield to the faith of others the same respect that he demands for his own. The State, on the same principle, is to recognise all religions with equal deference or indifference; yea, even from that church which is confessed to be the most enlightened—for this compliment they are willing to pay to Protestantism,—even from the church of the reformers, such a large amount of

toleration is expected, that it shall allow to men every variety of opinion, believer or unbeliever, no matter, an equal right to teach in university chair or in popular pulpit.* For it is of no consequence before God and man what a person believes, but only how he acts. The greatest crime, according to this view, with which a man can be charged, is EXCLUSIVENESS; that is to say, a religious conviction laying claim to exclusive right and authority.

"Now, to this modern doctrine of toleration, the revelation of the Old and New Testament is directly opposed. The God of Holy Scripture is not tolerant; he is 'A JEALOUS GOD.' With him the first command is—'THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.' The people under the old covenant were expressly enjoined to root out every other religion from the land. The greatest of the prophets slaughtered the priests of Baal. And in the New Testament, the Redeemer himself pronounces the sentence of condemnation against all who do not believe in him; and the Apostle Paul also says, 'Whosoever preaches another Gospel, let him be accursed.' Even the martyrs of the Christian Church—as a son of modern enlightenment might reasonably argue—suffered death, not only on account of their faith, but much more on account of that intolerance with which they denounced not only all other religions, but even games and theatres, and other amusements of social life. And, in fact, the most philosophical thinkers among the heathens—a Pliny and a Marcus Aurelius —were their most determined persecutors. Yes, truly, Christianity is essentially opposed to the toleration of the old Roman Religion, to the toleration of the old Greek philosophy, and even to Judaism, in so far as it allowed the heathen to remain in their error, at the time when the religion of intolerance first appeared upon the stage of the world. Its kernel is exclusiveness, its method of operation is universal aggression. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise? Conscious to itself of its own divine truth, how could it be tolerant of error, which robs God of his honour and man of his salvation?

"It is most certain, indeed, that the secret motive of this modern toleration, was no other than the doubt in Divine Revelation, and in all certain and obligatory religious truth. It is the famous story of the three rings, in Lessing's 'Nathan the Wise.' No one can know which of the three rings, Christianity, Judaism, or Mahommedanism, is the true bequeathment of the Father, and which two are counterfeit. Nay, it is even probable that all three are counterfeit, and that the true ring, philosophic religion, has been lost. Therefore, let each of the three possessors hold his ring for the true one, and live peaceably with the other two. The decision of the question of Christian toleration depends, therefore, on this dilemma, Are NATHAN THE WISE and PILATE right, when they ask, 'WHAT IS TRUTH?' or is CHRIST right, when he says, 'I AM THE TRUTH?' The cardinal virtue

* This has no meaning except in reference to Germany, where a violent attempt is now being made to exclude Neologians, and other latitudinarians from all influential situations both in Church and State.

of Christianity is not, therefore, toleration, but something directly the reverse. It is faithfulness in the confession and the maintaining of Divine truth; it is zeal for the honour of God, and for the extension of His kingdom, for the salvation of all generations."

We will not set ourselves here to expose the sophistries which this startling proemium contains, nor discuss the good taste of a doctor of ecclesiastical law in a Protestant country, setting Christianity forth as characteristically "the religion of intolerance;" but it certainly is a very notable sign of the times, that such a discourse should meet with a large, and sympathetic, and influential audience, in the capital city of Frederick the Great. Certainly, we may say that Doctor Stahl is a man who does not shrink from the use of a strong phrase; and also we may remark that such an introduction might have ushered in a Bull launched from the blood-stained Vatican, as fitly as an oration delivered on the banks of the inoffensive Spree. But we hasten to ask, how such a doctrine is applied in practice; for between Rome and Berlin, though there may be on certain points an identity of principle, circumstances will always compel a very considerable diversity of application.

The difference of application is this. The Romanist, with a grand hierarchic consistency, declares roundly that heretics of no kind are to be tolerated: the Prussian doctor, with a cunning bureaucratic wisdom, says that those sects are to be tolerated which have already achieved for themselves a position from which they cannot be displaced, but all other sects which are insignificant, and only struggling for existence, are to be denied the rights of Christian brotherhood without mercy;* in other words, that the National Lutheran Church in Prussia, ought to tolerate Roman Catholics and Calvinists, but not Baptists, Rationalists, Deists, or any other sect of inferior historical significance. This is evidently an extremely convenient rule for a man who wishes to be intolerant as far as he may be so, but is prevented by circumstances from daring to be consistent; but it is difficult to see on what sound principle such an arbitrary distinction can rest. Stahl, however, is not without subtlety, and thus argues the case against Atheists, Materialists, and Deists:—

"The duty of Christian toleration depends not on the recognition of any right in men to choose their own creed, according to their own free arbitrium (*willkühr*), but only on a kindly feeling towards an erring brother, and a respect for his religious scruples, however

* Dr. Stahl's phrases for this plain English, are "*geschichtliche Berechtigung*," and "*providentielle Bedeutung*," (p. 131.) What a fine jugglery lies in the skilful use of words!

erroneous. Consequently, where no religious scruples exist, or can be supposed to exist, the State is under no obligation, merely for the sake of freedom, to grant religious toleration. If any body of men should confess atheistical or materialistic principles, the State cannot be called on to concede toleration to such body, or to respect such worship, much less to allow persons professing such principles the right of educating their own children. Towards a God who is declared not to exist, no obligation of conscience can be supposed. Certainly, there lies no obligation on Christian governments to tolerate associations of men denying the authority of all revelation, *i.e.*, Deists. Towards a God whose existence is concluded only from grounds of reason, and from whom the confessors of deistical tenets profess to have received no communication, with regard to the method in which he wishes to be worshipped, there can be no duty of religious worship, and therefore no toleration is called for."

Perhaps there may be some loose reasoners in this country who would have no objection to apply this sophistry,—for reasoning certainly it is not,—practically to Infidels and Atheists; but the untenableness of any exceptions in a matter of this kind becomes evident, when a similar ingenious process of hair-splitting argumentation is used to explain away the natural rights of such honest, unoffending Christian people as the Baptists.

"It is well known that the London Evangelical Alliance made proposals to the German Protestants to acknowledge the Baptists as brothers in Christian communion, WHICH THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL DIET (*Kirchentag*) DECIDEDLY REFUSED TO DO. And rightly. For German Protestantism is not founded, like the Evangelical Alliance, on the idea of a union of sects mutually acknowledging one another, but on the UNITY OF THE CHURCH. Through the whole history of German Protestantism the principle of spiritual life was in the Church and not in the sects. The tendency with us has always been towards unity, not towards division, the mother of eternal subdivisions. We take our stand on a great public European confession, that of Augsburg; and our very study of the Scriptures, and our right of private judgment, is exercised not otherwise than in subjection to the traditional belief of centuries, and the testimony of the highly gifted men of previous times who received special illumination from on high. We maintain, in opposition to the Independents, that the promises of Divine grace are made to the souls of men only in and through the Church. Consistently with this reverence for the Church, German Protestantism can never recognise the evangelical sects as such generally, but only tolerates the individual members of such sects as brothers in Christ, not *because*, but *notwithstanding that* they belong to such sectarian bodies. It concedes to such bodies the free exercise of their religion where they exist, but will not hand over to them its own Church as a free field for missionary exertions.* Neither does the permission of

* A subtle distinction this in great favour with bigots of all classes, which means in practice that every Baptist minister in a German State, acting as such, is seized

free exercise of religion by any means imply any public authorization of their ecclesiastical existence. Every positive concession of the right of worship to any sect is a special privilege which the civil authorities can never grant without examination; and as matter of fact the States of German Protestantism have no reason to be over liberal in the granting of such licenses.

"Further, German Protestantism cannot acknowledge that there is in the doctrine of the Church which it recognises as given by Divine inspiration, a distinction of articles of belief into two classes,—fundamental and non-fundamental.* Does the human soul presume in the province of Divine revelation to draw a line of demarcation, on one side of which doctrines shall be placed necessary to salvation, while the other side marks off those articles which God has revealed as a matter of luxury and supererogation? In the individual soul nothing is fundamental but the last glimmering spark of faith which connects it with the Divine source of all spiritual animation; but for the Church everything is fundamental which belongs to the one individual faith delivered to the saints. And *anathema sit* who with consciousness surrenders a single tittle of this Divine heritage! And of all other doctrines, shall that relating to baptism, which is the condition precedent of all salvation, be declared not fundamental? Is it to be taken as a thing not affecting fundamentals that the initiatory rite of the collective Evangelical Church is declared null or inadequate?"

We have curtailed this very significant passage considerably, but retained verbally all the most prominent and most unequivocal sentences; and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the doctrine here enunciated,—the doctrine now fashionable in Berlin, and according to which the rationalizing German Church of the last generation is to be remodelled—is FLAT PUSEYISM. The man who wrote these words which end in denying that toleration to the Baptists which is conceded to the Romanists is a Puseyite to the very core, a most distinct, and deliberate, narrow-hearted bigot, a slippery casuist, perhaps a little of a Jesuit, certainly in principle and tendency more than half a Catholic. And accordingly, in the very next sentence he declares that "German Protestantism can never sympathize with that passionate hostility to Popery so characteristic of the Western Churches. It must assert its position in the kingdom of God, and maintain its his-

by the police, thrown into prison, fed on bread and water, and finally kicked out of the country. (See some very sad, but extremely interesting details, in a little tract entitled, "Protestant Persecution in Switzerland and Germany." London: Partridge and Oakey. 1854.)

* Here, again, we have the very stereotype language of bigotry in every age; for the characteristic vice of the bigot's mind consists in this, that in his mad tenacious devotion to a creed or a church, he cannot distinguish between what is principal and what is accessory, what is essential and what is adventitious. To a Laud the shape of a priest's surplice is of as great importance as the moral quality of his soul.

torical connexion with the mediæval Church, that is, with Roman Catholicism." Nothing could be more distinctly in the vein of that party of Episcopal formalists among ourselves who take their stand on an external apostolical succession, rather than on those internal graces of the Spirit with which God is as liberal in the Church of Christ as He is with health, and strength, and beauty, in the world of physical organization. So true is that Scripture which saith, "*He that is not with me is against me;*" and that other, "*No man can serve two masters.*" Whosoever is not on broad human grounds a thorough Protestant, is in his heart a Papist. A man that has not generosity enough to treat his fellow as a brother on all occasions, will never want excuses on special occasions to treat him as a slave.

As some of our readers may not be aware of the actual facts with regard to the treatment which the Baptists, more than once alluded to in these notices, have received from the petty governments of Northern Germany, we may insert here a single extract from the little authoritative pamphlet referred to at the bottom of page 410. The Executive Commission of the Society for the Promotion of Religious Liberty, appointed at the Conference of August 1853, in Homburg, received from Herr von Schroeter, Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs, the following distinct statement of the law of religious intolerance as at present existing in the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin:—

"After inquiring specifically the object of our visit, which was frankly declared to him, he proceeded to explain to us at great length the *ecclesiastical condition and laws of Mecklenburg. Lutheranism, he said, was the only recognised form of religion in the country.* There were a few congregations of the Reformed or Calvinistic faith, and two congregations of Roman Catholics; but their existence formed no exception to the statement he had made, since they were allowed, not *by law, but by the special permission of the Crown granted in each particular case.* Besides these, there were no other churches, and none would be permitted. The Baptist worship, consequently, was illegal, and as such was suppressed. The Baptists had no ministers in Mecklenburg, *de jure*, nor by royal permission, and would be allowed to have none, nor to organize churches. The hardships they had endured could not be complained of, because they were only the penalty justly inflicted for the violation of the law, which forbade the holding of religious meetings, and the administration of the sacraments, of both which misdemeanours they had been guilty. They *might entertain their opinions, but they must not profess them.* They might worship in their families, but other persons might not be present; nor might they make proselytes. The law would not molest a man for being a Baptist, or a Methodist, or of any other religious way that he pleased, for the law gave universal liberty of conscience, so that all men were free to embrace what sentiments they chose, only *they must keep*

them to themselves. A man might be baptized, and the law would not punish him, but the man who baptized him would be punished. The Government must protect the Lutheran Church, and guard its subjects against the intrusion of any other faith; hence it *was its duty to suppress all missionary efforts on the part of other religionists, and it would continue rigorously to prohibit their attempts to propagate their views.*"

But what says the Chevalier to these laws and customs of Mecklenburg, and especially to the perverse casuistry of the Berlin Doctor of Consistorial Law, who justifies them? The reader may easily imagine with what a grand ease such a man will tear to shreds these fine webs of scholastic sophistry, even as a royal Bengal tiger tears with a passing pounce the meshes which are laid for the entanglement of a mouse. Did our space allow, we might be tempted to spread before the English reader some portion of that massive array of Christian arguments, and historical instances, with which he lays prostrate the pigmy bands of these neo-Lutheran Puseyites. But it is happily not necessary in this country to argue this matter in a strictly scientific form. No doubt we also have our men of consecrated pedantry and ecclesiastical casuistry; but they must play with their priestly toys for the most part now in their private chapels, and not attempt to invade the congregations of pious Christian men, and the sanctuary of the individual conscience, with a policeman's baton in their hand, and an assassin's knife in their pocket. Against the whole doctrine of intolerance, however eloquently set forth, we have living arguments in our own hearts, and, in the whole habits and tendencies of our social life. We shall leave the learned Chevalier, therefore, to settle the matter with the sophistical Berlin Kirchen-Rath on German ground, and only allow ourselves, in conclusion, the recreation of translating a few of his high-hearted blasts of Christian indignation, poured out to a man, of all others in Germany the most worthy to receive them, the old veteran companion of Blücher and Baron Stein—the lusty, fresh-hearted octogenarian, honest Maurice Arndt. Hear, in the first place, how he recalls to the memory of the living Lutheran bigots, the bloody deeds of their bigoted predecessors, whom they seem so desirous of emulating:—

"Scarcely were Luther and Melanchthon dead, when the son-in-law of the latter, a pious clergyman, who preached peace with the Calvinists as Christian brethren, was thrown into prison; and shortly afterwards, another pious peace-preacher was executed with a sword specially marked for the purpose, on which were graven the words—'Hut dich Calvinist! *Calvinist, beware!*' And this took place in the very cradling years of the Reformation, that Reformation which had preached the freedom of the Gospel, and sealed this doctrine before God and men with the blood of martyrs!

"O that our modern persecutors and Lutheran zealots in Mecklenburg and Prussia would make a pilgrimage to Dresden, and there contemplate the bloody sword with which Crell was executed, and read, with feeling eyes, the blood-thirsty inscription which it bears! O that they would then go into their own hearts, and blush, when they cry out for the power of the keys to reanimate the faith which has died out under their hands, and to gather again the scattered and dispirited congregations under a new jurisdiction! that they might learn how this exhibition of ecclesiastical fanaticism is only a display of their secret want of faith in a cause, which requires the aid of the police to make head against a few wandering Baptists!"

Then, in reviewing Stahl's essentially Popish doctrine of the Church, given in our extract, he goes on indignantly to exclaim,—

"Poor Rosa Madiai! in this Neo-Prussian doctrine of THE CHURCH, what comfort would there be for thee!

"Poor Evangelista Borczynski! Was it the idea of such a doctrine that gave thee strength, after being admitted to the Protestant faith in Protestant Germany, to return to the land of the Emperor, the land whose laws thou hadst not violated? Was this thought the moving power in thy soul, when, cast into the dark and squalid dungeon, thou didst long in the holy Passion-week to enjoy the sacred supper of the Lord with that congregation of the faithful, which, after earnest prayer and study, thou hadst selected as the best! Will this be the thought on which, at length removed from this earthly misery and wrong, thy soul will be wafted heavenward, into the bosom of the Father of all souls?—if indeed the cry of the terrible wrong done to thee in the teeth of the public law of his empire, shall not sooner have pierced the ears of a German who loves justice, and of an Emperor who hates oppression.

"Poor Francesco Cecchetti! was this the thought which inspired thee with courage to wear the martyr's chain, and to exhort thy son to manly endurance, when he stood on the prison-floor before thee weeping, and looking on his father clad in the habiliments of a malefactor?

"No! in the name of God and of all truth. No!—and eternally No! These churchmen's phrases have never yet given consolation to a human being, to whom the salvation of Christ was preached, and in whose heart the God-sown seed of the gospel had begun to grow as the germ of eternal life."

And so we might go on quoting passage after passage, radiant with all that glow of divine heat, the presence of which, accompanied with high talent, extraordinary learning, and commanding position, stamps the Chevalier as the man above all others now living, specially commissioned to plant himself in the bristling front of the strife between Church and State, as the champion of the free Gospel and an enlightened Christianity on the

Continent. The extracts which we have given, though few and scattered, will, we hope, have proved sufficient to induce those of our readers who can read German, to peruse the original volumes for themselves; while from English readers, a translation judiciously made, and considerably curtailing some of those discussions that have a purely local bearing, would, no doubt, receive a hearty welcome.

But we cannot allow ourselves to close these interesting volumes without one additional extract, relating to the present state of the Russian Church under the system established by the late Emperor, as contrasted with the liberal administration of the philanthropic Alexander :—

"In the Russian empire, all movement proceeds from one absolute power, which is at once Emperor and Pope. The clergy, under the influence of this portentous authority, proceeds, according to the most severe ecclesiastical laws, against individual members of their body, and carries these laws into execution against all and sundry, according to the most savage usages of old Sclavonic barbarity, unless, of course, in the case of those who have it in their power, by bribery, to buy themselves free from such persecution. What but their wealth has saved the rich old orthodox believers in Moscow during the persecutions of the present year? In such fashion is the purely clerical influence weakened, but receives, at the same time, an autocratic hue, and the taint of a corrupt administration. How bloody red that hue was, under Nicholas, we have already had cause to lament! The reaction consists, not only in the hatred of the world, I mean of the nations, but in the wild hatred of the old orthodox Russians themselves—a hatred amounting sometimes almost to madness—against the National Church of Peter the Great. The effect of this system upon the clergy during the fateful reign of the late Czar, has been the disappearance of that more liberal tendency, which, under Alexander, had been causing the Russian Church to approximate more and more to the primitive Church, and thereby to the Bible and the Reformation. This more liberal party stands before us, represented in a historical personage of no mean note, Plato, the Archbishop of Moscow, who expressed himself with regard to Anglican teaching, and Bingham's representation of the Primitive Church, in terms which put Count Le Maistre—in his book 'Du Pape'—into such a fearful state of terror and apprehension. The effect of the same system, on the people, has been the decline and fall of the educational institutions which had begun to flourish under the mild sway of Alexander. The ministry of public instruction may now be entitled, with no unfounded mockery, the ministry for the public prevention of instruction. Alexander encouraged the printing and the distribution of the Sclavonian Bible in families and schools; and, indeed, generally speaking, the clergy of the oriental church hitherto, in so far as they have not been hindered by their autocratic pope, have everywhere allowed the free circula-

tion of the Scriptures, and reaped the consequent blessing. Some English philanthropists have allowed themselves to be deceived by the story that the annual contribution of the Great Bible Society (I believe £4000 sterling) may now again by a special grace of the Czar be expended on the printing of Bibles. But this sum is thrown altogether into the Protestant provinces of the Baltic, in which the Greek Church possesses only the right of a conqueror, over-riding express national compacts. In respect of the schools, we read lately in the newspapers that their number under the Emperor Nicholas had been tripled, rising from 1400 to 4000 in the whole empire, while the number of pupils, instead of 71,000, is now 207,000. This is no doubt correct; but we are not to forget that the new schools are either purely military, or are placed altogether upon a military footing, and that that Emperor did everything he possibly could to narrow the circle of gymnasial instruction. Only the highest classes are allowed to enter these institutions. The Bible has been everywhere banished; not a single Sclavonic Bible has been printed in the gigantic empire since the year 1826, and that in a Church which never made a principle of excluding it. No foreign mission, even among the Mahommedans, is allowed, while the Russian Church herself does not pretend ever to have made any conversions among the heathen without the help of the bayonet and the dram-shop. Even the peaceful mission of the Herrnhuters among the Tartars was suppressed."

We would conclude with one remark. That the Christian hierarchy is now raising its head in all quarters of Europe, with an ominous prominency, there can be no doubt. But let not the Protestant reader allow himself to be so deeply moved by this fact, as to imagine that Popery is really gaining strength among the masses of the European population at the present moment, while Evangelical religion is everywhere losing ground. Whatever parade of internal life Popery may make, in this age of railroads, cheap books, and flying Bibles, we may stand well assured it is more hollow than ever at the core, and feels less assured of the permanency of its own position. Mr. Macaulay, in a well-known article on Ranke's "History of the Popes," has dwelt too much on the mere external array of the Popish Church, without directing his eyes to the inward rottenness which is day by day eating out the morbid vitality of that bloated and purple monster. Neither is there any real danger in that novel and startling phenomenon in the religion of this country, the passing of so many Oxonian square caps, and titled ladies of quality from the camp of Luther to that of Hildebrand. Protestantism is a religion only for strong and independent natures; weaklings, and those whose palsied limbs demand a crutch, in times of spiritual excitement and perplexity like the present, naturally fall back into the ranks of that faith which promises them a refuge from doubts which they cannot master, and a

fulcrum of authority in an infallible priesthood, which they fail to find in their own souls. Such weaklings, raised into a sickly self-consistency by the uninspired and unspeculative system of education, that, under the sanction of Episcopal formalists, has long been fashionable at Oxford, have left the Protestant camp by hundreds and by thousands of late years; and more, no doubt, will yet leave it. Small matter. So "the brave Belgians" fled from the rear of the fight at Waterloo; and the victory was gained without them. And, if the gibbering of this mediæval ghost called Puseyism, is not a matter that ought to raise any serious apprehensions in the breast of the genuine Protestants of this country, much less is there anything really dangerous to the cause of true religion in those sad persecutions which are now going on in Italy, Austria, and, under a paler star, in Prussia and in Sweden. An age of persecutions is always an age of danger, not to the persecuted church, but to the persecuting. Bloodthirsty as the beast of the Vatican undoubtedly has been, it has too much of the fox in its constitution to venture upon public murder or imprisonment—which is, practically, a slow way of murdering—at any time, but particularly in this age, without being driven to it by a desperate conviction, that all milder means have failed. The existence of persecution in any quarter of Christendom, at the present hour, may be regarded as a public confession on the part of the dominant and persecuting church that there is a strong under current of free spiritual life in that quarter, which they are unable to control in any more honourable way than that which the political pretender employs to get rid of the legitimate claimant to the throne which he has usurped. The great persecution of Diocletian, preceded, by a very few years, the public establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire. So the banishment of the Tyrolese Protestants in the Zillerthal, and the imprisonment of Borczynski and other evangelical monks in Bohemia; the disownment of the public statutes of the empire, and the introduction of the foreign Papal Law in the recent Austrian Concordat, may prove only the preludes of the speedy disruption of a system which, having lost all faith, both in God and man, puts its last desperate confidence in policemen and in prison-houses. 'Tis well to have our eyes open, and to have been fairly warned; but whether Protestant Jesuitism in Prussia, and Papal subserviency in Austria, shall fall by slow crumbling decay, or only after a violent death-struggle, and a second thirty years' war, the men who believe in freedom, social and ecclesiastical, can have no cause to despond. Faith is patient, and can wait.

ART. V.—1. *Notice sur Mettray.* Par AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Tours, 1852.
2. *The Philanthropic Farm-School, Red-Hill, Surrey. Annual Reports for* 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855.
3. *Report of the Proceedings of a Conference on the subject of Preventive and Reformatory Schools, held at Birmingham, on the 9th and 10th December* 1851. London, 1851.
4. *Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes.* By MARY CARPENTER. London, 1851.

THE most casual observer cannot have failed to remark, that a new topic has been recently added to the many that attract the public attention. The name of "Reformatory Schools" has been thrust prominently before it, and the meeting held in the month of September at Birmingham, drew to the subject the powerful interest which the *Times* never fails to excite. Yet the public are still asking what these Reformatories really are, what their express object, what their position, what their value?

Of the many farm-schools now in existence, those at Mettray and Red-Hill justly deserve to rank in the foremost class. Some account of their principles and systems may help to solve the questions now referred to. At first sight they appear to be private institutions founded by benevolent men or societies, supported by voluntary contributions, with some aid lately granted by the Governments of the countries which they serve, destined to reform a limited number of juvenile criminals, and already marked by eminent success as far as they go.

But in reality they are the first-fruits of an awakening consciousness of our distance from real civilisation. These names, unknown till within the last few months to the public of either France or England, announce the discovery of a secret dreamed of by Manú in India and Plato in Greece, and sought in vain through every age and nation down to the fanatics of socialism in the last, and the would-be regenerators, more enthusiastic than wise, of the present century, viz., the true principle of social regeneration *compatible with the existing state of social institutions.* They have made the discovery and proved its value—Mettray, in hard-working obscurity, during fifteen, and Red-Hill, during five years. They have proved that the day is now come when prevention must supersede correction, the training-school replace the prison. While each day adds to the difficulties of punishment, they go on proving the facility of prevention. As in the early ages of our era, some Christian maiden, weak in

frame, but strong in faith, may have stood with angel face and outstretched arm, raising the cross before the shamed eyes of some horde of heathens, shrinking in wonder and admiration before her; the spirit of Christian Reform here stands bravely but modestly up in an age of worldliness, bearing the scoffs of materialists, and stemming the opposition of the close-handed sons of trade, to wave the banner of good living through the length and breadth of the land.

Something has, no doubt, been done towards the education of the lower orders; but it has of late come to light, that these measures affect chiefly the *lower* and not the *lowest*, *i.e.*, the vicious, and therefore dangerous classes of society.

It is too well known that our armies of preventives and detectives, our daily-extended prisons, our model penitentiaries, our thousands of clergymen, and our noble bands of zealous home missionaries, have not in the course of the last twenty years—since a fresh impulse was given to the war against crime—succeeded in placing any effectual restraint on the growth of these classes. On the contrary, vice and crime seem to be increasing annually in a greater ratio than the population. Yet, as usual, our short-sighted governors, and our over-prudent selves, are content to pay our yearly millions for the detection, apprehension, and punishment of our criminal classes, rather than lend a hearty aid to a system of prevention, which sooner or later must effect a wonderful change in the rate of crime. There would seem, indeed, to be an earnest desire among a large number of private individuals to rectify this wretched state of things; and the Government, clogged as it is by party spirit, and inebriated by the excitement of a great and doubtful war, have still been so pricked up by the zealous in this cause, as to grant a large sum for general education.* But it must be remembered that this grant—the only one really destined to further the reformation of the lower classes—is confined to their *education;* and also that those who have been distinguished as the *lowest* orders, are naturally excluded from the advantages offered to the honest and hard-working, whom their contact would tend to pollute.

The name "juvenile delinquent" is applied to boys and girls in the lowest class, *below the age of seventeen*, whom the law pun-

* When we call it *large*, it is by comparison with the efforts of private individuals; but in proportion to the greatness and necessity of the cause, how lamentably small is the pittance allowed for raising in the moral, intellectual, and religious scale, the whole of the great British nation! Although last year increased by £35,000, the grant was under £300,000, while that for the Land Transport Service alone, a single branch of our war machinery, was considerably over a million.

ishes for divers offences. It has been computed that there are annually more than 15,000 such delinquents committed throughout the kingdom, of whom 7000 are punished for their first offence. It has also been reckoned that the children of the lowest classes, who have no regular means of sustenance, and are living in vagabondage and dishonesty, amount in the city of London alone to 30,000, and in the United Kingdom to at least 100,000. The proportion of juvenile delinquents to the whole class is, therefore, only 15 per cent.; and when we remember that more than half that number are old hands, who have been committed more than once, the real proportion of those on whom the law takes hold, is only 8 per cent. We have, therefore, to deal with *one individual in every three hundred* of the entire population of Great Britain,—and that individual a destitute, vagabond, abandoned, and, in many cases, law-breaking child,—below the age of seventeen. The question then arises as to how, and by what right, the State can lay its hand on these young recruits of the lowest orders.

As regards *delinquents* the question presents little difficulty. The magistrate has now the power of commuting the punishment of every child, convicted of an offence against the law, to a term of greater or less duration in one of the reformatory establishments of the kingdom. That these institutions are the work of private individuals or societies; that they receive scarcely any aid from Government but its countenance; that they are imperfect and often based on wrong principles, and at best are incapable of accommodating even a third of the children annually committed, while the Government undertakings, as is always the case, are so absurdly conceived, so wretchedly managed, and so grossly over-crowded, as to do more harm than good, are facts that would be a great slur on this nation, if it were not true that its attention, at all times difficult to engage, has been only lately called to this subject, and continually occupied with others of great momentary importance.

But we have a larger subject to interest us. We are not speaking of the reformation of 15,000 young criminals, but of 100,000 children,—the present offspring and future recruits of a vicious and most dangerous class. Now here a difficulty arises. It has been stoutly asserted that the State has no right to exercise power over children who have not become amenable to law. It is, firstly, contended that every parent has, by the laws of God and man, a certain right over his own offspring, and a certain responsibility in their wellbeing; and, secondly, it has been asserted that it would be impolitic to remove this responsibility, and to destroy the ties of family among the class of which we speak.

As regards the first of these arguments, it is reduced to the question, whether a State is a self-preservative body or not? If it be so, it is clear that it has a right to deal with every person or class who threatens its security. It is not, indeed, lawful for the State to *punish* where no infringement of the law has taken place, but it is lawful for it to take measures to remove a danger which threatens the nation. It is an undeniable law of good government, that the interests of individuals should be sacrificed to the common weal.

The other objection is simply absurd. From parliamentary returns for 1848 and 1849, we learn that nearly one-third of the whole number of children annually committed, are either deprived of one or both parents, or are of illegitimate birth.* Those who have had to do with the lowest orders well know, that to be deprived of one parent is worse than to be bereft of both. The remaining parent invariably marries again, and a step-mother or step-father among the lowest orders is, to use an expression employed by one of themselves, "worse than a husband." But what ties of family can be supposed to exist among the other two-thirds? what domestic relations can there be between children either neglected entirely, or purposely trained to dishonesty, and the parents who thus treat them? What ties of family, where the father or mother are in prison or transported, belonging to a band of thieves, or at best without a roof to cover their heads, sleeping at night in a lodging-house, and leaving their children in most cases to the mercy of the skies without? But since these domestic ties do not exist, either their place must be supplied, or new ones produced. For the former alternative we propose reformatory establishments; for the latter a new plan. It is clear, that as a subject of the State in which a man lives, defended by its laws, and amenable to them, he produces, in every child that he begets, a new subject, whom he desires to be equally protected by his country. To secure this advantage, it is only just that he should fulfil his share of the tacit agreement he makes with the State, by teaching and training his offspring to obey the laws which are to secure him. If the parent fails to do so, he is clearly responsible for the infringement of the law committed by the child. He would have a right to compensation if his boy was injured or robbed by another, and he, and he only, should therefore be punished if the boy transgresses the law.†

* Of 1553 children received at Mettray, 297 were illegitimate, 705 orphans, 114 foundlings, 302 parents in prison, 2140 parents married again, 99 parents living in concubinage.

† "I have, indeed, a strong conviction, that if, in justifiable cases, the sins of the

It has been replied to this, that we do not punish children because they are responsible. A child must learn obedience, and be taught that to infringe right brings evil on itself. We address ourselves to the brute instinct in the half-rational man, and since we cannot make it love good, for any better reason, we make it fear to do evil from a feeling of self-love. This is, indeed, the proper treatment of a child by its parent; but it cannot be employed by the State. It is ridiculous to punish the young for acts which its own father either inculcates or encourages, and which all around it are constantly committing with impunity. Moreover, the State cannot devise any means of punishing children of this class. They are unable to appreciate the degradation of a prison, which is to them but a change of scene. They cannot feel the rod of the jailer on backs which have been hardened by drunken blows at home. But the parent *is* responsible. The parent *is* punishable, and in no way more effectually than by the loss of his property. Make the father, or mother, pay or suffer for the fault of the child, and you will soon teach him to keep his family out of harm's way.

The general principle of the system is, then, as follows:—Every child accused of a breach of the law, or found to be neglected by its parents, or to have no parents at all, or living in a state of destitution and street-wandering, is to be adopted by the State. The parents are to be relieved of it entirely; but they are to be punished either for the offence of their offspring, if it has committed any, or for its neglect, which ought to be made a breach of the law.* The country is thus supposed to have adopted the neglected child. How shall it dispose of it? We reply, by pointing to Red-Hill and Mettray.

These two great Institutions are based on two principles, which distinguish them from all the older establishments of a similar character. They are these: they assume *firstly*, that there exists a sense of honour among even the most abandoned; *secondly*, that labour is the devil's greatest enemy. The first principle removes from the Reformatory Establishment any

---

ignorant and erring child were visited upon the neglectful or vicious parent, such a proceeding would produce benefit, by reminding or warning fathers and mothers of the necessity of paying more attention to the duties incumbent on them."—*Report of Conference*, p. 54.

* This preliminary arrangement might be effected by organizing a portion of the police of all the larger towns, for the express purpose of looking after children of the "lowest" class. This was suggested by the Honourable Secretary of the Liverpool Ragged Schools. He proposes that each town should be divided into educational districts, to each of which a sort of inspector should be attached. "His office," he says, "should be twofold, containing, to a certain extent, that of the missionary and the police-inspector. As a missionary, he should endeavour to

possible resemblance that it might have had to the Prison. A plot of 133 acres was purchased by the Philanthropic Society in 1849, at Red-Hill, near Reigate, in Surrey; and more than 260 hectares (about 520 acres) was presented by M. de Courteilles, at Mettray, near Tours, in France, in the year 1839. On the former estate, 736 lads had been received, and 538 discharged at different times up to January 1, 1855; on the latter, 1553 received, and 836 discharged between 1839 and 1852. At Red-Hill, the desertions, or attempted desertions, are at present somewhat numerous, but this must be ascribed partly to inexperience; but at Mettray we could only learn that *one* boy out of this number had succeeded in escaping during the fifteen years of its existence. Yet these estates are just like any others, unwalled and unguarded; the facilities for absconding from them are almost as great as those possessed by any common farm-servant; the means of evading the police of the neighbourhood are not wanting; and the boys who have thus remained upon them have been vagabonds from the streets, who would not scruple to appropriate any stray cash they might come across, whose young lives have been passed in private villanies, and in the excitement of eluding justice, and who would, of course, be far more free roaming through the Strand or Holborn, or their native haunts round the Seven Dials, than under strict taskmasters, who keep them punctually to their prescribed work and hours.

The fact is, that there is *honour* in, as well as among thieves, if it be properly demanded. On his arrival at the Reformatory School, the boy is made to feel that he is still a free being. There is no prison restraint, no privation of the liberty of the subject, to gall his young wild spirit. He may go and come in freedom about the farm, but it is put to his honour as a man not to go beyond its limits. These are pointed out to him, and a hedge or a brook becomes a sacred boundary far more difficult to traverse than the prison wall, whatever its height. There was a striking instance of this feeling of honour in one boy. He was sent constantly on errands, at a distance from the farm-school, and it was impressed upon him that he was on a mission of trust. He had, it appears, been determined to desert, yet he never availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded him, but regularly returned, and at last ran away when his honour was no longer implicated. When Mettray was founded in 1839, the laugh was raised against its supporters, for imagining that the

---

work upon the minds of the parents by kindness and expostulation, and thus induce them to do their duty to their children. As a police-inspector, he would be required to keep a watch upon the thoughtless and abandoned."—(See *Report of Birmingham Conference*, p. 26.)

urchins collected there from the prisons and the streets, would remain a single day on the estate. What a triumph for the believers in human nature has the result proved !*

The next great principle is that of *labour;*—and here we must be understood to speak of rural labour. All work is indeed opposed to vice in its principle. Bodily exercise is the antagonist of carnal indulgence, but there are trades which, from the manner in which they affect the mind and the body, are the very encouragers of vicious propensities. Such particularly are sedentary employments, and those which are pursued in close hot workshops, in the midst of ill-kept towns. It has indeed been contended by statisticians, that the criminal reports show as large an amount of crime in the purely rural districts as in the large manufacturing towns. This is only another proof of the fallacy of trusting entirely to figures. It is not actual crime that is to be feared. The passions we admit are as strong, or even stronger, in healthy fields and dales as in close and crowded streets. But the indulgence of passions does not endanger either the soul or the community half as imminently as a vicious state of living. If the inquiry be pursued, it will be found that the crimes of the country districts are chiefly those of murder, assault, and such as result from strong feeling, worked up by circumstances from time to time. But these temporary outbreaks are not half so dreadful as the habitual abandonment, drunkenness, and professional dishonesty pervading great cities. Again, it must be remembered, that there is less room, and consequently less temptation, for the passions in crowded communities; assault and violence are checked by the danger of immediate detection, while the constant presence of the police imposes an effective restraint. But, on the other hand, the constant view of God's noble works, the freshness of the air and the health of the body, undeniably purify and ennoble. We have known populations of peasantry in country districts, where the scenery has been grand and beautiful, and the congregations of man less crowded, which resembled rather a noble gentry than an unrefined populace. In the Tyrol, in Brittany, in the Highlands, we find elevated sentiments of honour, moral integrity, and generous bearing. Can we attest such principles as these in Manchester and Leeds?

Again, it is certain that reformation must be physical as well as moral. Nothing is so opposed to proper feeling as squalor and sickliness. It is in vain to build and institute Reformatory Establishments in the heart of great cities. You will not do

* At Red-Hill more than one instance was related to us, of lads having been sent home on a probationary leave, and being on parole, having strictly returned, to desert a day or two afterwards, when their honour was LESS concerned.

more than our Ragged Schools and Houses of Refuge, and how little do these do in comparison with Red-Hill and Mettray!* No. The Reformatory School must be also a Farm-School,† and the surplus population of our great towns be converted into honest countrymen. The child must be at once removed from the exciting and unnatural city life and the neighbourhood of dangerous associates, to the calm and invigorating scenes of the country. Change of air and scene must necessarily precede a change of life, and this may eventually be followed by a change of heart.

On the other hand, it has been suggested that the Farm-school system partakes too much of the character of the monastery. Since the boys are, it is said, separated from the world, and have no temptations to try them, there can be no means of teaching them to resist temptation, and when they are again turned out upon the world, they are more than ever liable to be drawn away by its allurements. The apparent validity of this argument is, in the first place, opposed by results. The number of those who have relapsed into their old habits on leaving the farm-school, has been reduced by the system of Mettray to about 10 per cent.; and this number might be still lessened, if a longer time were allowed for reformation. It is, of course, a mere waste of money to send a boy to the Farm-school, as is too often done, merely for a few months, or at best a year. Three or four years are not too long for a boy over twelve to eradicate all the evil he has learnt, and to instil good principles and confirm good habits, while for one below that age six to eight years are absolutely necessary. It is a sheer injustice to receive a boy of eight or nine years of age, and to turn him loose on the world again before he has acquired the means of working for his bread, and while he is yet unfitted to face the temptations which will crowd round him on his dismissal with double force. This is but a false economy, and we shall soon find his little face again in the cell of some disgusting prison.

It may, or it may not be true, that to resist temptation successfully we must be taught to face it, but it is indisputably certain that a sufficient training in good useful habits, and a constant impression of good principles during a sufficiently long period, fortifies better than aught else against temptation of all

* No greater proof of this can be gathered than that afforded by a visit to Red Hill, and a comparison between the *physical* condition of a new comer and a boy who has been there some three months. The solitary probation at Parkhurst may *compel* a mental reform in some cases, but in all it must more or less injure the *physique* of the lad.

† Lord Leigh in his letter on Mettray, says:—"It must be excellent, I think, for children to have the care and tending of dumb animals—'*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*'"

kinds. Why do not I and you, when perchance we are left destitute orphans, to fill our stomachs as best we can, take to stealing, forging, or dishonest practices?—why, though we cannot marry, do we abhor a state of vicious concubinage? —why, when blackguarded and injured, do we refrain from violence? These temptations had never attacked us when we were being brought up; few, indeed, of any kind annoyed us, if it were not the little irritations of conflicting tempers. The fact is, that we have had good principles instilled and good habits confirmed, and we have been enabled, even without experience, to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil. What has been done for us can be done with equal success for the poor and neglected. It is only requisite to allow sufficient time. The law should authorize magistrates, on the report of the Inspectors whose appointment we have proposed, to hand over the children brought before them to the farm-school, for various periods, not proportioned, as is now the case, to the extent of their criminality, but to their age,—the child of seven for a period of eight years, the lad of sixteen for one of three, and so on in proportion.

The next serious objection raised has been the destruction of family influence. It has been said, with truth, that domestic education is the best adapted to the formation of the character. The founders of Mettray and Red-Hill were fully aware of this fact, and have based their system, as far as possible, on the law of domesticity. At both places the boys have been divided into families, living in separate houses, over each of which a trained guardian presides, assuming, in every particular, the character of father in relation to his young charges. At Mettray two of the elder boys in each house are elected by the members of the family as "elder brothers." They have the office of monitors, and are responsible for the conduct of the younger brethren whenever the "father" is absent. At Red-Hill the system has been completed, by inducing the "fathers" of the house to marry; and their wives then stand in relation of "mothers" to all the boys; they wash their clothes, look after their comforts, and keep the house in order. In this there are, of course, some difficulties to encounter. The "mothers" become mothers indeed, and their attention is called off, and their regularity endangered by their own maternal duties, besides the expenses of feeding their children. It were well if married men and their wives, whose children were already settled in the world, could be found for these situations, for the advantages of a kind, active, married woman in the house are undoubtedly great, more particularly with English boys.

Fault, however, must be found with the practice of this system at the establishments in question. Undoubtedly the families are

far too large. Forty and fifty boys, of different ages, and at different stages of reformation, are too great a charge for one "father," and the domestic character of the household is lost by the number of its members. If four times the number of houses were built, of half the size, to contain ten boys each, the institution would assume the character of a village community,* and no longer incur the imputation of "playing at" families. Economy, and, as we shall afterwards shew, a false economy, has been the motive for making the households thus numerous; but the expense of increasing the number of "fathers" would be the only expense of the alteration; for four cottages, to hold ten boys each, might be built for the same sum, and almost on the same extent of ground, as one large house destined to contain forty or fifty. This brings us to the subject of internal arrangement, and the best method of explaining it will be to describe that of Mettray.

Mettray is situated a few miles from the old city of Tours, in the very heart of France. It was planned and founded in 1839, by Mons. de Metz, a former *conseiller* at the *Cour Impériale* of Paris, who proceeded, in 1837, to study the penitentiaries of the United States, and afterwards drew up a voluminous report on the subject. He was, therefore, well fitted to the task to which he has nobly devoted his time, his energies, and his fortune. He was assisted in his benevolent undertaking by the Vicomte de Courteilles, who generously devoted the estate of Mettray to this object.† Imbued with the importance of the domestic system, these gentlemen were not satisfied with the farm-buildings already in existence on the land, and proceeded to build and organize the farm-school as it now stands. It consists, then, of a large square, two sides of which are formed by ten houses, five on each side, while on the third rises the simple chapel, pointing its little spire ever to the Great Protector of man's efforts, and reminding those who dwell around it that He alone can really regenerate us. On one side the chapel is a large class-room, round which are hung tables of the names of the boys in the establishment, those who have conducted themselves best being noted by a system of marks. On the other side is a house to contain the farming implements. Behind the

* At Red-Hill the arrangement is, to our mind, not half so satisfactory as at Mettray. There is an absence of real domestic character, and the houses are either not detached or too far apart to form a village community. There is, too, a want of regularity and uniformity in their internal arrangement.

† With true systematic foresight, these gentlemen *began* by forming a training-school for officials. They selected twenty-three young men of respectability, and trained them for six months before they received a single boy.

chapel is the place of confinement for insubordination and constant breach of rules, and behind this, again, are the well-stocked cow-stalls, the granaries, and other farm buildings. The fourth side of the square contains two houses, in one of which resides the director, in the other are the offices, &c., connected with the school. At a short distance from this square is a large building, in which a small number of Sisters of Charity lodge. Here are the kitchens, sculleries, dairies, wash-houses, and out-houses, for the use of the whole school.

Uniformity, order, and symmetry, reign throughout the little village. Straight lines, indeed, may be odious to the artist, but they are the necessary accompaniment of order, cleanliness, and harmony. There is nothing, however, cold or formal about the little Eutopia. The broad court is covered with fresh green turf, the hedgerows and fields around are not bereft of shady elms or waving poplars, and the tall masts of a brigantine, fully rigged, rising from the ground on the side of the square, give life to the scene, and afford exercise and recreation for the boys in their play hours, and practice for those who wish to become sailors. The fields around waving with yellow crops, or the stunted straggling vine, testify to the industry of the young colonists; and the success of the system meets us on every hand in the neatness and cleanliness of the whole. Here are well-made haystacks, there a clean and well-swept threshing-floor; here a smoking brick-kiln; there a row of cow-stalls stocked with some fifty or sixty well-kept animals of choice breed; here are stables, piggeries, dairies, a fertile kitchen-garden, a gymnastic ground; and lastly, the quiet cemetery. And when one watches the lowly yet contented look of the little bands of labourers, and receives their civil greeting as one passes, one is fain to compare this happy tranquillity with the dirt and untidiness of any surrounding village, with its squabbling pothouse, or the unwholesome depravity of St. Giles's, or the Faubourg St. Antoine; one is fain to cry, "If 500 of the sons of men could be thus trained and taught till they become pure, happy, artless, useful, and diligent servants, with a happy smile that does *not* belie the heart, why should not all men be so? Why should selfishness, cunning, hatred, wickedness, still prevail on earth, when there is proof how easily and effectively they may be eradicated?"

These advantages have not been gained at a reckless expense. Economy, which spares only where it cannot deprive, is the rule throughout Mettray. The interior of the houses is an excellent instance of the good sense of the Directors. Each house, although only 36 feet in length by about 20 feet in breadth, is arranged to accommodate no less than 40 children and three superintendents. They contain a ground-floor, consisting of one

large room, used as a workshop, and kept for that purpose exclusively; a first floor which is dormitory, dining-room, and even play-room, when the weather is too bad for the boys to turn out; and a third story, used as a dormitory for the younger boys. The transformations of the first floor are achieved by means of two beams running along the middle of the room at about 4 feet from the ground and 6 feet from the wall, leaving a passage of about 5 feet between them. These beams are furnished with hooks, and at night 10 hammocks are slung between each wall and each beam,* the boys lying with their heads and feet alternate ways, to prevent communication. In the morning each boy unslings his hammock and fastens it to the wall. In the like manner narrow tables are supported upon the beams, and turned up at night against the walls, to which they are fastened by means of hinges. When both the hammocks and tables are thus removed, a clear space is left [illegible] play in wet weather. The other furniture of the room consists of benches, fixed lockers ranged round it for the little wardrobes of the inmates, the washing apparatus, a clock, and the small camp-bed of the superintendent.†

The following is the programme of the boys' day:—

At 5 o'clock in summer, and 6 o'clock in winter, he rises, dresses, washes, and attends "family" prayers.

From 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock, field-work in summer, handiwork in winter.

Half-an-hour for breakfast.

From 8 h. 30 m. to 12 h. 30 m. work again.

One hour for dinner and recreation.

From 1 h. 30 m. to 3 h. 30 m. mental instruction during the summer, and from 3 h. 30 m. to 7 h. 30 m. work again.

(In winter, work from 1 h. 30 m. to 5 h. 30 m., and mental instruction from 5 h. 30 m. to 7 h. 30 m.)

One hour for supper, and evening prayers. At 9 o'clock to bed.‡

We here find the day divided into three parts. Eight hours are allowed for sleep, three for meals and recreation, two for instruction, and ten for work. If some be found to complain that there is too much work and too little play in this arrangement, they must call to mind that we are dealing not with or-

---

* A prejudice exists in England against the use of hammocks in place of beds. They are said to produce a curvature of the spine. On the other hand, there is no doubt that they are the healthiest resting-places in the summer heats.

† At Red-Hill the "master" of the house sleeps in a separate room with a little window to command each dormitory. The mistake in this arrangement has already been proved by a desertion effected in the night through a dormitory window. But the Englishman can never be taught to sacrifice his individual importance and forego the comfort of a separate bed-room.

‡ Mettray, p. 18.

dinary children, but with those who require reformation, and to whom the formation of good habits is therefore of the utmost importance. Labour is the means employed to effect reformation. Idleness is taken to be synonymous with vice. We all can remember our own school-days, and most of us will agree that our half-holidays rarely passed without a "row" of some kind; and if it was so with us, how much more would it be so with children brought up in villany?

It would be tedious to go through each detail of the boys' reformation at Mettray. We must, however, note one point which we might imitate with advantage. Care must be taken not to give one class the hopes and the habits of another. The child should be so brought up that he may be returned to the world an honest and good member of *the class he is born to belong to.* His food and dress should be arranged accordingly. The peasant in France wears a blouse, and rarely eats meat, which he cannot afford. In like manner the Mettray colonist receives meat only thrice a week. His other meals consist of bread, soup, and vegetables. He wears a distinctive but simple dress, which he makes and mends himself.

Enough has been said of the Farm-school at Mettray to give an idea of what is done, with perfect success, viz., in ninety cases out of every hundred, during a trial of fifteen years in France, and what might easily be done in England and Scotland. If Red-Hill has not as yet produced the same results as Mettray, it is partly from a want of experience, partly from the absence of that systematic energy which characterizes our allies.* At Mettray all is achieved by kindness. There is, indeed, a little prison for the insubordinate, on the plan, in such cases undoubtedly the best, of solitary confinement; but it is rarely occupied, and very seldom for more than a couple of days by any one offender. The secret of success is the character of the superintendents and "fathers of families." These are superior men, trained in a school in connexion with Mettray for this special service. They are mostly young men, impressed with a sense of the high office they fill, strict, but not severe, affectionate in their bearing, but firm and regular. They seek to inspire affection and admiration rather than terror and alarm. But they are far from being independent in action or even in judgment. Certain rules are laid down for both, and all cases to which these

* Our space will not permit us to give an account of Red-Hill in detail. It is, however, worth a visit, and of deep interest to all sorts of men, and not least to the physiologist. The chief points of difference are the absence of that military discipline and regularity which characterize Mettray. Some attempt was made to introduce this at Red-Hill, but it was found that the labour-masters *ridiculed* the boys on account of it. How English!

do not apply are referred to the director. This man must be one of no common mould. He must be a director *con amore*, like Mons. de Metz,* and the Rev. Sydney Turner. He must be a man of education and intelligence, and have gathered experience either in the prison or the police-court; and above all, he must be a man of heart. Your harsh schoolmaster, your cold formalist, or your theorizing amateur, is no man for the reformatory school. He must mingle unscrupulously with the boys—he must attach them to himself—must teach them in the class, and visit them constantly in the field and the workshop. The director must be self-offered to the good work, a religious, an untiring servant; but rather let the lowest orders take their chance of reformation elsewhere than that jobbery should steal in to make the system an expensive failure. Jobbery has gone far to ruin the British Government in the nineteenth century; shall it ruin every good work which the English people may be influenced to undertake?

What then do we ask of England and the English?

We ask the appointment of police officers to watch over the children of the lowest orders; a change of the existing law to enable magistrates first to warn parents of their neglect, next to place the neglected children in a Reformatory Institution *at once, without previous imprisonment*, for a number of years, varying from three to seven, according to the age of the children. For this purpose we ask for the establishment of farm-schools, after the manner of Mettray and Red-Hill, sufficient to accommodate 100,000 children. We ask for a choice of men of known experience to direct these establishments, the choice being carefully made, and an adequate salary granted to recompense the enormous labours required of this moral Hercules. Let a trial of fifteen or twenty years be given to the system, and we guarantee the following results:—Our prisons will be emptied of two-thirds of their inmates, which at present consist of delinquents from the "lowest" orders. Our convict establishments, supported entirely for the punishment of this class, will become utterly useless. Expensive abortions like Parkhurst and Millbank will be sold to the first bidder. Our police force in our large cities may be diminished by half, and our citizens walk in St. Giles's and Whitechapel with thousands of pounds loose in their pockets, without fear of a penny's loss. A whole class, the most expensive and most dangerous in the kingdom, will have been simply ex-

* Mons. de Metz "descended from the bench because he could not endure the pain of consigning children to a prison where he knew their future would be made worse than their past."

terminated more effectively than if Heaven had sent barrenness on all the women of the order. There will be a truce to workhouses, unions, ragged-schools, houses of refuge, penitentiaries, soup-kitchens, and the whole system of mendicancy and vagrancy; and the elevation of this class will eventually be the cause of the moral improvement of the whole nation. Our plan is no doubtful scheme, like Lord Dundonald's, for we make no secret of it. You may see it already in operation, with slight differences, at Mettray and Red-Hill. Its results, too, are far more important. We are not fighting against the king of a snow-country for the sake of a "sick man," whom we must needs despise, but against an eternal foe, for the sake of an eternal kingdom.

It was but the other day that the British Lion was threatened by the teeth of his own cubs. We saw the strange masses that a single cry could raise to laugh at law, and lift the standard of popular demonstration, too soon to lead to anarchy. The age of revolutions is not passed, it is in its infancy even. We have had a long succession of "fainéant" and imbecile Governments; we may hold good for a time, but if we continue to oppose ourselves to wise suggestions—if we persist in neglecting our internal administration for the sake of our commerce and foreign policy, England may one day wake up a Spain, a Mexico, or an Egypt, the mere corpse of self-destroyed greatness.

The answer to our appeal is characteristic of John Bull, whose failings are over-caution and an inaptitude for real economy.

The *first* objection taken is, that this very system of reformation will tend rather to encourage than to eradicate vice. We are told that if we thus receive the child from his parents, and educate and feed him at our own expense, it will but be natural that the parent should purposely neglect his child, or purposely encourage him in vice and villany, for the sake of the comfortable and gratuitous provision thus afforded. To this we reply, that if a parent is sufficiently depraved thus to sacrifice his child and deprive himself of his offspring, for the sake of a small saving in expense and trouble, it is evident that he is no fit guardian for him.* Without this temptation he might, perhaps, have brought up his child in a manner apparently respectable, but it could only have been in appearance. Where principle is so entirely wanting in the parent, it is not probable that the child will ever possess it. Again, the parent will not be let off scot-free. If the law punishes the father for the child's offence, or vagrancy, or mendicancy, or destitution, by fine and imprisonment, the parent will consider twice ere he encourages his family in bad ways.

* The French have been blamed for a similar provision in their establishment for *enfans trouvés*, but what would Rousseau's children have been if he had brought them up himself?

The *second* objection is, "the expense." Let us thank the Great Bear that Mr. Gladstone is on our side. Still we have much to fear from short-sighted economists, gentlemen of the counter and yard-measure, who would apply the rules of bread-stuffs and haberdashery to all things, human and Divine; and would economize to-day because they have not eyes good enough to see the expense they incur for to-morrow. What have we not suffered already from false economy? Have not a succession of ill-appointed ministers, and illiberal oppositions, engrossed with the pleasures of party-squabbling, sufficiently proved the danger and extravagance of this mode of proceeding in the present war? Will a wise nation still prefer to leap at hazard rather than be at the trouble of walking the horse up to the jump before it takes it? Can this mistaken daring at one moment, this over-caution at another, be longer tolerated? And now that ages of civilisation have proved that punishment does not deter from systematic crime, will you still prefer to maintain the costly fabric of correction rather than adopt the tried method of prevention?

Your police, your prisons, your hulks, your penal settlements, are daily becoming a greater and greater nuisance to you. The first are assuming an incorrigible independence of action, and become the bane of good citizens rather than the terror of the bad. They have been found to encourage vice for the sake of emolument. The second are the hot-beds of vice, and the expensive palaces of the scum of society. A month in such a home makes the harmless child an incurable scoundrel. Books are written, plans are proposed, systems are tried for their improvement; but, in spite of all, the boy who has once entered the portals of these pandemonia is certain to return to them sooner or later. The third are a daily source of dread; and the fourth,—who can bear to look forward to the damage the fourth may occasion, or consider the huge sums we have been paying to support settlements where Cain is the acknowledged father of the populace? France, too, has felt, and still feels the dangers of correction, since capital punishment has been reduced. The barricades of 1830 and 1848 were manned by the issue from her prisons and her *bagnes.* The galleys and the docks supply the dormant material which any unprincipled demagogue may call into life, and which has already changed her cities to slaughter-houses, and enacted scenes at which the world has shuddered.

Such are the results of acting *correctively* with the "perishing and dangerous" classes—such, and many others. We offer you *prevention* as the panacea; and you reply, while you spend ninety millions a year in an ill-managed war,—"The expense—the expense." Let us see what the Conference said on this point.

Lord Lyttleton, referring to a petition presented to Parliament by the Magistrates of Liverpool, speaks thus:—

"This petition set forth the cases of fourteen young offenders impartially chosen, by which it appeared that these fourteen persons had been frequently committed to prison, none less than eight, one as many as twenty-three times. The cost of each of these fourteen youths, in apprehensions, trials, and imprisonments, was on the average, £63, 8s. Not one of them was reformed; ten of them were transported, the cost of which, and their support in the penal colonies, must be added. The cost of transportation in each case would be £28. That of control and residence in the colony £54 at the least. So that each of the ten who were transported have cost the country, in those expenses which are chargeable on the public fund applicable to that purpose, a sum amounting to £145, 8s. Such is the cost of a hardened offender, more than three times that of a reformed thief at Mettray, and almost five times as much as at Stretton-on-Dunsmore." —(*Report*, p. 19.)

Another gentleman adds,—

"I have shewn that the average cost of thirty boys,—who were not selected, bear in mind, as the worst cases, not taken at random, but in the order of their commitments,—was £62, 7s. I find that the average number of times in jail of these thirty is eight and a half, the average time spent by them in jail is fifteen months."—(*Report of Conference*, p. 64.)

The chaplain of Bath jail says,—

"In the returns laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., it appears that in 1848 and 1849, throughout the country, there were no less than 7000 first committals of persons under seventeen years of age. But I will take them at 5000, and assuming that Bath presents a fair average of cost, the amount lost to the country, or expended on those children alone, who are *committed for the first time*, is half a million per annum. This is a startling assertion certainly, but it is fully borne out by the statement as to the cost of juvenile crime, made by Mr. Serjeant Adams, Mr. Rushton, and other witnesses examined by the Select Committees of the two Houses of Parliament."—(*Report of Conference*, p. 34.)

This is independently of the cost after transportation, and is only for juvenile offenders on first committals. What a sum, when we remember that these children are committed on an average more than eight times each; while those that escape live to form those dangerous bands which the police cannot put down, and to generate new families of young criminals to recruit the ranks of vice! Now, what can we calculate as the

cost of reforming these children on their first committal. At Mettray the gross cost of a boy is £20 a year; but the productive labour of each is about £8 a year, reducing it to £12. Now, taking five years as the average time proposed for reformation, although two and a half years is the time at present considered sufficient, we have the cost of each boy's reformation at £60, or that of 5000 at £300,000, or little more than half the *yearly* cost for *first* committals. At the end of this time the boy is turned out reformed, and placed in a situation where he will be well looked after. At the end of his first imprisonment, on the other hand, he is let loose on the world, ten times worse than when first received, to be committed and imprisoned again and again, more than eight times on an average, ever going farther from his reformation,—the vagabond becoming a pickpocket,—the pickpocket a regular thief,—the regular thief a practised burglar,—the burglar a highwayman or murderer. Here is a grand difference of results. But we cannot hope to do things in England at the price for which they are done in France. Labour, food, materials, cost more on this side of the Channel. We pay for the honour of being the richest nation in the world.

Let us, then, make an estimate, as nearly approximated as possible, of the probable average cost and annual expenditure of founding and maintaining reformatory establishments sufficient to contain 100,000 children. When we say 100,000 we do not mean that these should all be brought to a course of reformation at one time. Far from it, the process must be gradual, but, at the same time, the work must be complete. Having established police inspectors for the children of this class, and altered the existing state of the law, it remains to provide for the children we thus adopt. But we shall do much for the good work, and as much as will be necessary, if we provide *at first* for half the number reckoned to exist, and place 50,000 children in a course of training.

We have said that 200 boys are sufficient to form each school. Undoubtedly it would be a great economy to double the number of boys in each, and thus halve that of the schools required. But let us beware of false economy. Let us remember that we are treating with souls, not with calicos or cottons; and that if we build schools to contain 400 boys each, we lessen their chances of strict reformation, so much of which depends on the ability and labours of the director. At the rate of 200 boys in a school, 250 Farm-schools would be required in different parts of the kingdom.

Each farm would require from 150 to 200 acres of land in a

rural district. The price of each, with the old farm buildings upon it, would vary, according to circumstances, from £4000 to £10,000. Let us take the medium as a standard, and we can then approximate the original cost of purchase of land at between £1,750,000 and £2,000,000. Now, if the land thus purchased contained farm-houses, &c., a smaller number of boys could be provisionally established in these, and, with their teachers, they would themselves build the villages destined to contain them, as was done at Mettray. Each village would consist of twenty houses, to contain each ten boys and their teachers. The cost of each of these small cottages, built on the simplest principles, by the boys and teachers, would be about £200. The gross cost of building a Reformatory Village may therefore be reckoned at £5000,* as the chapel, out-houses, &c., might be built afterwards by the boys and their teachers. The whole village might thus be erected within a year; and the cost of erecting the 250 villages would make a total of £1,250,000. The whole original outlay in land and building would then be to the Government about £3,000,000 sterling, each establishment costing, when complete, £12,000. Red-Hill cost altogether £20,000, but the land was not bought by Government, nor were the houses built by the boys gradually. But even allowing this enormous sum—much of which has been paid for experience—for each establishment, the gross original expense of the scheme would be £5,000,000 only. Now, what would be the *annual* expenditure?

At the present moment the expense of each boy per annum is as follows at Red-Hill:—

> For clothing, food, and washing, £16 (average of age,)
> Superintendence, teaching, training, &c., £12,
> Extras, as office and advertising, £2 to £4,

making from £30 to £32 per boy per annum. At present the produce of each boy's labour is only £1, 10s. per annum at the highest, while at Mettray it is as much as £8, but then Mettray has had fifteen years' cultivation and experience, Red-Hill barely five. The total cost may therefore be placed at an average of £29 per boy per annum.

Now, to this it must be remarked, that it is the calculation for the present moment, at an extraordinary high price of pro-

* At a meeting of Roman Catholics at Birmingham on Dec. 11, 1855, the cost of buildings to accommodate 100 boys, was estimated at £966, 11s. 3d., and the purchase of 50 acres of land in Leicestershire at £2500; all expenses were to be included in £4000.

visions and labour. The Director of Red-Hill assures us, that in 1852-3, the feeding of each boy cost one shilling a-week less than it does now, making a difference of £2, 12s. a year. This would reduce the annual cost of a boy to about £26, 10s. Then, again, the system adopted at Red-Hill for the payment and board of masters, &c., is a very expensive one. The staff there employed, exclusive of masters, consists at present of the following persons:—

Governor, chaplain, and secretary, united in the person of the Rev. Sydney Turner.
An assistant in the office.
A cook.
A baker.
A porter, (who makes the gas, helps in the garden, &c.)
A bailiff, to superintend the farm.

These appointments might remain as they are, with the exception of the cook and baker. If the "fathers of families" are to be married men, we do not see why the cooking and baking should not be done by a certain number of their wives in rotation, who, as will be seen, already receive £10 a year. At Mettray these offices are performed by a small number of Sisters of Charity, of course gratuitously. But we should shock Englishmen much if we proposed that well-disposed women should thus devote themselves to good works, depending on their order for subsistence.

Again, at Red-Hill the "fathers of families" are mostly married men, receiving for themselves and wives £60 per annum, and £25 for board and washing; in addition to this the wives are boarded also, and those who have children—and some of them have two or three—receive board for these also. An unmarried master has £50 a year. Of these masters there are only six, having the charge of 220 boys, or one to every 36. But there are, in addition, common labourers to teach the field-work, at the rate of one to every 20 boys, and workmen to instruct in tailoring, shoemaking, &c., at the rate of one to every eight or ten boys. This raises considerably the cost of wages and board for the whole staff employed. But by establishing training-schools for the masters, like that attached to Mettray, the difficulty would be obviated. The "father of a family" would then be capable of instructing in field-work and some one trade or other; and as each would have only ten boys to attend to, the work would be much better done. The staff would then be as follows:—

A director, (chaplain, secretary, &c., combined,) at, per annum,	£400	
An assistant,	30	
A porter,	20	
A bailiff,	60	
Twenty masters at £40 or £50 each,	800	to £1000
	£1310	to £1510
Board and washing for masters, &c., at £25 each,	550	550
	£1860	to £2060

Two thousand pounds divided among 200 boys would give £10 a-head. Thus, each boy would cost,—

For food, clothing, and washing,	£13	
Superintendence, teaching, &c.,	10	
Extras,	2	to £4

or about £25 per annum.* Then, when we remember that the labour of each would be more productive as the difficulties of the soil were overcome, and that at Mettray each boy's labour now produces £8 per annum, we may safely alter this figure to £20 per boy per annum, or about £4000 a year, as the expense of maintaining each establishment, or ONE MILLION STERLING for the two hundred and fifty.

Such would be the annual cost for reforming a whole class of society, beginning with 50,000 individuals. Compare this with the half a million which the annual *first committals* of criminals alone cost the country. As the first 50,000 were gradually reformed and turned off, the others would by degrees step into their places, and the entire generation of the *lowest* orders be at length exterminated. It might, indeed, be a work of forty or fifty years, but we venture to say that the effects of the system would be felt long before that, and that in fifteen or twenty years we might be enabled to reduce our police and prisons extensively. The interest on the first outlay would be then returned, and the million or million-and-a-half annually granted for Reform and Prevention, be balanced by an enormous saving in the expenses of criminal jurisdiction, now so frightfully increasing.

* * * * * * *

A truce to these questions of expense. You do not refuse your

* The Rev. Sydney Turner states it as his opinion, that the expense per annum might be easily reduced to £25 per head.

substance for the Crimean soldier or his widow. No wonder! his arms will bring renown to your country. You do it for your country's sake. Yes, but that renown will pass. Who cares now for Cressy or Agincourt? and even Waterloo is thrust in the background. We offer England a glory which may last for countless ages—the glory of civilisation and good government. Let it be said in the twenty-fifth century that the nineteenth discovered the true path to practical Christianity of the masses, and your campaigns, your commerce, your science, your society, will be thrown into gloom by the brightness of that renown.

Let us pass, then, from economical to other considerations. We have suggested the foundation of 250 Reformatory Farm-schools. In the first place, as to the choice of sites. They must be at a considerable distance—thirty or forty miles at least—from any large city, and at five or six from any small town. They must be placed in fertile districts, where the labour will not be too heavy for striplings, where there will be no draining to impair the health, no clearing to discourage the heart. Between one and two hundred acres will suffice for each. Houses must be built on the plan of those at Mettray, to accommodate ten boys each, instead of forty—a workshop on the ground floor—a dormitory convertible into a dining-room, and play-room above it. No farm-school should contain more than 200 boys, that the director may be able to influence the character of each. The village should, therefore, consist of twenty cottages, with a good ventilation, a chapel, a house for the director, a class-room, a tool-house, stables and stalls for horses and oxen, a small hospital and a smaller prison. Each establishment would, therefore, consist of a director, twenty masters, and their wives, if possible, and 200 boys. These latter, however, should not be mixed up irrespective of age. It is evident that the boy of fourteen or fifteen years, fresh from the world, is no fit companion for one of eight or ten. There would be no difficulty in having separate establishments for those under fourteen years of age; for experience has shown that the neglected and offending, under this age, are far less numerous than those above it. The terms of reformation for the first would be then as follows:—

A boy of	7	years would require	8	years' reformation.
"	8	"	7	"
"	9	"	6	"
"	10	"	5	"
"	11	"	4	"
"	12 or 13	"	3	"

So that all these might be sent into the world at fifteen to be

apprenticed to trades, or hired as farm-servants. The terms for the second would be:—

For a boy of 14 or 15 years, 4 years of reformation.
„ 16 or 17 „ 3 „

For it is evident, that though a boy of fifteen or sixteen is more culpable than one of eleven or twelve, his mind being more expanded, his reformation would depend more on direct appeal to the heart than on the mere formation of habit, and would consequently take less time.

To secure the reformation of these boys, the masters must be no less carefully selected than the director. We should have training-schools to provide at least three thousand masters, who would be required to understand farming, and everything connected with it, and each of them one important trade, as tailoring, boot-making, &c., &c. The director himself would undertake the mental instruction, and he might be assisted by two of the masters fitted to the task, which, as the rudiments merely would be required, would be of no great difficulty. Young men would do for the younger schools, but men of sounder judgment, and more experience, would be required for those of the older boys. These latter might, therefore, receive better pay, and a regular system of promotion of the masters from the younger to the older schools might be instituted, affording encouragement to the zeal and energy of the younger masters.

When the term allotted for reformation was passed, it would remain with the director to discharge or retain the boy, according to his state of mind and heart, and his general conduct. But let him be very careful not to send a boy from a younger to an older school. This would immediately destroy the work of years. On his discharge, the boy should be placed in a situation agreeable to his tastes and disposition, as is already done at Mettray and Red-Hill. Farmers and tradesmen are only too glad to obtain these boys; fully appreciating the value of the education they have received, and the regular habits they have acquired. A report of the conduct of each should be required of his employer every half-year; and the directors, to whom the boys in almost all instances become sincerely attached, would speak to him in case of any misconduct.

We cannot appreciate the plan of enabling these boys to emigrate which is practised at Red-Hill. Like Mr. Macaulay, in his Ludean Scheme, we look to an ultimate end. We must sacrifice individuals to the cause of the country, and the present to the future. We wish to raise the standard of morality at home, not to favour a few individuals or a colony which may

not long be ours. If we have the trouble and expense of reforming our lowest orders, it is but fair that we should profit by their influence, when reformed, on the community at home,—that they should become apostles to the class they have left. When this is accomplished, the colonies will soon feel the effect of it.

But emigration might be made a premium for the most promising boys. Two or three in every two hundred might annually enjoy this privilege as a prize for good conduct, and the expense would not be great.

The system of task-work, and the payment of small sums to the boys, as practised at the establishments, whose names head this paper, is certainly an excellent one. It gives an interest to their labour, breaks its monotony, excites emulation, and prepares them for the battle of life. But as at Mettray, the money should be collected and kept in the hands of the Director, and only given up to the boy when he leaves the farm-school, thus affording him a little capital to begin life with.

Another important point in the management of such an establishment has lately presented itself to our notice. In the papers of August 21st, last year, a boy, named John M'Gavin, is reported to have been brought up before a magistrate for mendicancy, and attempt to pick pockets. This boy had been sent to Red-Hill for four years' reformation, and had been let out for a week's holiday. No sooner was this done than he returned to his old practices with his old associates, his nearest relatives. It was stated, at the same time, before the magistrate, that it was the custom to allow the boys a week's holiday at this establishment from time to time.

As regards this practice, and the case in question, we cannot do better than extract the following passage from a letter written on this subject by the Governor of the Red-Hill Farm-school himself:—

"It is part of our system to grant holidays or leaves for three or four days to our boys, provided they merit or earn them by their industry and conduct, and have relations willing and able to receive them.

"We do this on two grounds:—1*st*, That we could not well help it, the institution being a school and not a prison, and the *larger* portion of its inmates being received into it at their own desire, and with their own and their friends' consent; 2*dly*, That we find it an important *test* or *trial*, by which a boy's character and professions can be known. Everything here is done to develop a spirit of sound healthy *self-action*, to bring out the *real* disposition—to awaken a sense of responsibility—and to accustom the boy to act, not from constraint, but by choice and motive. And it is a part of this system to expose to reasonable trial and temptation from time to time. By this means we know the *chaff* from the *wheat*.

"John M'Gavin has an unprincipled father and mother, and a little brother who has lost a leg, and has a very good-looking face, and is one of the cleverest and most successful beggars in London. He was himself *transported* about eighteen months ago, but from his age was pardoned and received here *last January*. This was his *first trial*, and he broke down. Some six or eight months hence, he will be tested, perhaps, again." *

Nothing could be juster than these remarks. It is doubtless desirable that some test should be applied to sound the sincerity of the boy; but are not its advantages out-balanced by the damage done by the temptation? The cases in which the youth thus breaks down upon trial may seem to be very rare, but it is impossible to know what evil these short visits to home may produce in the boy's character. He may not indeed be caught in the act, he may prudently abstain from thus injuring his own prospects; but the taste of his ancient liberty and license will rest on his lips when he returns to school, and it is far more probable that he will play the hypocrite afterwards than before. These short returns to old habits are the hardest temptation that a boy can be subjected to. They present too short a time to work, they are of the nature of a holiday—his time must naturally lie useless on his hands; and how will a London beggar employ loose time but in vicious indulgence of one kind or another, which may remain quite unknown to the governor of the school to which he returns? The grand object of the whole system is to separate him entirely from old scenes and old companions—from that family which in almost all cases has been the promoter of his ruin; and a return of even three or four days to these haunts and these companions will go far to undo the training of six months. If, on the contrary, a boy is only allowed to leave the school when his term of reformation is passed, he is not subjected to the same violent temptation; he is placed in a situation where he will have work and superintendence; he has his livelihood to gain; a long period of unbroken labour and regular habits may have completely changed his character, and the world and its temptations may find him petrified to their allurements. We cannot consider that this test is either fair to the boy, or necessary for the conduct of the establishment. A child may play the hypocrite at his first entrance into school, but even his acting will become a second habit, if continued unbroken for a period of four or five years.

These remarks of the Governor afford stern matter for reflection besides. We find the boy sentenced to Transportation, and

* In November 1855, when we visited Red-Hill, this boy was said to be doing very well.

his sentence *afterwards* commuted to one of Reformation. How foolish is this "afterwards!" He remains in prison or at the hulks for a year, and is then, when his crime has been forgotten, turned over to reform.* He has his habits inured and confirmed by a prison life; he is initiated by his fellow-prisoners into all the mysteries of crime and vice. He mingles with men whose very position is the proof of their villany—and that in the closest intimacy; he learns from them the expression of affected contrition, he receives the lectures of the chaplain with an assumed eagerness, which he knows will shorten them; and then when he has been steeped for life in the taint of prison villany, a wise government allows you to try and reform him! Stop thine ears, Solon; hie thee hence, Solomon; for a nation greater than Greece and Judea together, yields tacitly to folly like this.

Once for all, we must have one thing or the other. Continue to punish, if you prefer the rotten system of punishment; or, if your eyes be open, strive to *prevent;* but do not mingle elements which destroy one another. Prevention cannot unite with correction. Correction becomes useless if prevention prevail.

Again, we learn that "the *larger* portion of its inmates are received into it, (the Farm-school at Red-hill,) at their own desire, and with their own and their friends' consent." If the parents and friends of these boys will not allow them to remain on the understanding that they shall have *no* holidays at all—and we do not see why they should not do so—then an arrangement might be made for the friends to visit them at the Institution itself, rather than that they should be allowed to leave the farm, and there would be no danger in these visits, which would be under the eye of the governor or some one of the masters. Anything would be preferable to allowing them to revisit their old haunts. But be this as it may, is it not striking to learn that the *greater* portion of the inmates of Red-Hill are there voluntarily? Will our system of general reformation appear so preposterous when we thus find the classes in question themselves coming forward to meet us half-way; and, what is more, contributing in money to gain this advantage for their children?

Surely there is much hope to be gathered from this reflection. But these are details. The material instruments of reformation have been already treated,—farm labour, domestic habits, careful inspection, and judicious correction. We pass to the moral treatment, which consists of kindness and religion. The former

* In a recent letter to the "Times," Mr. S. Turner appears to advocate some previous punishment on the ground that it is necessary to convince the child that he has committed a crime, and that crime is wrong. But he seems to forget that it is to acquire this possibility of distinction between right and wrong, that he is sent to a Reformatory.

is most necessary. The masters must be strict in enforcing obedience, respect and regular habits, but neither masters nor director should go beyond this. They should seek by habitual kind treatment, by an interest in all the boy says or does, by gentleness and soft words to attach the child to themselves. The heart must be the hawser. When he has once hooked it on to himself, he may steam away, the boy will always follow and obey him. A stern cold man is, therefore, unfit for either a master's or director's office. The latter, more particularly, must be the kind father of the little flock. How much will a few sweet words do to the destitute and outcast, whose affections are not yet smothered, but are seeking some object on which to fix.

One child says :—

"Oh, sir! whipping will do me no good. I know all about that. I have had enough of it before."—*Report of Conference*, p. 35.

Another mere child affirms :—

"My father licked me with a rope till the blood run down my back, and my step-mother was watching."—*Report*, p. 54.

What would not a few words of sympathy do with poor wretched sufferers like these. Do you doubt the goodness of these young unnurtured hearts; read what they could do at Mettray:—

"At the time of the disasters in the neighbourhood of Lyons, caused by the inundations, one of the directors described to the boys the frightful distress of the victims. The children offered to subscribe for them a part of their daily mess; they wished to deprive themselves of one of their meals, that its cost might be thrown into the subscription. One child alone dissented, and he was condemned to eat his dinner alone at the end of the table surrounded by his fasting companions."—*Mettray*, p. 28.

Again, when the Abbé Tresianu, Director of the School at Marseilles, visited Mettray, he asked, among other things, for the worst boy to be pointed out to him :—

"All remained motionless but one, who advanced with a pitiful air and said, 'It's me.' 'My child,' replied the Abbé, embracing him, 'what you have just done proves to me that you are wrong.' Since this time the child has behaved very well."—*Mettray*, p 28.

We have now to allude to two points in the system, on which the opinions of its warmest supporters are often divided; firstly, Religious Teaching; secondly, Military Discipline.

The lowest classes cannot properly be said to belong to any denomination of faith. They live as practical atheists, and whatever sect they profess to follow, holds them only by tradition or

fashion. In Liverpool and London there are thousands who call themselves Roman Catholics, in all the manufacturing districts the mass of the dangerous classes belongs to different sects of Dissenters or Unitarians. There is here a difficulty which induces some to propose that religious teaching should make no part of the training in a Farm-school. Such men can have no idea of the practice of training, which not only cannot be prosecuted without the aid of religion, but of which religious teaching forms the whole pith. Without it training becomes mere mechanism; you may indeed cure the habits by it, but can never recover the heart and soul. To teach morality, truth, honour, charity, and so forth, for their own sakes only, is to lay the basement-stone of Polytheism, while to teach religion without any specific form of Christianity, is to open a path for that attractive deism, which brought about the hell-on-earth of '89. We want a population of Christians, not of Platonists or Gower-Street non-descripts, and Christianity must be explained after some fixed fashion, which will lead to some existing system of faith. It is not indeed necessary to sound all the doctrinal subtleties that have severed Christian Churches, but it is necessary to have an outward, defined rule of practice and practical faith.

The first principle of training is obedience. For it we must have an authority, and whence shall we get one, if not from Heaven? It were well, then, if Christianity could be taught in its purity without the restrictions of schism; if one could place the Sacred Book in the child's hands, and leave it to heavenly inspiration to reconcile its apparent discrepancies, and explain its difficulties. But we may not do this. We must have a settled scheme of doctrines, and a recognised form of worship. We must teach the child the practical relation between God and himself, teach him to worship and confide. He is preparing to encounter life; he must have faith and prayer. He must know what to believe and how to pray. He must understand the God he worships, and the utility of that worship.

Yet if we suggest the standard of the National Churches as our guide, we shall be met on all sides by opposition, from those who object to the Church less for its doctrines than its establishment. Yet how can we act otherwise? We cannot in each school admit Romish and Dissenting, and Unitarian and Mormon, and Irvingite and Plymouth, and Johannah Southcote's teaching side by side. There would be no end to the confusion. Nor can the people and government of this country provide Reforming Schools for each separate denomination. We work on the principle of Religious Liberty, not sectarian encouragement. We shall be delighted to see you, Romanist, Unitarian, or Plymouth Brother, whoever you may be, yourselves reforming those of the

lower orders who adopt your denomination.* But let not a difference of creed be an obstacle in the way of a great national work, which it is the interest of every citizen to promote.

To military discipline M. de Metz ascribes the greater portion of the success of Mettray. In a meeting, held at the Guildhall at Bristol, on October 6, 1855, he spoke as follows:—

> "Mettray has, first, for its basis, religion, without which it is impossible for such an institution to succeed; secondly, the family principle for a bond; thirdly, military discipline, as a means of inculcating order. The military discipline adopted at Mettray is this: the lads wear a uniform, and march to and from their work, their lessons, and their meals, with the precision of soldiers, and to the sound of the trumpet and drum. But as the sound of the trumpet and drum leads men to perform acts of heroism, and to surmount great difficulties, it may not be unreasonably employed, with the same object, at a reformatory school, where, in resisting temptation, and conquering vicious habits, true heroism is displayed, and marvellous powers of overcoming difficulties must be called forth."

He proceeded to give an anecdote, to shew that military discipline preserved the school from the pollution of the Revolution of 1848.

Experience has taught us that discipline of this kind is a valuable means in the hands of an able man. We all know what a good general may do with a well-organized body of men, and how uniformity of action may supply the place of individual purpose. But there are two considerations which must not be lost sight of: *first*, that military discipline is less agreeable to the English than to the French character; and, *secondly*, that it possesses a tendency to destroy individuality, and to merge into routine. A similarity of dress, punctuality in hours, regularity of habits, and so forth, are very desirable, but each several lad must not be allowed to lose the sense of his individual responsibility and independence.

What we have hitherto said for boys, will require some modification when we come to treat of the other sex. Our limits will not allow us to inquire into this new phase of the subject. It must suffice to say, that the two sexes should never be brought together in one school.

In conclusion, we must remind the reader that society is a pyramid, in which each social grade increases, in extent, the lower we go. Whatever may be said about the "romantic fic-

* The Roman Catholics are already doing so in Leicestershire, and at Hammersmith, near London. They have, however, we believe, adopted the strange measure of importing *foreign* priests to train English boys, while it is much to be feared that the system of *La Grande Trappe* will savour too much of the *seminary*, or be employed to further the ends of the Propaganda.

tions, of a millennium or a Eutopia, it is at least certain that it is the interest of every citizen to raise the moral, as well as the intellectual, standard of society. It is the fashion with some to declaim against the vices and luxury of the wealthier classes. If they would see these removed, they must apply a lever to the whole bulk of society. They must begin by raising and improving the lower and lowest classes; and, when this is done, they will soon discover that the upper orders are hastening to improve themselves. Moral and intellectual worth will supersede rank and wealth, as the criterion of "position" and the key to power; and the *καλοὶ κἀγαθοὶ ἀνδρὲς* will be the true "gentlemen" of England.

The present war has proved that patriotic feeling is stronger than ever in the breasts of our countrymen. The Reformation of the lower orders is a nobler object for this passion than any that has gone before. Let us have a general movement in its favour. Let us have a "Patriotic Fund" for our own social elevation; let Social Reform go hand-in-hand with all the other "reforms" that the age is demanding, and we shall cease to dread that England's planet will be eclipsed by the stars beyond the Atlantic.

One word more. Every nation of earth has its moment of supremacy. Like man, each race works on to its prime, and, like man, each must die and become a name of the past. It lies between Providence and the country to decide by what death it shall pass into history. India, Assyria, China, Egypt, Carthage, were as England and France in their day, and are now among the dead. It remains with you, Englishmen, to follow which you will, and your internal improvement is the extra weight which shall sink or raise the scale that bears you. Look to it, for the day is not far hence. Better were it that some future Layard should grub on the banks of the Thames for the traces of our glory,—better even that, like Rome and Benares, we should linger as the slaves of some foreign invader—slaves, but dreaded —than that with Hong-Kong and Cairo, we should rise to the prime of our manhood, and, paralyzed by conceit and conservatism, should live on helpless, lifeless, to be the scorn of advancing centuries.

"Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay."

ART. VI.—*The Works of Ben Jonson. With a Biographical Memoir.* By WILLIAM GIFFORD. A New Edition. London, Moxon, 1853.

IT is somewhat unfortunate for Ben Jonson, that the task of presenting him again to his fellow-countrymen, at a time when their acquaintance with him had gradually faded to nothing, or even become enmity, should have fallen to a writer so polemical as Mr. Gifford. The Memoir of Jonson, indeed, originally prefixed to Gifford's edition of the poet's works in 1816, is no common piece of writing. But it is rather a savage pamphlet in defence of Jonson than a biography. Both in the text, and in the chaos of subjoined footnotes, between which and the text the reader is tossed about so uncomfortably, the author's one plan for reinstating Jonson in the good opinion of his countrymen, is to fall foul of every critic, old or recent, that had ever said a word against him. Malone, in particular, among the modern critics of Ben, and the Scottish poet, Drummond, among the older, are mauled without mercy. The effect, certainly, is to make out a case for Ben, and to shew that, besides being a great dramatist, and a real power in English literature, he was by no means so evil and truculent a fellow personally, as, from the habit of always holding him up in moral contrast with Shakespeare, people had learnt to fancy him. On the whole, however, Jonson suffers from the outrageously pugnacious manner in which his advocate defends him. Not only are sober persons not disposed to see Drummond, Malone, and everybody else made out to be fools or worse, in order that Ben may shine forth white and immaculate; not only does the defence, on this account, irritate, and so provoke to rejoinder, in which, for the sake of fair play, Ben must sometimes be hit back again, even by those who would rather not do so; but the mere circumstance that the writer has seen fit to adopt so intensely negative a method in dealing with his hero's life, necessarily defeats his purpose. When one is introduced to a man only to hear in succession all the charges that have been made against him, then, however complete the vindication from each may seem, the impression that remains is far from pleasant. When one expects a life of an important man, it is a disappointment to find nothing more than a series of proofs that he was not the absolute brute that others have represented him to be. There is the chance, moreover, of some of the refutations not seeming so satisfactory to the reader as to the author; in which case, from the lack of all that positive information about the undeniable excellencies of the man which would enable one to pass over a little speck in him here and there, and even to like

it as characteristic, the effect is purely detrimental. In short, here, as in most such cases, the positive method is the best. Tell us what the man was, and you arm us against all that can be unfairly said to his disadvantage. Inform us of the whole, and we shall then know how to interpret the parts. Something of the controversial was perhaps necessary in a sketch of Jonson at the time when Gifford wrote his; but it would, certainly, have been better if Gifford, with far less of reference to the adverse criticisms of Malone and others, had carefully put together his own notions of Ben's character and habits as he lived, and then simply hung up the portrait that people might see it and judge of it.

We cannot, in a brief Article, pretend to do what a man like Gifford left so conspicuously undone; but we shall try to avoid his error, and, in what we do say, to be descriptive rather than polemical. It is not, however, a complete critique of Jonson as a poet and dramatist that we can here attempt. All that we intend is to throw together a few particulars relative to his life, which may be interesting to those whose leisure does not permit such retrospective studies, and to convey incidentally such a view of his character as those who are familiar with his works may compare with that which they have themselves formed.

Born in 1573, Jonson was the junior of Shakespeare by nine years. By birth he may be said to have been a Londoner; for Westminster, within whose precincts he first saw the light, was already linked to the city by the fast-filling Strand. He had Scotch blood in him, however, for his grandfather was a Johnstone of Annandale, who had come into England in the reign of Henry VIII. This Johnstone's son, anglicized into a Jonson, had had misfortunes under Mary, and had become a minister of the English Reformed Church. He died a month before his son Benjamin was born; and his widow, two years afterwards, married a master-bricklayer, named Fowler. Ben's earliest recollections, therefore, were those of the step-son of a bricklayer, living in a lane near Charing-Cross. There seems no reason to doubt that his step-father and mother did him all the justice they could, though in a poor way. They sent him to an ordinary school in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, within which they resided; and, when he was older, some friend, who probably knew his father, got him admitted to Westminster School, of which the great Camden was then one of the masters. If it was not Camden himself who got him admitted to the school, he at least found a friend in this great scholar, to whom, in subsequent years, when both were better known, he was never tired of shewing his attachment.

"Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know."

These words, in one of his epigrams, are not a mere compliment. Schoolmasters were schoolmasters in those days; Camden was a king among schoolmasters, a training under whom was probably, so far as classical instruction went, a pretty efficient education in itself; and vast as Jonson's learning in the classical department is known afterwards to have been, it seems likely that the foundation of it was entirely laid in Westminster School. Even if we admit the authority of Aubrey and Fuller, for supposing that, after leaving school, he went to Cambridge, we seem bound by the tenor of his own statements to Drummond of Hawthornden, to suppose that his stay at the University was but short. He was taken from his studies, as he told Drummond, to be put to a trade. The trade chosen was naturally that of his step-father; and he must have worked at it for some time, for the name of "bricklayer" stuck to him. According to Fuller, "he helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in one hand, he had a book in his pocket." At last, rather than wear the bricklayer's apron longer, he enlisted, and went to serve with the Queen's army in Flanders. He served, at least, one campaign, and in such a way as to have some personal feats of courage to boast of. It was probably about 1593, when he was nineteen or twenty years of age, that he returned to England. He seems to have had but two alternatives after doing so—bricklaying again, or literature. He chose the latter; and, taking up his abode with his mother, now again a widow by the death of his step-father, he began his forty-four years' life as a literary man about town.

To be a literary man about town then meant but one thing; to have a connexion with the theatres either solely as a play-writer, or, better still, as both play-writer and actor. To meet the demand for amusement among a population hardly amounting to 200,000 persons, there were already several regular or established theatres, such as the Blackfriars, the Rose in Bankside, and the theatre in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch; besides many other minor theatres, or rather rooms for scenic representation, scattered through the town, in inns and the like, and supported by the classes who now attend our modern singing and dancing saloons. The frequency with which new plays were produced at these theatres seems also to have far exceeded anything now known. On an average, the audiences at each of the greater theatres required a new play every eighteen days. To cater for this appetite on the part of the public, the managers and proprietors of theatres were obliged to keep continually about them a retinue of writers capable of producing new plays

as fast as they were wanted. As the sole end in view was to get ready such pieces as would please when acted, (the subsequent publication of the play being but rarely thought of,) it was comparatively indifferent to both authors and managers whence the materials were obtained, and whether they were borrowed or original. To furbish up a new play out of old ones which had served their day, or to bring out at a short notice a new play on a subject already made popular at another theatre, was often all that was required. Hence it was not uncommon for proprietors to arrange that two or three, or even five or six of "their authors" should all set to work at once on a projected play, so as to get it done in time. Here, then, was a field for literary talent, fulfilling very much the same purpose for the London of that day that newspaper and periodical writing fulfils for the London of this. Nor were there wanting men to occupy it. Ever since the disarrangement of ranks in English society caused by the Reformation, a literary class had been forming itself under difficulties out of the stray men of education and ability who were then floated loose from the older and somewhat crippled professions; and this class had a natural tendency to centralize itself in London. For a time the press had furnished the members of the new class with a precarious means of livelihood. Translation, as Gifford remarks, was one great resource; and, trusting to the taste for reading then beginning to be considerable, young men from the colleges, who had come to London as adventurers, set themselves, with extraordinary assiduity, to the translation of romances and poems out of the Italian and Spanish. From translation to imitation, or adaptation, was an easy step. Very soon the press began to pour forth tales and poems liberally varied from the Italian and Spanish originals. But the rise of the stage, and the elevation of the business connected with it, into a flourishing profession, opened up a new prospect to these struggling sons of literature. The press, by means of which one could only hope to reach scattered readers at their own firesides, offered no such attractions and no such emoluments as the theatres, which gathered all sorts of persons together, night after night, and submitted them, amid the excited conditions of glare, orgy, and scenic effect, to the direct influence of the author's words and fancies. Accordingly, as by a kind of common impulse, a number of university men threw themselves, about or somewhat before the year 1580, into the service of the stage, bent on rescuing it from the coarse and untaught buffooneries of the hostlers, tapsters, discharged servants, and others, who had till then had it all to themselves. These rude earlier practitioners of the drama were, at all events, driven to the lower places of the dramatic world; while the higher places, in more

immediate connexion with the chief theatres, were occupied by such speculating managers and men of business as Henslowe, and James Burbage, who had gradually taken to this mode of investing their money, and by such scholarly writers as Kyd, Lodge, Greene, Lyly, Peele, Nash, Chettle, Munday, and Marlowe, in association with them. These founders of the regular English drama were, almost without exception, young men who had had a university education, and who, while writing for the stage, continued to write poems and other literary pieces of a non-dramatic character. Very soon, however, there were others, not exactly college-bred men, but men with the literary faculty and the spirit of social adventure strong in them, who, either led by magnetic attraction, or driven by the force of circumstances, attached themselves to this metropolitan group of authors, actors, and managers. Such a man was Shakespeare, the son of the ex-alderman of Stratford-on-Avon, who came up to town in 1585 or 1586, at the age of twenty-two or thereby, to push his fortune. Such a man also, a little later, as we have seen, in point of time, was our soldier-bricklayer, Ben Jonson, just returned from Flanders. Later or contemporary adherents to the same increasing cluster—some from the unlearned, but more from the learned class, and some also from among those seniors of Shakespeare and Jonson who had hitherto kept aloof from the stage and been known only as general poets, writers and translators—were Chapman, Drayton, Daniel, Webster, Middleton, Decker, Wilson, Marston, Hathway, Tailor, Tourneur, and Heywood. New actors, also, with the Burbages and Kemps at their head, sprang up to perform the plays so prolifically produced; new theatres were built; the Court made the patronage of the stage one of its duties, and organized companies of players under its own inspection; and thus was formed that little busy world of actors, dramatic authors, theatre proprietors, author-actors, and actor-proprietors, which whirled in the middle of London society during the last ten or fifteen years of the reign of Elizabeth, drawing almost all the literary talent, and much of the riot and recklessness of the time, into its vortex.

The poor bricklayer seems to have hung for some time on the skirts of this world, wistfully looking into it, rather than admitted to a share of its prizes. The prudent Shakespeare, confining himself to one theatre and one company, was already a conspicuous man, attacked by the envy of some on account of his rapid and astonishing success as a play-writer, but on the whole a favourite with his fellows, and growing rich on his triple profits as author, actor, and shareholder. Even others who had nothing but their authorship to trust to, and who, instead of writing uniformly for one theatre as Shakespeare did, wrote for any

theatre that would accept their plays, were in the receipt of earnings which Jonson might envy. After 1592, £5 for a play (equivalent to about £25 now) seems to have been about the average sum paid by such managers as Henslowe to authors of good reputation; but the standard of price was gradually rising, and before the close of Elizabeth's reign, as much as £10 or £12 was given by Henslowe for a single play. Small remuneration as, even after allowing for the difference of value, this would now be considered, busy writers, otherwise connected with the theatres, contrived to make it answer. But this was a height of fortune to which Jonson had to work his way. Through what obscure toils as a hack-author and would-be actor, connected with some of the minor London play-houses, or even with strolling companies, he did work his way to it, must remain matter for conjecture. Our first distinct recognition of his whereabouts, after his betaking himself to the stage is in 1596 8, by which time he had so far succeeded as to be in connexion with Henslowe, then the potentate among theatrical managers, and the employer of full one-half of the dramatic authors of London. Henslowe's principal theatre was the Rose in Bankside; but he may also have had an interest in a small theatre called the Curtain, situated in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, close to that other and larger one already mentioned as situated in the same locality, and which was called by way of distinction and superiority "The Theatre." It is as a member of the company performing at the Curtain, at all events, that Jonson is first heard of. In the interval during which we lose sight of him, he had become a married man and a father; and as he seems from the first to have had very little chance of making any but the stiffest figure as an actor, he was now probably doing his best to shuffle off the actor altogether, and get into such relations with Henslowe as would enable him to support his family by writing alone. The following entries in Henslowe's Diary give us some traces of him at this time:—

"*July* 28, 1597.—Lent unto Bengemen Johnson, player, in redey mony, the some of fower powndes, to be payd yt agayne when so ever ether I, or any for me, demand yt."

"*December* 3, 1597.—Lent unto Bengemen Johnsone, upon a booke which he was to write for us befor Crysmas next after the date herof, which he showed the plott unto the company: I saye lente in redey money unto hime the some of 20s."

"*January* 5, 1597-8.—Lent Bengemyne Johnson, in redy mony, the some of 5s."

These extracts clearly show that, whether acting at the Curtain or at the Rose, Jonson had, by the year 1597, worked his

way up so far as to be one of Henslowe's writers for the stage, standing to him in the same relation as Drayton, Decker, Munday, Marston, Chettle, and many more,—that is, receiving payments from him for work already done, or, more frequently, loans on the faith of work still in progress. It has been supposed by Malone, Gifford, and others, that a piece mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, under the name of "The Umers," (*i.e.*, "The Humours,") as having been produced at the Rose on the 11th of May 1597, and acted a good many times in that and the following months, was no other than the original draft by Jonson of his *Every Man in his Humour*, produced afterwards by Shakespeare's company at the Globe, as a new play. This is possible, but it is by no means likely; and on the whole, in spite of Gifford, we are obliged to conclude that whatever Jonson did for the London stage prior to his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year, was not of so much consequence as to give him eminence among his contemporaries, or secure his future fame. Nothing, at least, of what he wrote for Henslowe, or others, before this time, survives among his printed works.

There was, indeed, a too near possibility that Jonson's career might be altogether brought to a close at this time, and that in a manner the most disagreeable in the world. Never a man of very orderly temper or habits, he had got into a quarrel with a fellow-player of Henslowe's company, named Gabriel Spenser; and in September 1598, he and Spenser fought a duel with swords in Hoxton Fields. Spenser, who was the challenger, was killed on the spot. Jonson received a wound in the arm, and was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of murder. The case excited no little interest in the playing world; not a few seem to have taken the part of the slain man; and, as Jonson afterwards told Drummond, he was "almost at the gallows" for his exploit. It is not every man of letters that has his career marked by so close an approach to the very utmost fate that the world can award to one of its members; and Jonson seems fully to have appreciated the distinction which the incident conferred on him. Even now it may help us to a more correct estimate of Ben's nature, if we generalize the incident, and remember him as a man who, while he had that in him on the one hand which could bring him into fellowship with the greatest and strongest minds known in England, and could even make him a magnate among them, had, on the other hand, some of those other qualities in him which, in a society constructed according to law and precedent, are apt, if at all in excess, to bring their possessor into acquaintance with the hangman. Nay, probably, we are wrong in saying "other qualities;" for who can tell what potency those very qualities which might hang a man, may, if baulked of

that issue in the case of a man of letters, and driven in upon his general activity, impart to his genius? An "almost-hanged man of genius," whether we regard the constitutional unruliness which brought him into that predicament, or the probable effects of the predicament itself, must needs be a formidable person in a community. One effect of the predicament itself in Ben Jonson's case was to make him turn Catholic. Very loose in matters of religious faith when he went into prison, he was visited there by a Catholic priest, from whom, as he told Drummond, "he took his religion on trust." He kept to it twelve years, and then publicly and emphatically renounced it, and re-entered the Church of England. Such alternations, it is to be remarked, were not then unusual with Englishmen of more grave and serene natures than Jonson.

It is from the period of Jonson's release from prison that his acknowledged literary reputation begins. Very probably there was a considerable increase of interest,—kindly on the part of some, and bitterly hostile on the part of others,—in the fortunes of the rough ex-bricklayer who had killed Gabriel Spenser, and so narrowly escaped the consequences. To avail himself of this interest, such as it was, he had a play ready in which he really showed what powers lay under his roughness. Whether by Shakespeare's interest or not, *Every Man in his Humour* was produced, in the shape in which we now have it, in the year 1598, at the Globe theatre in Bankside, with all the strength of the company, Shakespeare himself included, to give it success. From that time Ben took his place among the dramatists. There was certainly enough in the play both to excite admiration and to give offence. No one could deny that there was stuff in the author of such a piece, that there was genuine humour and dramatic talent in him, and that after all, call him bricklayer as people pleased, there was enough of learning in him to recall the fact that he had been Camden's scholar, and far more than many could pretend to who had never carried the hod. Shakespeare, for example, must have recognised the sturdy young fellow of twenty-five who had written such a piece as worthy of the grasp of companionship. On the other hand, however, there was a certain arrogance of tone and manner about the play, a certain air of self-assertion and dogmatism which, if it only interested and amused Shakespeare, could not but rouse the Deckers, and Marstons, and Chettles, and set them against the author. The author as good as announced himself as the only man who had a genuine notion of true comedy,—the comedy of actual life, after the manner of Plautus and Terence, instead of the comedy of romance and phantasy practised by Shakespeare and others. And, if the impression thus produced was not likely to be

diminished by Ben's personal intercourse with his brother dramatists, it was certainly not likely to be effaced by his two next plays,—*Every Man out of his Humour*, acted at the Globe in 1599; and *Cynthia's Revels*, acted before the Court by the children of the Royal Chapel in 1600. In both of these "Comical Satires," as they were called, not only was the new style of comedy continued, but the author's ideas of poetry and the drama were asserted, and, as it were, paraded in a way to provoke criticism and controversy on the part of his contemporaries. Thus, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, the plan is adopted of introducing a play within a play, as in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal" and Sheridan's "Critic," in after times. Three characters, called respectively *Asper*, or "the Rough;" *Cordatus*, or "the well-affected;" and *Mitis*, or "the Complaisant," are first introduced,—Asper, as the author of the play, and Cordatus and Mitis as friends of his; and these three personages are made first to discuss the intention of the real or inner play at some length, and then to sit as spectators of it while it is being acted, and to interpret it scene by scene, and pass running comments upon it. There is no doubt that in Asper the poet meant to typify himself; and the following passage in which he and his friends Cordatus and Mitis exchange their ideas as to the nature of true dramatic writing, before the acting of the play begins, may, therefore, be quoted as indicating the spirit in which Ben Jonson at this time came before the critics and the public. Asper, it may be premised, is thus described in the preliminary account of the *Dramatis Personæ*:—"He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses,—one whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion." This nonpareil of a dramatist, and his two remonstrating friends, rush on the stage together as the horn blows for the performance to begin, and the following dialogue ensues:—

"*Cordatus.*—Nay, my dear Asper.
"*Mitis.*—Stay your mind.
"*Asper.*—Away!
Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretcht wings,
Ready to sink us down, and cover us—
Who can behold such prodigies as these

And have his lips sealed up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground unto such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But with an armed and resolved hand
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.

" *Cordatus.*—Be not too bold.

" *Asper.*—You trouble me—and with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleased to unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs nor ruffian's stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
Were I disposed to say they are all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut! these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh,
In scorn, at him that should but dare to tax 'em
And yet, not one of these but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell;
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perjurous air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

" *Mitis.*—Forbear, good Asper; be not like your name.

" *Asper.*—O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,
And, with the words of Hercules, invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity,
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

" *Mitis.*—Gentle, Asper!—
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

" *Cordatus.*—Unless your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

" *Asper* (turning to the audience)—I not observed this thronged round till now!
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto the largest strain!
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends:
I do not this to beg your patience,

Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing on his merit.
Let me be censured by the austerest brow;
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely;
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me. I pursue no favour;
Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
Oh! how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile, imitating spirit,
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet,—but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate!
"*Mitis.*—In faith, this humour will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptory."

Mitis was right. This humour came ill both to audiences and critics, and Jonson was thought—and more especially by those who came in personal contact with him, and could contrast these aspirations of his after the office of a social reformer with his qualifications for the office as shown in his own walk and conversation—to be a thousand degrees too peremptory. "Whom have we got here?" asked the established dramatists of the day. "A true *Asper*, or rough diamond," answered Shakespeare, and others of his stamp. "An arrogant bragging fellow of a bricklayer," said others, "who pretends to set us all to rights, and because he has been near the gallows himself, and has served in the camp in Flanders, thinks himself entitled to lash all other men for their vices." Such was Jonson's reception by his literary contemporaries, on his first appearance as a dramatist. How, by the continued exercise of his powers, both socially and as a dramatist, he confirmed the favourable opinion of those who perceived his worth under his harsh exterior; and how, by his merciless punishment of his enemies in his fourth play, *The Poetaster*, and, in other ways, he terrified *them* into submission, are matters familiarly known to all readers of literary history. In short, at the time of the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James I. (1603), Ben Jonson, the author of four comedies, and then only thirty years of age, was, if not one of the most popular authors transmitted to the new reign from the one just ended, at least one of the most massive, powerful, and promising.

The promise was fulfilled. With the reign of James, indeed, a new generation had commenced, and new poets and dramatists came on the stage to continue the splendid era of English litera-

ture, which had been begun by their seniors under Elizabeth, and to tax their younger powers in co-operating with those surviving seniors, so as to make the continuation of the era more splendid, if possible, than the beginning. Yet among all these, partly in virtue of his living so long in the midst of them after most of the other Elizabethans had died off, but in the main in virtue of the continued exercise of his literary industry in competition with them, Ben contrived to retain his rank as a chief and potentate. Were we writing a detailed biography of Ben, with a view to exhibit the precise relations in which he stood to English literature and English literary men, we should probably divide the concluding thirty-four years of his life (1603-1637) into three periods—the first, extending from 1603 to 1616, during which Shakespeare was still alive to be compared with him, and, along with others, to exclude him from the sovereignty of the drama; the second, extending from 1616 to the close of James's reign in 1625; and the third, extending from 1625 to 1637, and corresponding with the first twelve years of the reign of Charles. We can but glance at these three periods successively.

1. *From* 1603 *to* 1616, *or from Ben's thirty-first to his forty-fourth year.* The peculiarity of this period, as a part of Ben's career, is that Shakespeare, as well as such others of the senior Elizabethans as Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Decker, Marston, and Middleton, still remained in the field to divide public attention with him, and that new dramatic rivals had also appeared in Beaumont and Fletcher, and, one may also add, in Massinger. In the midst of these, and holding very much the same relations to most of them as he had acquired before Elizabeth's death—that is, acknowledged by them all to be a man of weighty metal, though somewhat of a blusterer—Ben went on writing his laborious dramas at the rate of about one a year, and getting them acted with various success. Among his published writings there belong to this period his two tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, and the comedies of *Volpone*, *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and *The Devil is an Ass*. These, however, were by no means his sole productions during the thirteen years in question. Pieces of less importance, and not now preserved, were written by him during this time for Henslowe and others; and "Bengemy Jonson" still figures occasionally as a borrower of small sums in Henslowe's Diary. One piece, called *Eastward Hoe*, written by him in 1605 in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, (the latter of whom, though formerly a bitter enemy, had now become reconciled to him,) was near bringing all the three authors into a serious

scrape. Here is Jonson's own account of the affair as reported by Drummond.

"He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots in a play *Eastward Hoe*, and voluntarily imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison; and, that she was no churle, she told she minded first to have drunk of it herself."

A perilous old woman certainly, and Ben's mother to the life! We wonder how the venerable Camden, the gentlemanly young Selden, and the other guests, looked when the old lady, with the glass in one hand, and the paper of poison in the other, made the speech to her son, and informed him of her kind intentions with respect to him, in case he had been sentenced to lose his ears and have his nose slit. It now appears, however, that Ben in the same year underwent a second imprisonment, with Chapman, on account of another play. What made his release in both cases easier was probably the fact, that by this time he was beginning to be personally known at Court, as a writer of masques and entertainments intended for the amusement of the King and Queen, and the courtiers. In 1603, on the occasion of James's coronation, Jonson had been employed by the city authorities to assist in giving a kind of poetical organization to the ceremony, by arranging the pageantry of the procession, writing poetical speeches, &c. The result was the *Part of the King's Entertainment*, now printed among his works. He doubtless found this a prosperous opening of a new vein of authorship; for several other such entertainments, now also printed among his works, were produced by him to the order of various persons and corporations between 1603 and 1606. The taste for these elegant extravagances, as aids to festivity, was then at its height; and no one seems to have been fonder of them than the Queen. In the year 1605, her Majesty began herself to get up such things, very much as noble families now get up charades and private theatricals, for the entertainment of herself and her ladies at Christmas, Twelfth Night, and other like times. Whitehall was the usual place where the performances took place; the Queen, her ladies, and the gravest courtiers joined in them, as actors of mythological parts; no expense was spared in the dresses, the requisite scenery for land,

water, and forest, or the machinery for clouds, thunder, and moonshine; corantos, and other court-measures, were danced by satyrs, muses, negroes, and nymphs; and Solomon-James himself would shamble in to see. For the mechanical part of the arrangements a most suitable person was found in young Inigo Jones, then just returned from his travels, under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke; and he became in consequence court architect. It was Ben Jonson's good fortune to be chosen for the poetical part of the work; and hence that long series of masques, anti-masques, and the like, to the number of some thirty in all, which forms so large a portion of the entire bulk of his writings. Full two-thirds of these sometimes graceful, but on the whole (to us who have not Inigo Jones's scenery, and the living performers before us) very leathery performances, were written prior to 1616; and the receipts from them probably formed a larger account in Ben's exchequer, than the receipts from his regular dramas. Ben was decidedly vain of his powers as a writer of court masques, and he told Drummond that after himself, only Chapman and Fletcher could do anything good in that line.

If we inquire into Ben's social habits at this period of his life, where shall we find him? He lived, as many actors and dramatists besides did, in the Blackfriars, near the great theatres; from which quarter he dates the dedication of *Volpone,* and where also he lays the scene of the *Alchemist.* Here, we are to suppose, lived his wife, of whom all that we know is what he told Drummond himself—namely, that she "was a shrew, yet honest"—and also his children, few of whom, however, appear to have attained to ripe years, and none of whom survived him. His old mother may also have lived here. Seldom, however, except when at home on a fit of work, would Ben be found in his house in Blackfriars; but generally away on the ramble through London and its suburbs, as far as Hampstead and Kentish Town in one direction, and as far as Dulwich or Greenwich in another, employed in what he was pleased to call his professional duty of "gathering humours." Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, according to Old Aubrey, "did gather humours of men wherever they went;" and it hardly required Old Aubrey to tell us that. Their researches were not confined to London or its vicinity. Shakespeare, as we know, had pretty thoroughly explored the line of road between London and Stratford-on-Avon, besides knowing something of the Midland and Western counties in general; and Jonson also had his vacation tours, during which he quartered himself on some of his aristocratic friends. Now that he was so closely connected with the Court, his friends of this class, and indeed among all the notable

men of the day, whether in Church or State, were naturally growing more numerous. Camden and Selden, as we have seen, had been among his friends from the first; so probably had Raleigh, in virtue of his relations to literature; and to these were now added such persons of eminent station as Bacon, Coke, Egerton, Lord Salisbury, Lord Aubigny, the munificent Earl of Pembroke, and the whole family of the Sidneys. The Earl of Pembroke, as he told Drummond, was in the habit of sending him, every New Year's Day, a present of £20 to buy books. As Ben was a frequent guest of these and other persons of rank at their houses in town, so also, in his vacations, he visited them at their country seats, and often for some weeks together. He was no stranger, we believe, at Windsor itself, where masques were occasionally performed. At all events, he was on terms of familiarity with the King and other members of the royal family; and in his conversations with them, he seems to have treated them to tolerably free expressions of his opinions both of men and things. It was one of his wishes, he told Drummond, to be a churchman, if only that he might have the satisfaction of preaching one sermon before the King, in which case he said he would speak out, and "care not what should thereafter befall him, for he would not flatter though he saw death." In short, Jonson's acquaintance with contemporary English society, of all ranks and classes, was sufficiently large to supply him with all the "humours" he required for his plays. Nor was a touch of foreign travel wanting, to add fresh Continental recollections and experiences to those he had brought with him from the Low Countries. In 1613, he went to France in the capacity of governor or travelling tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son—a somewhat bad choice, one would think, for so shrewd a man as Raleigh to make. The youth, at any rate, soon found out his tutor's blind side. "Being knavishly inclined," as Ben himself told Drummond, "the youth, among other pastimes, caused him (Ben) to be drunken and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was, and thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delighted much, (saying his father when young was so inclined,) though the father abhorred it." The scene of this folly was probably Paris. In that city, at all events, Jonson met the Cardinal du Perron during this same visit, and told him to his face, according to his report to Drummond, that his translations from Virgil were good for nothing. Ben had, by this time, ceased to be a Catholic.

Among the London haunts of Ben, during the theatrical

season, when he and his brother dramatists were all in town, there is one which is entitled to pre-eminent mention. This was the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside, famous in our literary history as the habitual resort (for then, more even than now, people residing in London dined and supped in taverns) not only of Ben, but of Shakespeare, Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chapman, and the other literary celebrities of those days, and the scene of so many of those merry-meetings and wit-combats with which these gods, while as yet they were human enough, used to regale their leisure. Who does not know Beaumont's lines on this paragon of taverns?

> . . . . "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town
> For three days past—wit that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk foolishly
> Till that were cancelled; and, when that was gone,
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty, though but downright fools"

Raleigh, it is said, had founded a kind of regular club at the Mermaid before the close of Elizabeth's reign; and perhaps the most brilliant days of the Club were during the latter years of that reign and the first of James's, while Shakespeare was still in town to make one of the company. But even after Shakespeare had retired on his fortune to Stratford-on-Avon, the meetings were kept up with spirit by Ben and the rest of the fraternity. Nor, when Shakespeare came up to town, as he did at various times on business, would he fail to show his face in the well-known place of tryst. Any time, in fact, between 1603 and 1616, we are at liberty to fancy those meetings in the Mermaid, at which, over a board covered with cups of Canary, and in a room well filled surely with tobacco-smoke, (for had not Raleigh founded the Club, and was not the weed already sold in seven thousand shops in London?) the seated gods, with Ben among them, exchanged their bolts and flashes. Ah! what evenings were these; and how Ben and Shakespeare betongued each other, while the others listened and wondered; and how, when the company dispersed, the sleeping street heard their departing footsteps and voices, and the stars shone down on the old roofs!

2. *From* 1616 *to* 1625, *or from Ben's forty-fourth to his fifty-*

third year. –Shakespeare was dead. Ben himself, if the well-known tradition is to be believed, had been in part the innocent cause of his death: the fever of which he died having been contracted, according to that tradition, in consequence of too free hospitalities exercised in honour of Ben and Drayton during a visit which they paid him at his house in Stratford. Young Beaumont was also dead, and the fruitful partnership between him and Fletcher was at length dissevered. Chapman, Drayton, Webster, Marston, Middleton, Fletcher without Beaumont, Massinger, and some others, among whom we may now name Ford, were the powers in possession of the stage. Against these, or against most of them, Jonson had already measured himself; and now that some of the greatest stars of the first cluster were gone, and that he had in the meanwhile matured his own art by practice, it might have been supposed that his dramatic activity would be more constant than ever.

Such, however, was by no means the case. "For the long period of ten years from the death of Shakespeare," says Gifford, emphatically, "Jonson did not write one line for the stage." The statement is all but literally correct. The only regular play produced by Jonson during the period of nine years now under notice, was the comedy called *The Staple of News*, brought on the stage in 1625, the very last year of the nine; and it is not certain that James was not dead and Charles on the throne before this play saw the light. In the article of Masques, however, Ben was not so barren. Ten of these short performances, now printed among his works, were written during the period in question. Doubtless, also, many of those minor miscellaneous poems and scraps of critical and sententious prose, now appended to his longer and more elaborate compositions under the various names of *Epigrams*, *Observations*, *Forest*, *Underwoods*, and the like, were penned during those years. The probability, indeed, is, that during the nine years in question, Jonson was voluntarily keeping aloof from the drama, and exercising his genius in other directions, with a view to become independent of the stage altogether. As if to give a public advertisement to this effect, he had brought out in 1616, in folio, a collected edition of all his works, so far as he cared to have them preserved, written up to that date. By so doing, he seemed to bid farewell to the drama and to all connected with it. But why did he do so, and that at the very time when his mastery of the stage might seem to have been more secure than ever? The reason, we believe, will appear partly in a retrospect of Ben's actual relations to the stage, as determined by what he had already produced for it, partly in an account of the external circumstances of his life during the period at present under notice.

The *Poetaster*, produced in 1601, is the last play of Ben's to the character of which we have made any distinct allusion. It was a merciless satire, in which, by making the poets of the day in general, and Decker and Marston in particular, feel how dangerous he could be, if provoked, he sought to establish his literary reputation against the opposition which had attended his former appearances. In this, as we have seen, he had succeeded. Marston and he had become very good friends, after all; and Chapman and others wrote laudatory verses for his plays, and received similar compliments in return. In short, Ben's genius had secured him his rights, and placed him, in the opinion of all, in the very highest place after that occupied by Shakespeare.

But the spirit of opposition, if outwardly overcome, still rankled within. A very large ingredient of it, doubtless, was envy; but envy was not the sole ingredient. An innovator from the first, Ben necessarily experienced the usual fate of innovators. Even the unlettered public had an instinct that Master Jonson's plays, though mighty learned, and solid and good, were not altogether of the right sort. What they liked best in them they could not thoroughly relish. Shakespeare was their standard of comparison; and seizing on the prominent fact that Jonson made a show of learning in his plays, while Shakespeare made little or none, they laid all the difference to that. "Few of the University pen plays well," says a speaker in a dramatic burlesque of the time; "they smell too much of that writer Ovid and that writer 'Metamorphosis,' and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson too." The feeling thus existing in the public mind was kept alive by the more definite criticisms of Ben's literary rivals. What an absurd notion, that of Ben's, that the dramatist should at the same time be a moralist, writing for a purpose, taking his materials from contemporary society, making each play a lesson of some virtue, or a castigation of some vice, and so ordering his characters that each should represent some "humour" or exaggerated form of human nature, and that the catastrophe should result from the mutual action of the "humours" represented. Then, again, his preference for the classic model of comedy, his adhesion to the classic rule of the unities, and his habit of introducing translations from the Latin into his tragedies! Criticisms like these, caught up and repeated, widened the rupture between Ben and the public. Of course, when such criticisms presented themselves in the Mermaid Club, or other places, Ben's wrath would be fearful. But what was worse than any private onslaught on unlucky wights who were too candid in his presence, was his

habit of retaliating on the public in print for presuming not to like his plays, nay, of bearding the very audiences that came to hear him, by means of passages in the plays themselves, or in their prologues or epilogues, anticipating criticism, and signifying his indifference to it. Ben, in fact, was one of those men who are always " treating insults with silent contempt ;" that is, who are always making a tremendous noise about them, and never letting one pass without telling heaven and earth of the wrong. As specimens of the kind of " silent contempt" in which he indulged, take the following :—

From lines appended to the " Poetaster" on its publication in 1602.

" *Polyposus.* . . . . . They say you are slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a year."
" *Author.* . . . . 'Tis true ;
I would they could not say that I did that.
. . . That these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it by the multitude of voices
Against the most abstracted work, opposed
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout !
Oh, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watched labours to the fire.
. . . . Since the comic muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If tragedy have a more kind aspect ;
Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me : Once I'll say
To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some to wonder, some despite,
And more despair to imitate their sound.
I, that spend half my nights and all my days
Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy and the bays,
And in this age can hope no other grace.
Leave me ! There's something come into my thought
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof."

From the dedication of " Volpone" to the two Universities in 1607.— " . . . As for those that will make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they entrench with their petulant styles, may they do it, without a rival for me. I choose rather to live graved in obscurity than share with them in so preposterous a fame. . . . The present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul

doth not already abhor? Where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase—such plenty of solecisms—such dearth of sense—so bold prolepses—so racked metaphors, with brothelry able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and, to my crown, approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms but the manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living."

From the address to the reader prefixed to the 'Alchemist' in 1610.—"Thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened than in this age in poetry, especially in plays; wherein now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I name art, when the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals! [*It is evident that Ben has Shakespeare chiefly in view in what follows.*] I deny not but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom; and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than in a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know that, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages, because the most favour common error. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy (copiousness?) utter all they can, however unfitly, and these that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed."

These are but mild specimens of Ben's way of taking the public by the throat. There had been hardly one of his plays, produced between 1603 and 1616, in the prologue or epilogue to which, or in the text itself, he had not, in a similar manner, said something in the *odi profanum vulgus* strain, or dared the public at their peril to dislike the play, or abused other writers, and proclaimed himself to be the only true artist. Now, if there is any one thing that the public will not put up with, it is being bullied. There was, perhaps, an element of unpopularity in Ben's dramas themselves; but Ben's explosions of "silent contempt" in their behalf made the case worse. In short, cabals were formed against him, and his later plays were ill received. There were, of course, many—and they were chiefly among the

learned classes—who stood by Ben; who liked his doctrines about poetry and the drama; liked his learned allusions, and liked his style. There were others, doubtless, who, though they saw not only the immense superiority of Shakespeare personally to Jonson, but also the intrinsic superiority of the Shakespearian theory of dramatic art to that which Jonson represented and inculcated, still recognised the service which Jonson had done to the drama by his massive understanding, and felt the truth of some of his criticisms, and liked to hear him roar. But both these classes together could not save him from the general censure. He perceived this, and hence it was that in 1616, instead of persevering so as to obtain the sceptre which Shakespeare's hand had dropped, he withdrew in dudgeon from the theatre. His appeal with respect to what he had already done, was from the "ignorant many" to the "judicious and learned few" of his own time, and from his contemporaries to posterity; and, as for the further exertions of his genius, why these, again, were to be of that nobler kind which would be done better aloof,

"Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof."

After all, however, had not outward circumstances conspired to assist Ben's intention, it might have been difficult for him to keep to it. But it so happened, that, about the very time when he determined to retire among the learned, it became possible for him to do so. His wife, it appears, had recently died, and this of itself naturally induced some changes in his arrangements and mode of living. The house in Blackfriars was probably given up, and, at all events, that liberty of leaving London and moving about at pleasure among his friends, which he had used somewhat freely already, was very much increased. What his movements were from 1616 to 1618 cannot be ascertained; but in the summer of this latter year took place that famous foot-journey to Scotland which brought him into such close acquaintance with Drummond of Hawthornden.* He re-

* Drummond's conduct in committing to paper notes of Jonson's private conversations with him has been made the subject of much controversy. Gifford's tirade against Drummond is simply preposterous. Not that we can acquit Drummond altogether, perhaps. To make notes in any case whatever of confidential conversations, and more especially where bits of scandal are involved, would not, by a very strict taste, be considered honourable. The *amount* of the offence, however, in Drummond's case, depends very much on the intention he had. It is for those who know, independently, what kind of a man Drummond was to say what this may have been; but, so far as appears, he had no other motive than that natural interest which a man of letters living in Scotland would have in the kind of gossip Jonson could bring from London. The notes seem to have been intended for private keeping. See the case clearly stated by Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, in his Preface to the "Conversations," as published by the Shakespeare Society. For our part, seeing that the accuracy and truthfulness of the notes can hardly be doubted, our chief wish is that Drummond had sinned more, while he was about it, and given us more of Ben's gossip

sided with Drummond some weeks, but he remained in Scotland several months in all, and visited the Highlands and various parts of the Lowlands. After his return to England in the spring of 1619, various pieces of good fortune awaited him. In July he received an invitation to Oxford, where, amid other honours, he had the degree of Master of Arts conferred on him in a full convocation; and later in the same year, he was appointed by the king to the dignity of Poet-Laureate. Samuel Daniel, then just dead, had virtually held this office, but on Jonson's appointment, it was converted into something of substantial value by having an annual pension of one hundred merks attached to it. The reversion of the office of Master of the Revels was also conferred on Jonson by the king, and it was with some difficulty, we are informed, that his Majesty was prevented from knighting his favourite poet. It would have been done but for Ben's own reluctance to accept the honour. The reversion to the Mastership of the Revels brought Ben no increase of fortune, as he did not live to see the office vacant; but his salary as Laureate, together with what he derived from other sources, enabled him to rest from his labours for the stage without serious inconvenience. During the remainder of the reign of James, therefore, we are to imagine him engaged only on masques, and miscellaneous literary work. It was probably during these years that he accumulated most of those MSS.—including an account of his journey to Scotland, a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, and a history of Henry the Fifth—which were afterwards lost to the world by a fire.

3. *From* 1625 *to* 1637, *or from Ben's fifty-third to his sixty-fifth year.*—During these last twelve years of Ben's life, his position with respect to his contemporaries was that of a literary patriarch, retaining enough of his old fire and strength to hold the supremacy against all competitors, but, on the whole, living chiefly on the reputation of what he had already done. One or two of his old brother-Elizabethans, such as Chapman, Donne, and Drayton, survived for a time to bear him company; Massinger and Ford, out of those few newer men who had taken their places during James's reign among the Elizabethan dramatists, also survived, and were in the prime of their activity; among non-dramatic poets and general writers who had made their appearance in the same reign, and still continued to be known in literary circles, were Selden, Herbert, Herrick, Quarles, Withers, Phineas Fletcher, Carew, Browne, and others; and gradually adding themselves to those out of the generation then rising into manhood, were the Shirleys, the Wallers, the Davenants, the Sucklings, the Felthams, the Clarendons, the Miltons, the Clevelands, and the Cowleys, who were in their turn to live on and

be the literary powers of a new and very different era. In these last years of Ben Jonson's life, in fact, the age of Shakespeare and his contemporaries connects itself, and principally through Ben himself, with the age of which Milton is the greatest representative. Ben never knew Milton, though Milton was almost thirty years of age before he died; but that he had an instinctive sense of his function as a living link between a past time and that of which he now saw the beginning, is proved by the personal relations which he cultivated to other men who were of the same age as Milton, or even younger. The Mermaid Club, where Ben had been but one conspicuous member among others older than himself, now no longer existed; and instead of it had arisen the even more famous Apollo Club, held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, of which Ben himself had been the founder, and the laws of which, written by him in pure and classical Latin, were engraved in gold letters over the fireplace in the room where the Club met. Hither came all who, as the phrase was, "desired to be sealed of the tribe of Ben;" here from the chair, which no one else dared to occupy, he promulgated his critical dicta to his admiring disciples, showing them also, by example, with the help of Canary, what true wit was, and sometimes, we fear, under the same influence singing, "Old Sir Simon the King." Not Dryden afterwards at Wills's, nor Jonson's namesake, later still, at the Literary Club, ruled with greater authority than he did at the Apollo, during the later years of his life. Among the scores of young men whom he took under his patronage here, was Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, then a student of law, for whom he showed an extraordinary partiality till the youth began to attend to business, "which he thought ought never to be preferred to his company." It was very much in consequence of the personal influence thus exerted over rising young men in his declining years, that Ben's poetry and his theories about poetry, continued so powerfully to affect English literature throughout the whole of the seventeenth century.

But while Jonson's literary influence thus remained as great as ever, his personal fortunes were on the wane. The death of King James had affected them very considerably for the worse. Charles, it is true, continued to shew as much kindness as he conveniently could to the poet whom his father had liked and honoured; but his own tastes did not lead him to have so much personal intercourse with poets, or to take so much interest in their affairs as his father had found agreeable. While Ben's nominal relations to the Court, therefore, were the same as before, they were, in reality, far less intimate and far less profitable to himself. He was now seldom called upon for any of those courtly

entertainments in the shape of masques, and the like, which had been in so much request during the life of James, and which had brought him so considerable a part of his income. Only three masques in all of those printed among his works were produced for the court during this period of his life—the first for Twelfth Night 1626; the next not till 1630; and the last in the same year. Something more, however, than a mere change in the personal tastes and habits of the sovereign was involved in this diminution of the demand for Ben's services at court. Inigo Jones was now a far greater man at court than he had been when he and Ben first joined their heads together in getting up masques for the late queen and her ladies. Then, according to Ben, he had been a poor youth, with a capital of "thirty pounds in pipkins;" but now he was nothing less than court-architect and court-surveyor, moving about as a grandee, talking familiarly of Euclid, Archimedes, Vitruvius, and Architectonics, and betraying himself occasionally by misquotations in Latin. This portrait, it must be remembered, is drawn by Ben in his spleen, and as we cannot enter into particulars, the simple fact for us is, that here again, whether with right or wrong on his side, Ben had got into one of his quarrels. During James's life, Inigo and he had managed to co-operate harmoniously and with mutual compliments; but not long after the accession of Charles, the architect and the poet came to a deadly strife on a point of precedence—the architect insisting that the essential part of the masque was *his* machinery, and the poet maintaining that the masque was nought without *his* verses. The quarrel came to a height when Ben, in publishing one of his masques, placed his own name before the architect's in the title-page. Inigo, using his influence at court, was able to shew his sense of the wrong done to his dignity, by having Ben's services dispensed with in future at court-masques, and having other poets, among whom was one Aurelian Townshend, called in as substitutes. Ben, on his side, took his revenge in those lampoons on Inigo which are printed with his other works. Those who are interested in the "quarrels of authors," will find the history of this one related at length in Gifford and elsewhere.

Deprived of a portion of his emoluments from the court, Ben, among whose virtues prudence had been one of the least, began to be really in want, and that at a time when his bodily powers were failing him. Though of a scorbutic habit of body from his boyhood, and of late years grown so enormously corpulent as to be the wonder of Fleet Street, his health had hitherto been proof against all the excesses with which he had tried it; but now dropsy, palsy, and a complication of other disorders, came upon him at once, and for the last years of his life he was scarcely

able to go abroad. At least as early as 1628, these maladies had begun to show themselves, and to unfit him for the work required to make up the loss of his Court perquisites. Still he made the attempt. Despite his vows against the stage, he ventured in 1629 to try the public favour with a comedy called *The New Inn*; and, though that failed so conspicuously as to be driven off the stage, his necessities obliged him to digest the affront, and again appeal to the public in his *Magnetic Lady* and his *Tale of a Tub.* These three plays, with the pastoral called *The Sad Shepherd*, and one or two short poetical entertainments written on commission from noble patrons, were the last efforts of his pen. The receipts from them, whatever they were, were by no means sufficient, even when added to his pension as Laureate, to save Ben in his declining years from destitution; and letters of his, both to the King and to various noblemen, are extant, in which he pleads his extreme poverty, and begs their assistance. It is pleasant to have to record that Charles was not appealed to in vain. Besides sending the poet a present of a hundred pounds after the failure of his comedy in 1629, he raised his salary as Laureate in 1630, from a hundred merks to a hundred pounds, adding the annual tierce of wine so celebrated in the history of the Laureateship. More than this, it has been proved by the researches of Mr. Dyce into the life of the poet Middleton, that a salary of a hundred nobles a year which had been voted to Jonson by the city of London on his appointment to succeed Middleton as city poet in 1628, but of which they had stopped payment since 1631, because Jonson had "shown no fruits of his labours" in the post, was renewed and paid, with arrears, in 1634, expressly on the ground of the King's solicitation. At this time Jonson may be said to have been on his deathbed; for disease had now confined him to his house, and it was only a question how long he would survive. He died on the 6th of August 1637, and on the 9th was buried in Westminster Abbey. A subscription was begun with a view to erect a suitable monument to him; but as in those days of political excitement in anticipation of the Civil Wars, the subscription rather lagged, an eccentric Oxfordshire squire, commonly called Jack Young, took the opportunity, as he was passing through the Abbey, to secure at least an epitaph for the poet, by giving a mason eighteenpence to cut on the stone which covered the grave the words, "O rare Ben Jonson!"

There was good policy in Gifford's protest against the habit of never viewing Ben Jonson except in contrast with a man of such exceptional proportions as Shakespeare. Nor can there be any doubt that, if a critic cared to take the trouble, he could make a

very interesting and instructive study of Jonson without ever alluding to Shakespeare in connexion with him. On the other hand, however, there is, both historically and psychologically, greater propriety in the habit of keeping up the parallel between the two men than Gifford was disposed to allow. Historically, the propriety of doing so consists in the fact that, while they were yet alive, they were set up against each other as exhibiting different characteristics and representing different tendencies of art, and that they were themselves conscious of the rivalry thus forced upon them. There was, moreover, a considerable period in the history of English literature—that intervening between Shakespeare's death and the close of the seventeenth century—during which, chiefly from the circumstance that Jonson lived twenty-one years into the period, and so had time to impress his personality and his literary maxims upon some of its leading minds, the habit of comparing Shakespeare and Jonson with a view to make out a kind of co-equality between them on the whole, while allowing to Shakespeare the greater natural genius, constituted in itself a powerful intellectual influence. Without recognising this fact of an exaggerated estimate of Jonson at one time in comparison with Shakespeare, it is impossible to understand many of the literary peculiarities of the age of Dryden. But even now that time has worked the proper separation between the two men, there are reasons, distinct from the historical one, why the habit of comparing or contrasting them should still be kept up. Physically, morally, and intellectually, the men were such that, being as they were friends and contemporaries, there is a kind of necessity for imagining them together, so as to make each bring out into greater relief the peculiarities of the other. To this day, accordingly, Fuller's well-known fancy-picture of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson as they used to sit opposite to each other at the Mermaid and in other places, is felt to be about as authentic a representation of the two men personally and socially as it would be possible to give.

"Many were the wit-combats betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performance; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-mar, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Fuller, though he was but eight years of age at the time of Shakespeare's death, had reached his thirtieth year before Jonson died; and his picture may, therefore, pretend to some historical value. By the addition, at all events, of a particular or

two, it may be made to serve yet as the most accurate we have. The latest time, be it noted, at which the two men could have been seen together, as Fuller fancies them, either at the Mermaid or anywhere else, was the year 1615-16. Assume the time to have been 1615. Shakespeare was then fifty-one years of age, (the fact that he was the elder of the two is apt to be forgotten;) Jonson was forty-two. Glancing from the one to the other, one is struck first of all by the difference of their corporeal dimensions and proportions. Fuller must have had this partly in his eye when he hit on the comparison between the English man-of-war and the Spanish great galleon. The elder, Shakespeare, unless we greatly misinterpret all the contemporary allusions to him that remain, was not above the average size and weight of intellectual Englishmen—"a handsome, well-shaped man," says Aubrey; or, if the imagination insists on being still more literal, let us say, some five feet nine inches in height, and decidedly on this side of twelve stone in weight. Opposite to this model of courteous proportions, Ben, though nine years the junior, was a Colossus—height unknown, but presumably greater by an inch or two than Shakespeare's; and weight, if not yet actually twenty stone bating two pounds, which we know on his own authority it ultimately became, at least tending to that limit, by very visible efforts at increased girth everywhere, but chiefly round the waist. In figure, indeed, and in gait when he walked, Ben Jonson was a kind of first edition of his namesake Samuel. Nor does the resemblance stop here. Like the Doctor, Ben was from his birth of a scorbutic constitution, and bore the marks of it about with him. In his youth his complexion had been tolerably clear and white, but as he grew older, his irregular habits had produced their effects, and there had presented themselves on his face these seams and scars and blotches, which made it, according to all accounts, a face among ten thousand. One has only to look at the capital portrait of Jonson prefixed to Gifford's original edition of the poet's works, and then at any fair copy of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, or of any of those portraits whose general resemblance to the bust attests their genuineness, to be able to fancy the difference of the heads and faces of the two men as answering to and completing the difference of their forms and figures. On the shoulders of Shakespeare we see that well-known head and face, so difficult accurately to describe, and yet so peculiar, with its general fulness and roundness of contour, its small individual features, its high forehead made still higher in appearance by being bald almost to the crown, its rich and placid expression, and its evident predominance of tissue over bone, of passive sensibility over active energy. One fancies the complexion fair rather than dark, or at least less inclining to dark

than to fair. Look, again, at Jonson. The head seems bigger, the features are larger and coarser, the brow is more gnarled and corrugated, the hair seems to cling and curl about the head with a resolution to be stiff and grey rather than fall off, and the expression is altogether surly, rugged, defiant, fierce and active, rather than passive or impressible. One could anticipate, in a general way, how the two men would conduct themselves in conversation before they opened their lips. Jonson would be dogmatic, aggressive, controversial, blustering, and rude; Shakespeare, unless his face belied him, would be sympathetic, assisting, inventive, full of matter, gentle on the whole, and yet to be roused incredibly by a proper stimulus. Perhaps, however, while the two men were quiet, the bets would have been in favour of Jonson. As in the case of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the feeling, in looking at his portentous face, would be that of wonder whether any man could possibly be so wise as that man looked: very likely, amid a company of strangers, it would be to his side of the table, and not to that where Shakespeare sat, that all eyes would be turned. But suppose the bets taken, and the combat about to begin. Lo! how big Ben, like the Spanish great galleon, heaves under way, how he rolls and swaggers, how he lays down the law very much as his ponderous namesake did afterwards in a different circle, how he laughs, and quotes, and browbeats, and utters most furious wisdom, and only leaves off when there is enough of admiration to let him fall back triumphant upon the Canary. Shakespeare, meanwhile, has been listening to the rhinoceros with the most perfect enjoyment, and watching his face, and, whether agreeing with him or not, thinking him a most wonderful fellow in the main, and far more learned than himself. It is difficult to get Shakespeare into a controversy, but sometimes a word will be spoken on one side or the other, which leaves him no choice but to develop his own view of a subject in contradiction to Ben, or let Ben off with some roaring fallacy, and the honours of the evening on account of it. Flesh and blood, even when they are the flesh and blood of a Shakespeare, cannot stand this; so have at you, Ben, for William is roused! It is Fuller's English man-of-war getting under way. There may be a lurch or two as he leaves the harbour, but how swiftly and beautifully he floats at last out into the deep water, and once there how he masters the element! How he tacks and turns and sails round and round his antagonist, and baffles him, and bewilders him, and sends shot after shot into him faster than they can be counted! Not that Ben takes it all quietly. On the contrary, he brings all his mass to bear upon his nimble adversary, and tries to drown him at first with loudness, and throws emphasis and rage into his words, and hurls out learned

quotations and allusions in the midst of his masculine and witty retorts, and even follows his adversary as well as he can into the regions of the subtle, the hyperbolic, and the sublime. In vain; for, according to his own testimony afterwards, the adversary he is engaged with is, besides all his other gifts and qualities, a man of unparalleled fluency. "I loved the man," said Ben, "and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein *he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: 'sufflaminandus erat,'* as Augustus said of Haterius." We have not the slightest doubt of it; only we suspect the stopping of him, when he was in one of his phrenzies, would not have been so easy. In short, only substitute Ben for Laertes, and Shakespeare for Hamlet, in the famous scene at Ophelia's grave, and you may construe it into a pretty fair representation of the manner in which, when Shakespeare was in a mouthing humour, a word-and-wit combat between him and Jonson was likely to end. Laertes, after standing by the grave and speaking for a time about it and his sister's death, leaps in, and concludes thus:—

"Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
"*Hamlet, advancing.*—What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
(*Hamlet here leaps into the grave, and Laertes grapples with him.*)
"*Hamlet.*—I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
"*King.*—Pluck them asunder.
"*Queen.* Hamlet! Hamlet!
"*All.*—Gentlemen?
"*Horatio.* Good my lord, be quiet.
(*The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*)
"*Hamlet.*—Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
"*Queen.*—O my son! what theme?
"*Hamlet.*—I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
"*King.*—O, he is mad, Laertes.

"*Queen.*—For love of God, forbear him.
"*Hamlet.*—'Swounds! show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground
Singeing his pate against the burning zone
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
"*Queen.*— This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him.
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.
"*Hamlet.*— Hear you, Sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever; but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.—(*Exit.*)"

Positively, after transcribing this passage, we cannot shake off a kind of impression that Shakespeare, when he wrote it, might have intended it to have some such second meaning in reference to his own powers of rhetoric in controversy, as we have found in it. Let Ophelia's grave stand for *any theme of talk*, and then Ben may be Laertes, and Shakespeare himself may be Hamlet, and the rest may be the onlookers and commentators, and yet every word and allusion will be singularly significant.

One might prolong this contrast between Shakespeare and Jonson by following them away from the Mermaid, or any other mere circle of wit and rhetoric, into the general behaviour and intercourse of life. In such a case, there would be no end to the antitheses that one could make out of a comparison of the two men. Shakespeare was prudent, and became rich; Jonson was all his life troubled with impecuniosity. Shakespeare, though a genial companion, seems never to have pursued conviviality with anything of that appetite for it which is apt to degenerate into sottishness. The same cannot be said of Ben. Shakespeare led a life of singular calm, and his writings are singularly devoid of any indications of his likings or dislikings, or of any allusions, eulogistic or the reverse, to his literary contemporaries. Jonson's life was one series of quarrels, and he has left the record of his personal relations to his contemporaries in satires, epigrams, laudatory poems, prefaces, dedications, and inscriptions innumerable. To write a true biography of Shake-

speare, is perhaps the most difficult task of the kind that one could undertake; while Ben has almost written his own biography. One particular more, and we have done. Shakespeare, with all his power of poetic phrenzy, all his occasional despondency and melancholy, and all his delight in imaginations of the ghostly and metaphysical, seems to have kept his own intellect singularly clear and healthy in its action, and never to have been in danger of confusing the real amid which he moved, with the fantastical which he created. In Jonson, on the other hand,—and this is another point of resemblance between him and his later namesake,—there was a touch of hypochondria. He told Drummond, that when his eldest son was dying, at a distance, he had seen a vision of him, with a bloody cross on his forehead; and he had sometimes, as he also told Drummond, remained awake all night looking at his great toe, and seeing Turks and Tartars, Romans and Carthaginians, fighting round it. There is evidence occasionally, in his writings, of strong religious feeling beclouded with superstition.

The following is the character of Ben Jonson, given by Drummond, as the result of his experience of him during their intercourse at Hawthornden:—

"He (Jonson) is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth;) a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, and a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindicative, but if he be well answered, at himself. For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with phantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason,—a general disease in many poets."

A libel, a libel! Master Drummond, and far more discreditable to you than even your note-taking! It was not so that Shakespeare thought of Ben, that Bacon thought of him, or Chapman, or Donne, or Lord Pembroke, or Lord Clarendon, or any of those greater men who had the best opportunities of knowing him, and the faculty necessary for striking a balance between the sterling good and the evil that might be associated with it. Moreover, it is only necessary to study Ben as he yet appears to us in his writings, and in the total record of what he did and said, to see that there was a fund of magnanimity in him. Jealousy of others, and the habit of shewing it, may have been among his besetting sins; but we have only to read his two eulogies on Shakespeare, the one in prose, the other in verse, both written after Shakespeare was gone, or his noble

tributes to Bacon in his time of disgrace, to see that after all he recognised intellect, and could do generons homage to it. Of his kindliness, too, to inferior men, and of the general warmth of his affections, there are as many proofs on record as there are of his peevishness, his churlishness, and his disposition to quarrel. Then, in his various works what evidence of real and honest manhood of nature,—in his dramas, not only that strength of sense and of phrase, that wealth of observation and humour, and that weight of learning, which all have allowed to him, but also bursts of truly great sentiment, and passages all but reaching the sublime; while, on turning to his masques and lyrics, it has all the effect of a surprise, to see how far so solid a genius can go towards the opposite extreme of the exquisite, the delicate, and the fantastical, like a tame pachyderm in a garden of lilies. And yet we must not forget that Drummond's character of Ben was taken from the life, and that though as a whole it is a libel, there are particulars of truth in it. Hence, if we had time and space to go on, and to pass from a consideration of Ben's character as a man to a discussion of his peculiarities as a poet and dramatist, the interesting inquiry that would await us would be one having it for its object to explain the curious circumstance that Ben, being such a man as we have described him, should have taken up the trade of a moralist in his poetry, and should on this very point have separated from his contemporaries. That the "doctrine," or the "information of men in the true reason of living," ought to be regarded, as Ben held it should, as "the principal end of poesie," is, we believe, a heresy and an intellectual confusion, the effect of which, if acted on, would be the degradation at once of poetry and of philosophy into their second-rate forms. Still the heresy is one which, in certain circumstances of society, might very well be expected to occur to men of peculiarly high and strict personal character, and to be by them earnestly promulgated in the supposed interest of virtue. But that it should have occurred to Ben, that it should have been this gross man of the taverns, this very peccant mass of humanity soaked in Canary, this ill-girt son of Fleet Street, that announced it in his age, and assailed his brother Elizabethans for not believing it, and offered himself as a martyr to the critics on account of it, may seem somewhat strange. The explanation of the apparent anomaly, and, as part of the same question, the examination of that peculiar notion of "the humours," which figured so largely in Ben's theory of dramatic art, could not, we think, be found very difficult. Our chief concern, however, throughout this article, has been with Ben as a man; and how in his case the man was sublimated into the poet, is an inquiry which the acute reader may be left to develop for himself.

ART. VII.—*The Gospel in Ezekiel, illustrated in a Series of Discourses.* By the REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black. 1855.

2. *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age.* By the REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. Oxford, J. H. Parker. 1852.

3. *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical.* By the REV. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Second Series. Edited from the Author's MSS., by JAMES AMIRAUX JEREMIE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge, Macmillan and Co. 1856.

IT is at once the praise and the reproach of the Scottish pulpit that, efficient as it has been for its direct and proper objects, it has enriched our literature with but few specimens of the highest style of eloquence. The Christian ministry in Scotland, while as generally intelligent, as well-taught in theology, as devout, energetic, and influential, as that of any other Protestant country, has had denied to it the opportunities and stimulants, or has refused to itself the leisure amid which the higher products of the intellect or imagination are ripened and matured. We can remember the names of but two Scottish preachers whose discourses, when committed to the press, rose buoyant above all distinctions of church and country—spread wherever the English tongue was spoken, and took their place among the classics of our country in this department of her literature.

The intelligent reader who now opens the pages of Dr. Blair, may be inclined to wonder that discourses so empty of genius, so weak in intellectual power, should have attained such an extensive and extraordinary popularity as hailed their publication. They owed this not a little to their adaptation to the times. It was an age of feeble religious faith, and of considerable though somewhat pretentious literary culture. The distinctive truths of Christianity, had they been forcibly exhibited, would have found but a limited circle to receive and to relish the exhibition; nor could anything bearing the repulsive garb of a sermon, have then found its way among the educated classes of our country, without some secondary charm to open for it an entrance, and win for it a gracious reception. The discourses of Dr. Blair possessed in an eminent degree the two very attributes required to recommend them to the mind and taste of that community. The doctrines of Christianity

were presented in so diluted and subdued a form, as to come into no harsh conflict with the current religious beliefs; while the beauty and tenderness of the sentiments, and the nice balance and musical flow of the periods in which these were expressed, fell with a grateful surprise on ears enamoured of such a style, but unaccustomed to hear it emanating from the pulpit. The religion of the Bible appeared in these polished pages beaming with such a benignant smile, and speaking in such honeyed accents, that multitudes were delighted to be introduced to so agreeable a companionship—a new zest imparted to the delight by the very circumstance that they had been so little in such company before.

It was a very different age in which Dr. Chalmers's Discourses were first offered to the public. The spirit of a deep religious earnestness had within a narrow range sprung into life and power, and panted eagerly for extension. That extension the evangelism of an earlier epoch, appearing in its ancient guise, and speaking its ancient language, would have failed to achieve. With all the olden fervour beating in its bosom, a new dress and gait and utterance were required to vindicate its right of access to the high places of scientific and cultured society, and clothe its presence there with authority and respect. Nurtured himself in the lap of science, his own earlier antipathies to evangelism had made Dr. Chalmers most sensitively alive to the deep injuries that Christianity had suffered, from the uncouth garments that had been thrown around her—the stiff, repulsive, always formal, too often pharisaic phraseology in which her doctrines had been couched. Alive to the necessities of the time, gifted equally in intellect and imagination, fired with an enthusiasm rarely paralleled, and furnished out of an armoury to which few of his profession had found access, he ascended the pulpit to put forth all his energies, and wield every weapon he could command, that he might commend to general acceptance the sacred truths revealed from heaven. His discourses, as suited to the wants as Blair's were to the tastes of the age, but charged with higher excellencies, more enduring elements of attractiveness and strength, are the only ones that have yet issued from Scotland which have taken the highest, and that a permanent place in the literature of Britain.

It is now more than the lifetime of a generation since the "Astronomical Discourses" first met the public eye. The changes which that period has brought with it, both within and without the Church, have been numerous and significant. A large opportunity has been afforded; many exciting stimulants have been applied, and yet from the Scottish pulpit no fresh voice had issued, speaking so as to win any audience wider than

that of the religious circles of the country.* In such circumstances, we cannot but hail with satisfaction these discourses of Dr. Guthrie, which have at once taken their place among the enduring monuments of Scottish genius and piety. No volume of sermons since the publication of Dr. Chalmers's discourses, has had anything like so rapid a sale in Scotland. And its circulation has been as wide as it has been rapid. It has risen above all bounds of sect or party; and, floating on its light and beautiful wings, it has gone where sermons seldom reach, carrying the Gospel to ears quite open to its poetry and pathos, but which would have closed themselves against the naked, unclothed truths which it is its great object to convey. Not that we would present these sermons to our readers as either possessed of the same qualities, or having rendered to the cause of evangelism the same kind of service with those of Dr. Chalmers. Their attributes and aim are different. They are not expository; they are not doctrinal; they contain no searching analysis—no elaborate argumentation. There are no flights of thought that the intellectual alone can follow; no fine imaginings that the refined and cultivated only could enjoy. It is but seldom the preacher tries to thread the mazes of human thought, or track the windings of the human conscience, when occupied with the things of the unseen world. Nor are there here any novelties, either of independent speculation, or of the form in which, when doctrinally presented, the truths of the Gospel are exhibited. Dr. Guthrie is content to bring their truths before his readers, in a series of the simplest and plainest propositions open to every understanding, in terms that are incapable of ambiguity. And yet there is much more of method and profound theology in this volume, than any reader or hearer of a single discourse might be apt to imagine. For, take those doctrinal propositions successively laid down, and severing from them, for a moment, that large and brilliant mass of illustration which constitutes the main bulk of the volume, bring the propositions together, look at them as a whole, and in well-marshalled order and compact form you have that Calvinistic creed, of which some are pleased to think that the day of its empire is passing away; that it exists only in a dry and husky form, into which it is impossible that the spirit of a genial, all-embracing charity can be breathed; and that its only lingering power lies in that hard

* Better hopes may be entertained of the future. The Sermon preached lately by Mr. Caird before Her Majesty, and published by her command, we have read with unmingled admiration; the practical, the doctrinal, the devotional, so happily blended, conveyed in a style free from all Scottish peculiarities, and inlaid with beauties both of thought and diction, which please all the more, that no artificial means are taken to force them upon our notice.

repulsive logic within which the dogmatism of centuries has imbedded it. What then are we to make of this volume of Dr. Guthrie? Here is Calvinism naked and undisguised, in its old familiar form, and yet no hard logic encasing it. It stands upon its own feet, without a logical support at all—yet its step is free, its form erect, its tread is firm and strong. Here is Calvinism, and yet no stern frown upon its dry contracted features; that surely is a loving eye it casts around—it is a warm and wide-spreading love that beats within that heart. But though there is no novelty either in the doctrine itself, or in the intellectual exhibition of it, to be met with in Dr. Guthrie's discourses, there is great novelty of another kind—novelty of illustration; a novelty which makes this volume in that peculiar aspect to be as especially fitted to its day as those of Dr. Blair or Dr. Chalmers were to theirs. Our popular literature has become distinctively pictorial. Macaulay does not narrate simply, he exhibits—he not only tells of the actors and the action—he summons the actors into life again, passes them before our eye, and lets us see them at the very doing of the deed. Dr. Guthrie has drunk deeply of that spirit by which our current literature has been imbued. His discourses consist to a great extent of a series of illustrative word-pictures. His style, often copious and overflowing—yet often, also, plain and terse, approaching to the colloquial, having more in it of the attributes of spoken than of written language, is admirably fitted for its office. And the materials he uses are the very best for broadest effect. He dips his brush in the simplest colours, and as with a firm hand, bold and strong, he fills his canvas, figures start into life there that every eye at once recognises; and in attitudes whose meaning needs no interpreter to describe. The result is, that these discourses are equally addressed and equally adapted to the highest and the lowest—the ripest scholar, and the rudest clown. Their author has looked on the material world with the eye of a poet—on human life with the eye of a philanthropist, and the two great open fountains whence his imagery as a pulpit orator is drawn, are that fresh broad-face of nature, our oldest and newest friend, and this our daily familiar life: some striking aspect of the one, some pathetic incident in the other. At one time the proposition he undertakes to illustrate is that the love of Christ is the mightiest instrument of conversion. In doing so he does not, as Dr. Chalmers would have done, go down into the arcana of the human spirit, and after observation and study of its laws come up with a demonstration of the expulsive and the dominating power of that new affection. He rests all on facts. He quotes the well-known incident in the history of the Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. Yet see how the very name of Green-

land excites the fancy of the preacher to picture the physical aspects of the scene, and one of its chosen haunts supplies to him the imagery: —

"For what reason I know not, but it is a fact that they commenced and continued for months to preach to these savages of their sins. They told them of the wrath of God; they sounded Sinai's thunders; they blew its loudest trumpet in their ears; they appealed to their conscience, to their fears, to their self-love and self-interest. They told them of a heaven above, with a sun that never set, and of a dark and dreary hell below, where nor sun nor hope ever rose; of fire that burned and a worm that gnawed incessantly. Thus they preached. But their preaching was all in vain. The aspect of their hearers had its counterpart in the wintry landscape of these northern regions; characterised by perpetual night—the intense cold—death-like silence; a sunless sky; and a sea bound fast in chains of ice. These good men changed their plan. They chose another theme. Exchanging the law for the love of God, they preached of Calvary, and expatiated on the love which brought Jesus to a cross, and opened his blessed arms to embrace the world. The effect was almost as immediate as remarkable. When summer came and the snows melted on their hills, and, with sounds like the salvos of cannon that announce a victory, the ice broke on these frozen seas; and beneath the beams of a sun which blazed at midday nor set at midnight, the earth—like a corpse come to life—disrobed itself out of its snowy shroud; and the sea, rejoicing in freedom from its icy bonds, with tides that ebbed and flowed, once more answered to the influences of heaven, and rising to the wind, praised God night and day with the voices of its roaring breakers,—this glorious change was but a picture of the melting, moving, transforming, regenerating power felt by the soul of the poor wondering savage, as he looked with weeping eye on the love of Christ and the bloody cross of Calvary."—Pp. 334-5.

In the two other extracts which we have to offer, the reader may, perhaps, detect the fancy of the preacher acting under the same laws of association, and repairing to one or other of its two favourite resorts. The proposition is that "God is slow to punish." The illustration is:—

"Look, for example, on the catastrophe of the Deluge. We may have our attention so engrossed by the dread and awful character of this judgment, as to overlook all that preceded it, and see nothing but these devouring waters.

"The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and lakes into seas, and along fertile plains the sea stretches out her arms to seize their flying population. Still the waters rise; and now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain tops, the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them like a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise; and, crowding closer on the narrow spaces of their lessening tops, men and beasts fight for standing-room. Still the thunders roar and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off,

and the head of the highest Alp goes down beneath the wave. And now the waters rise no more; God's servant has done his work; he rests from his labours; and, all land drowned—all life destroyed—an awful silence reigning and a shoreless ocean rolling, Death for once has nothing to do, but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which, meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes, to break upon, sweeps round and round the world.

"We stand aghast at this scene; and as the corpses of gentle children and sweet infants are floating by, we exclaim, "Has God forgotten to be gracious—is His mercy clean gone for ever?" No; assuredly not. Where, then, is His mercy? Look here; look at this ark which, steered by an invisible hand, comes dimly through the gloom. That lonely ship on a shoreless sea carries mercy on board; and within walls that are pitched without and within, she holds the costliest freight that ever sailed the sea. The germs of the Church are there—the patriarchs of the old world, and the fathers of the new. Suddenly, amid the awful gloom, as she drifts over that dead and silent sea, a grating noise is heard; she has grounded on the top of Ararat. The door is opened; and beneath the sign of the olive branch, they come forth from their baptismal burial, like life from the dead,—like souls passing from nature into a state of grace,—like the saints when they shall rise at the summons of the trumpet to behold a new heaven and a new earth, and to see the sign, which these 'gray fathers' hailed, encircling the head that was crowned with thorns.

Nor is this all. Our Heavenly Father's character is dear to us; and I must remind you that ere mercy flew, like the dove, to that asylum, she had swept the world with her wings. Were there but eight, only eight saved? There were thousands, millions sought. Nor is it justice to God to forget how long a period of patience, and preaching, and warning, and compassion, preceded that dreadful deluge. Long before the lightning flashed from angry heavens; long before thunders rolled along dissolving skies; long before the clouds rained down death; long before the floor and solid pavement of this earth, under the prodigious agencies at work, broke up, like the deck of a leaking ship, and the waters rushed from below to meet the waters from above, and sink a guilty world; long before the time when the ark floated away by tower and town, and those crowded hill-tops, where frantic groups had clustered, and amid prayers and curses, and shrieks and shouts, hung out their signals of distress—very long before this, God had been calling an impenitent world to repentance. Had they no warning in Noah's preaching? Was there nothing to alarm them in the very sight of the ark as story rose upon story; and nothing in the sound of those ceaseless hammers to waken all but the dead? It was not till Mercy's arm grew weary ringing the warning bell, that, to use the words of my text, God 'poured out his fury' on them. I appeal to the story of this awful judgment. True, for forty days it rained incessantly, and for one hundred and fifty days more 'the waters prevailed on the earth;' but while the period of God's justice is reckoned by days, the period of his long-suffering was drawn out

into years; and there was a truce of one hundred and twenty years between the first stroke of the bell and the first crash of the thunder. Noah grew gray preaching repentance. The ark stood useless for years, a huge laughing-stock for the scoffer's wit; it stood till it was covered with the marks of age, and its builders with the contempt of the world; and many a sneer had these men to bear, as, pointing to the serene heavens above and an empty ark below, the question was put, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' Most patient God! Then, as now, thou wert slow to punish—'waiting to be gracious.'"—Pp. 64-67.

The departure of our first parents from Paradise is described in connexion with the departure of the Israelites from Judea:—

"If our bosom burns with any patriotic fire, if we have the common affections of men for family and friends, it is impossible to look with insensibility at that bleeding fragment of a nation gathered for the march to Babylon, amid the blackened and blood-stained ruins of their capital. What a mournful company! The sick, the bedrid, the blind, old men tottering forth on the staff of age, and plucking their gray beards with grief; the skeleton infant hanging on a breast that famine and sorrow have dried; mothers with terror-stricken children clinging to their sides, or, worse still, with gentle daughters imploring their protection from these rude and ruffian soldiers; a few gallant men, the survivors of the fight, wasted by famine, bleeding from unbandaged wounds, their arms bound, and burning tears streaming down their cheeks, as they looked on wives and daughters shrieking and helpless in the arms of brutal passion; how they strain at their bonds! and bitterly envy their more fortunate companions who lay in the bloody breach, nor had survived to see the horrors of that day! The piety that abhors the sins of this people is not incompatible with the pity that sympathises with their sorrows; and we could sit down and weep with Jeremiah, as, seated on a broken pillar of the temple, desolation around him, and no sound in his ear but the long wild wail of the captive band, he wrung his hands, raised them to heaven, and cried, 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!'

"There was a home-leaving, however, in which we feel a nearer interest. I do not refer to that eventful morning when some of us left a father's house; and the gates of that happy sanctuary opened, amid tears and fears and many a kind farewell—and when watched by a father's eye, and followed by a mother's prayers, we pushed out our bark on the swell of life's treacherous sea. The turning time of many a young man's history,—the crisis of his destiny,—that day may have exerted an influence as permanent on our fate as its impression remains indelible on our memory. I refer to a home-leaving of far older date; to one, not of personal, nor of national, but of universal interest. My eye is turned back on the day when our first parents, who had fallen into sin and forfeited their inheritance, were expelled from man's first home. And, recollecting

the reluctance with which I have seen a heart-broken mother make up her mind to disown the prodigal, and drive him from her door,—knowing, when with slow and trembling hand she had barred him out, how it seemed to her as if in that horrid sound she had heard the door of heaven bolted against him,—and feeling how much provocation we ourselves could suffer, ere a bleeding heart would consent to turn a child out upon the open streets, and believing also that our Father in heaven is kinder than the kindest, and better than the best of us, and that the fondest, fullest heart is to his, but as the rocky pool—the lodge of some tiny creature—to the great ocean which has filled it with a wave, no demonstration of God's abhorrence of sin (always excepting the cross of Calvary) comes so impressively to our hearts as his expulsion of our unhappy parents from his own blissful presence and their sweet home in Eden. When with slow and lingering steps Adam and Eve came weeping forth from Paradise, and the gate was locked behind them, that was the bitterest home-leaving the world ever saw. Adam, the federal head of his family—they come not alone, but are followed by a longer and sadder procession than went weeping on the way to Babylon: they are followed by a world in tears. Cast out in them—in them condemned and expatriated—we all defiled the land wherein we dwelt. In this sense the world sinned in Adam, and defiled the happy bowers of Eden; and the universality of sin stands firm on the universality of the sentence, 'Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.'"—Pp. 25-27.

These passages may let our readers see how freely and unrestrainedly this eloquent preacher has allowed his imagination to expatiate within her favourite haunts—how little he has suffered himself to be held in check by the conventional usages of the Scottish pulpit—how carefully he has cultivated that illustrative faculty which, wielded by the hand of genius, at the prompting of a heart all quivering with emotion, and baptized in the pure element of Christian faith—has crowded his pages with those picturesque and pathetic exhibitions of divine truth which so often moisten with an incipient tear the eye that the moment before has been glittering with delight. Has the pulpit suffered by the freedom thus exercised? Has the religion of the Bible suffered by this mode of exhibiting it? In consequence of his having exercised that freedom, and adopted that mode, Dr. Guthrie has put into our hands a volume that will earn attention for its sacred themes, wherever that taste for pictorial writing exists, which our current literature has created; and which is destined, we believe, by reason of its more enduring merits, to pass into the hands of our children's children, as one of the manuals of piety by which, in future generations, the faith of our Scottish people will be brightened and refreshed.

But how many other varieties of talent are there in the Christian ministry of Scotland, which, if they gave themselves but equal freedom, and bestowed upon themselves an equal culture,

might rise in exercise to equal excellence, and so turn the pulpit into a many-sided instrument of power. We meet each Sabbath in the sanctuary of God—to be enlightened as to the firm and everlasting foundations of moral and spiritual obligation—to have expounded to us the sacred oracles of heaven—to have unfolded to us, and enforced, the various duties we owe to God, to Christ, and to one another—to be comforted, refreshed, and strengthened in the midst of the world's bustling cares by the rest and the repose of faith—to have all truthful, and tender, and humane, and devout affections awakened—to be stirred up to fresh activity in promoting the Christian and benevolent enterprises of our day—and why, with such a vast compass and complexity of objects to be gained, and such a variety of means and instruments by which they might be accomplished—why should that address which our clergyman delivers to us be restricted to any one particular form or method, to vary from which, or substitute another in its stead, would be held as violating the proprieties of the hour and place? Why take the 2500 men who constitute the band of effective Christian ministers in Scotland,—with all their complexional diversity of taste, genius, acquirement, and power,—and cramp their energies, by obliging them all to work within that one model of orderly and well-nigh exclusively doctrinal discourse, which the custom of our forefathers has transmitted to us? Grant that that is one of the very best ways for the minister to address his people. Grant that it has proved its power in the robust character of that Scottish piety which it has helped to form. Admit that wherever the caste and character of the minister's intellect incline him to it, he should adopt a model which so large an experience has matured and authenticated. But why should that be the one and only way of it?

It is the highest, and if the custom of taking always a text from the Sacred Scriptures be regarded as authoritative, it might be regarded as the exclusive function of the sermon to be, in one form or other, expository of the Divine Word. And if, in the discharge of that function, any one regulating model be adopted, why not take that which the Divine wisdom has itself supplied? If the Bible be a complete and finished instrument, constructed by infinite wisdom for operating with effect upon the human spirit, is no lesson to be learned from the manner of its construction, the complexity and singular variety of its parts? In how many different kinds of voices has the Almighty himself addressed us? how many different forms of written composition has He employed? In the Bible there is simple historic narrative—there is enlarged or compressed biography—there is prophecy clothed in her concealing mantle, covered with mystic signs. There is poetry of many kinds, lyrics for the Church in

all her varied estates of joy and sorrow, penitence and faith, trial and triumph, victory and defeat. There is apologue and allegory, law laid down in formal statutes, exhibited historically in its breach and its observance—there are public and formal discourses—there are private and confidential letters, argument, remonstrance, appeal, example. All are there—that this sacred volume may, in the hands of the Spirit, be a many-warded key to fit into the complicated structure of the human spirit, a many-fingered hand to strike each chord of the human heart. If there be no other volume with contents so precious, is there another volume with contents so mixed? He surely would be the best and most finished preacher, if such a one could be found, in whose preaching that same variety of matter and of method was to be found; heard at times simply narrating—at times closely and profoundly reasoning—at times speaking a parable—at times pouring out a fervid exhortation—now walking with firm composed footstep upon the solid earth—now soaring on outstretched wing into the third heavens. We can have no such preacher, because there can be no perfect imitation of a model that is divine. But to make up for the individual imperfection, why not encourage each to try as many ways of it as he can, and to cultivate that kind of instrumentality which he most likes, and is best able to employ?

There are many indications that custom has laid restraining fetters upon the freedom of the pulpit. Sabbath after Sabbath a minister announces his text. Now that text is from the heart of an apostle's close and compact argument, now it is a single note from a prophet's rapt poetic strain, now it is extracted from a book of history, now from a book of odes, now from a book of proverbs; but somehow put into the old alembic, the discourses all come forth, the same in the kind and quality of the material, the same in the order of the adjustment, lined, squared, and fashioned all alike—the faces of the parents all different, the faces of the children all the same. Or to state an extreme case in the way of test and illustration,—let any one of our clergymen stand up in his pulpit some Sunday, and after reading out his text, in exposition of it deliver himself of an allegory, simple and appropriate, while beautiful and touching as "The Old Man's Home;"—let him repeat that, and no more; give that as his discourse for the day. What vivid surprise, what grave censure would it create, as if that preacher had, in a most unseemly way, violated the proprieties of the hour and place. But wherefore the surprise—on what grounds the censure? Did not our Lord himself, prince and model of all preachers, do the same? Was it wise, and good, and beautiful in him to speak a parable to those three thousand, beneath the sky, seated on that mountain side? and can it be wrong and profitless and profane for that

minister to speak a parable to that modern congregation gathered within the four walls of a church? We are not pleading for the pulpit being turned into a place for reading fictitious stories, or repeating religious odes; but we are pleading for a larger "liberty of prophesying," though a liberty not larger than the Bible itself sanctions and displays.

Let the reader familiar with Scottish history compare the pulpit of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with that of the eighteenth. For a long time after the Reformation, the pulpit had almost all that work to do alone, which the platform and the press are now either taking out of its hands altogether, or largely helping it to perform. It was the central fountain-head of our country's intellectual light, and the main bulwark of her civil liberties, as well as her chief instructor in the things of the invisible kingdom. It had a broad field to cover, and arduous and multiform functions to fulfil; but it put forth a heroic vigour. It so stimulated the general intellect of Scotland, that the assertion may be hazarded, that there was not at that time in Europe any better informed or more thoughtful peasantry than that it had been the main instrument of enlightening. It stood, too, firm as a rock, the rampart between the people and the tyranny of their rulers, and when freedom's battle had to be fought, it was against it that the first blow of the oppressor was aimed, and it was by it that the main brunt of the battle was borne. In those days the pulpit of Scotland had none of the narrowness, restraint, fastidiousness by which it is now characterised. Every topic that connected itself with the wellbeing of the people, every measure that bore, for good or for evil, on the general condition of the commonwealth, was fully handled in the pulpit by the best and holiest of its occupants; and better, holier men there have never been in Scotland.

It may thus at times have overstepped its bounds—desecrated its high calling, but still it was acknowledged and felt as a great and powerful engine in the State. What in the eighteenth century had it become? Curtailed in its limits—working within narrower bounds—its political functions wisely relinquished—its educational having passed largely into other hands—relieved thus of so much superfluous labour, might we not have hoped that its energies concentrated upon its own proper sphere, would have lifted it to a higher spiritual elevation, clothed it with a larger spiritual power? It would have done so, who can doubt, if the faith and fervour of those earlier days had survived. That spirit, which in the days of the Stuarts spent a part of its strength on the field of politics, had it kept that strength entire, would in the days of the Georges have spent the whole of it on the field of theology—flooding it with a fresh light, and quickening it to a fresh fertility. Instead of this there was a collapse, beneath which the pulpit

not only shrank back and carefully confined itself to the purely spiritual domain, but within that domain sank down to sleep. But while it slept, giant powers grew up around it—new thoughts were stirring up men's breasts—new opinions were at work everywhere, moulding the principles of men, the usages of society. And now in this age, when the olden spirit comes down once more, and steps into the pulpit and looks abroad, all things are altered. The pulpit is no longer what it was in those earlier days, one of the mightiest—if not the mightiest engine in the State. It is no longer what it was, even when it sat down in sleepy idleness, resolved to do no work but its own—forgetting in time even to do that. The whole circle of its relationships is changed. It has sunk from a first into a second-rate power in the State—sunk by others rising around it, and it not rising at an equal rate. And if a true gauge be taken of all the competing and conflicting powers by which it is begirt, and by some of which it is overshadowed, is it not apparent that if ever it shall regain that empire over the spirits of men which it has lost—if ever it shall rise once more to the same relative position and influence which it formerly possessed,—it must widen its intellectual sympathies—it must multiply its modes of speech—it must put itself into more immediate and more living contact with all that is going on around—it must keep itself more abreast of the science and literature of the times,—it must learn to deal aright with the spiritual doubts and struggles, joys and sorrows, hopes and aspirations, not of an age gone by, but of that in midst of which it acts?

It is not without anxiety that we look forward to the way in which the Christian ministry of Scotland shall acquit itself in a crisis that is now so obviously impending. Questions of the highest moment, vitally affecting the character and authority of those documents in which Christianity has been conveyed to us, the manner in which they are to be interpreted, and the sacred truths that they contain, have now been raised in such a form, that it is quite evident that a re-hearing must be given them, a re-adjustment made. We contemplate the result with a serene confidence that the chief doctrines of the Christian faith shall come forth from the ordeal shining in a clearer light than ever, to take a firmer hold of, to make a deeper impression on the human spirit. But how, in the coming struggle, shall the ministry of the Scottish Churches act? It is possible that the very depth and earnestness of its convictions may partially mislead it—may induce it to take a stand upon ground some part of which is untenable, injuriously to mix up together that which must to the last, and at all hazards, be defended, with that which may safely, if not profitably, undergo some change, or be given up altogether. It is in that large and Catholic spirit,—the wisest

and the safest in the end,—which sits loose to all that is secondary and unessential, but entrenches itself securely within the true citadel of the faith, that we wish to see our Scottish clergy meet the coming struggle. Our proper business at present is to speak only of the pulpit, and of the part which it should take. We do not desire to see it mingling in the strife—to see the hours that should be consecrated to a better object occupied with controversial discussions. But as certainly as it would give to the ministrations of the Sabbath a vast increase of power, were it seen and felt that those who guide them were themselves striving, in all sincerity and earnestness, to separate the true from the false, the safe from the dangerous, in all these recent speculations, or were at least prepared to sympathize tenderly with those engaged in that attempt; as certainly will those ministrations be greatly weakened if there be exhibited in them little else than the obstinacy of a blind attachment to all that is old, a fanatical denouncement of all that is new. Divine truth, if, as we believe, we have it in the inspired writings, simple and pure as it emanated from its source, must be like its Author, immutable. But how many changes have already taken place in the mode of its exhibition? Let us not think that the way in which our forefathers received and represented it, is so perfect as to admit of no alteration for the better. Let us rejoice in any and every change by which the divine character of the Redeemer may be more faithfully and vividly exhibited, the nature and effects of His mediation more suitably and adequately expressed, and the sure foundations of our hope in Him exposed with greater simplicity, or greater clearness, to our view.

In turning from Scotland to England, from the Presbyterian to the Episcopalian pulpit, the contrast at once meets the eye, of the different position, space, and importance relatively assigned to the Sermon in the services of the two Churches the devotional exercises of the sanctuary taking in England that place of prominence and superiority which in Scotland is occupied by the discourse. In the one country men go to church chiefly to unite in prayer—in the other they go to hear a minister preach—the sermon made too much of in the one case, perhaps too little of in the other. We must not, through fear of the imputation of a national prejudice, hold back the expression of our belief, that in intellectual weight and practical effectiveness, the Scottish sermon outdoes the English one. This is what might naturally have been expected from the greater relish of the Scotch people for doctrinal disquisition, and the larger importance attached by them to the discourse. And yet, during the last twenty years, so far at least as the press has indicated it, there has been more life, activity, freedom, progress, power, exhibited by the Episcopalian than by the Presbyterian pulpit.

We must remember, indeed, how few in number, confined in position, ill-furnished with literary helps, and overburdened with other labours, ministers in Scotland are. This will not help us, however, to a full explanation of the contrast that we now have in our eye—a contrast not simply numerical, if relatively to the respective numbers of the two ministries, there have been more Episcopalian than Presbyterian sermons published during the past twenty years. That we believe to have been the case, as any one by a bare inspection of our publishing lists may satisfy himself. But the contrast is still more striking when we look not to the quantity but the quality of the products. Certainly there has been far more freshness and force of thought—more variety of method and of style—more adaptation to the actual condition of things around—more coming into direct familiar sympathizing fellowship with those to whom their discourses were addressed, manifested by Episcopalian than by Presbyterian clergymen. Not to speak here of the sermons of Bradley, almost perfect models, both as to matter and manner, of the old established style of evangelical discourse—a style not destined we trust to die out—what a happy invasion was made upon the meagre insipid characterless tone of the English pulpit, by the frank and manly, sincere and earnest utterances of Dr. Arnold—so thoroughly human, so deeply devout. Breaking easily and without violence through the conventionalisms of the pulpit, he speaks to us from it as one who has been thinking all our common thoughts, sharing all our common feelings, whose only object in speaking to us is that he may encourage us in the conflict, and guide us in our heavenward path—but who will not go himself, or ask us to go along with him one step beyond that point at which the light begins to fail, and the ground ceases to feel firm beneath. There is something so perfectly genuine—so transparently sincere—so open-minded—such a strong desire shewn to win our concurrence and get our sympathy, and yet such an entire absence of all over-statement and over-straining about these sermons of Dr. Arnold, that we do not wonder at the large and deep impression they have made.

It would be wrong to say that the mantle of Dr. Arnold has fallen upon his biographer. He has a mantle of his own, not so strong perhaps in texture, but worn with equal grace, and of still richer drapery. We have seldom read any sermons with greater instruction and delight than those of Mr. Stanley on the Apostolical Age. "It has been my object," he tells us in his preface, "not to enter on the higher questions of theology involved in the apostolical doctrines of the New Testament, except so far as they are implied in every subject of Christian study, but to confine myself strictly to the consideration of those cha-

racters and circumstances which represent most fully 'the Apostolical Age,' by exhibiting as far as possible the outward and local image of that which we usually contemplate in its inward and spiritual essence." That object is most thoroughly fulfilled. It is quite admirable the spirit of perfect candour, of entire freedom from ecclesiastical bias, in which he looks at the offices and organization of the Churches planted by the Apostles, and endeavours to set them before us exactly as they were. His view of the Apostles' own office at once delivers us from the idea of their being the heads of a hereditary Christian priesthood, transmitting an authority not otherwise communicable to their successors. Truth and beauty, in almost equal degree, mingle in Mr. Stanley's sketches of the personal characters of the three great Apostles of the Lord, and of the separate spheres of labour that they filled—the outline traced by a finely intellectual eye—the filling up richly and gracefully completed, while the whole picture glows with the warm colouring of a deep and reverential piety.

"Each of the Three has his distinct place in the first formation of the early Church. Peter is the Founder, Paul the Propagator, John the Finisher—Peter the Apostle of the rising dawn, Paul of the noon in its heat and in its clearness, John of the sunset—first in the stormy sunset of the Apocalypse, then in the calm brightness of the Gospel and Epistles of his old age. Each is the centre round which the floating elements of thought and action—the scattered writings of the sacred canon—the wild distortions of them in the heretical sects—clustered and crystallized. The whole world of Jewish Christians leaned upon St. Peter, as the whole world of Gentile converts leaned upon St. Paul, and the whole body of mixed believers turned, after the fall of Jerusalem, to the sole surviving Apostle at Ephesus. Each was connected with the sole authentic records of the life of Christ; whatever may be the explanation in detail of the origin of the twin Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, there can be little doubt that it was St. Peter's disciples who first received the representation which is preserved to us in the Prophet and Lawgiver according to St. Matthew, the human Friend according to St. Mark: whatever may be the account of the compilation of the Gospel and Acts of St. Luke, we need not hesitate to recognise in them St. Paul's view, first, of the Suffering Victim, then of the Invisible Guide of the universal Church; whatever may have been the immediate objects of the Gospel of St. John, we at once acknowledge that we there have the complete image of the Word made flesh, which the early Church naturally believed could have proceeded from none but the beloved disciple. Each has borne his part in the unfolding of the Divine economy. Peter, the Apostle of courageous and confident hope, Paul of faith, John of love; Peter, of power and action; Paul, of thought and wisdom; John, of feeling and of goodness; Peter clings to the recollections of the older world, that is passed or passing away: Paul plunges into the conflicts of the present: John, whether as prophet, evangelist, or

teacher, fixes his gaze on the invisible and the future: Peter gave to Christianity its first outward historical form; Paul its inward and spiritual freedom; John, that Divine end and object in which form and spirit harmonize."—Pp. 4-6.

Our space permits only two other extracts, taken from the discourses on St. Paul and St. John.

"Never before or since have the Jew and Gentile so completely met in one single person,—not, as in Josephus and Philo, by mere imitation,—not, as in the Jews of later times, by the destruction of the older element,—but by an absolute though unconscious fusion of the two together; not founding a new system, but breathing a new spirit into that which already existed, and which only needed some such Divine impulse to call it into that fulness of life, which had been stunted only, not destroyed. Paul knew nothing, it may be, of those philosophers and historians with whom we are so familiar, nor can we expect to find in him the peculiar graces of Athenian genius; yet it is in the dialectical skill of Aristotle, the impassioned appeals of Demosthenes, the complicated sentences of Thucydides, far more than in the language of Moses or Solomon or Isaiah, that the form and structure of his arguments finds its natural parallel. He had never studied, it may be, or, if he had, would hardly have discerned those finer feelings of humanity of which the germs existed in Greece and Rome, and have from them been preserved to modern Europe, but how remarkably are they exemplified in his own character! What is that probing of the innermost recesses of the human heart and conscience,—so unlike the theocratic visions of the older prophets,—but the apostolical reflexion of the practical, individual, psychological spirit of the western philosophies? What is that inimitable union of self-respect with respect and deference to others which distinguishes his more personal addresses to his converts, but the anticipation of that refined and polished courtesy which has been ever esteemed the peculiar product of European civilisation? What is that capacity for throwing himself into the position and feelings of others,—that becoming 'all things to all men,' which his enemies called worldly prudence,—that 'transferring of arguments' to his own person, which lends such vigour to the Epistles to Rome and to Corinth,—that intense sympathy, in the strength of which, as has been truly said, he 'had a thousand friends, and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths when he must quit them,' which 'suffered when the weaker brother suffered,' which would not allow him to 'eat meat whilst the world standeth lest he make his brother to offend"—what was all this but the effect of God's blessing on that boundless versatility of nature which had formed the especial mark of the Grecian mind for good and evil in all ages? what was it but the significant maxim of the Roman poet, 'Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,' transfigured for the first time in the heavenly radiance of truth and holiness?"—Pp. 167-169.

"It had been reserved for St. Paul to proclaim that the deepest principle in the heart of man was Faith; it was reserved for St. John

to proclaim that the essential attribute of God is Love. It had been taught by the Old Testament that 'the beginning of wisdom was the fear of God;' it remained to be taught by the last Apostle of the New Testament that 'the end of wisdom was the love of God.' It had been taught of old time by Jew and by heathen, by Greek philosophy and Eastern religion, that the Divinity was well pleased with the sacrifices, the speculations, the tortures of man: it was to St. John that it was left to teach in all its fulness that the one sign of God's children is 'the love of the brethren.' And as it is Love that pervades our whole conception of his teaching, so also it pervades our whole conception of his character. We see him—it surely is no unwarranted fancy—we see him declining with the declining century; every sense and faculty waxing feebler, but that one divinest faculty of all burning more and more brightly; we see it breathing through every look and gesture; the one animating principle of the atmosphere in which he lives and moves: earth and heaven, the past, the present, and the future, alike echoing to him that dying strain of his latest words, 'We love Him because He loved us.' And when at last he disappears from our view in the last pages of the Sacred Volume, ecclesiastical tradition still lingers in the close: and in that touching story, not the less impressive because so familiar to us, we see the aged Apostle borne in the arms of his disciples into the Ephesian assembly, and there repeating over and over again the same saying, 'Little children, love one another;' till, when asked why he said this and nothing else, he replied in those well-known words, fit indeed to be the farewell speech of the Beloved Disciple, 'Because this is our Lord's command, and if you fulfil this, nothing else is needed.'"—Pp. 261-263.

It is in the region thus occupied by Mr. Stanley, that we expect most from the labours of the more highly educated clergymen of the Church of England,—there being among them so many accomplished scholars, who have recently given themselves to the study of the Apostolic period. But as we have spoken our mind freely as to the part which our Scottish ministers may take in those deeper controversies which it seems now impossible to evade—so with equal freedom let us say—and with more peculiar reference to the clergymen of the Church of England, by whom such controversies are likely to be forced on us—that the faculties and accomplishments which constitute the critic and historian, are very different from those required to constitute a great master of doctrinal theology. It is not mere erudition—nor the fascinating inspiration of genius—nor the faculty of fine thinking—nor the command of a subtle metaphysics, that qualify for that high office—something more and greater than all these must meet in him at whose feet we should be disposed to sit—at his bidding and under his guidance to remould the ancient formulas of our faith. It is possible that the old theology of Scotland may need to undergo revision. It is likely that the truths, which our Scottish ancestors received in that form into which

they were cast by some of the profoundest thinkers of their age, if run afresh into the mould of intellects equally profound, but belonging to the present age, may take an altered shape. It is true, that the simplicity of the Christian faith did suffer many wrongs at the hands of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and the creed-makers of the period of the Reformation. But when we remember how natural it is for the human spirit after long compression in one direction, on bursting its shackles, to go off to an extreme in a direction exactly the opposite—the action and the re-action being equal, the after and impatient recoil as dangerous often as the former undue strain and pressure—it is surely not unreasonable that we should pause when any novel representation of Christian doctrine is presented to us, till we are satisfied that as much patient, profound, and comprehensive thought has been bestowed on its elaboration, as was bestowed by Leibnitz, and Edwards, and Augustin, and Calvin, on that which it is intended to set aside. And we should be all the more cautious if there were reason to suspect that it was not the form alone but the very substance of Christian doctrine that was altered—that the very foundations on which our faith in the Revelation of the Divine Will as given to us in the Sacred Scriptures were touched, and some of the most important articles of our Christian creed wholly or partially emptied of their true and simple meaning.

But we must not forget that it is with English sermons, and not with English theology, that we have to do. These sermons prove how largely the clergymen of the English Establishment have profited by, and how well they know how to use that liberty which recent years have purchased. And whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the manner in which that liberty has in some instances been exercised, or the ends to the accomplishment of which that exercise has been devoted, who can read the sermons of Stanley, Jackson, Howson, Miller, Alford, Whately, Kingsley, Garbett, Hare, Melvill, Robertson, M'Neile, Stowell, Wilberforce, Cotton, Wordsworth, Girdleston, Benson, Maurice, Tait, Woodward, Hardwick, and Butler, without feeling that the Episcopal pulpit has put itself into direct communication with the cultivated intellect of England, and made itself one of the most active and influential motive powers of our age.

But from the list now given, we must select, for more special notice, the name of one destined, if we mistake not, to take the highest place among writers of our English tongue—whose sermons, one volume of which has just issued from the press, we would recommend to our readers, not only for their force and subtlety of thought, brilliance of fancy and exuberant eloquence of words, but for that spirit of love, that profound and

glowing devotion by which they are animated, and with which no one can come into sympathizing contact without feeling himself elevated and refined. We know Professor Butler but in part. Too early for us and for his earthly fame and usefulness,* he was cut off in early manhood—a manhood rich in promise of the ripest fruits of genius. Few men ever brought to the service of the Christian ministry such a conjunction of needful qualities, and few sermons in our language exhibit the same rare combination of excellencies; imagery almost as rich as Taylor's; oratory as vigorous often as South's; judgment as sound as Barrow's; a style as attractive but more copious, original, and forcible than Atterbury's; piety as elevated as Howe's, and a fervour as intense at times as Baxter's.

Mr. Butler's are the sermons of a true poet—of one who, had he continued to cultivate the art, might have won for himself no second place among the poets of our day. His addictedness to rhyme displayed itself in early boyhood. While yet at college, his contributions to *Blackwood* and to the *Dublin University Magazine* attracted considerable notice. On entering the ministry, however, he formed and executed the resolution to write no more in verse. But he could not throw off nor restrain the faculty divine. It followed him to the pulpit; and in those sermons, it shews itself at work in its double office, creative as well as reproductive—lighting up the most striking features of some real, or sketching those of some imaginary scene. Take, for example, the description of our Lord's advent, from a discourse preached for a benevolent institution :—

"Transcendent mystery! A God was to come among us. The heavenly portals open wide that he may issue forth, and millions of adoring angels accompany him as he leaves the skies. They dare not—they cannot—look upon that awful face; they know it only by the light it sheds, as with timid eyes they watch its far-off radiance, and hang upon the skirts of its glory. He touches the verge of earth, and they retire to their celestial home; but ere they vanished back their song was heard that night by the waking shepherds of Bethlehem! And now he is among us! Arise and welcome him, O earth! bring forth all that thou hast of precious and wonderful to lay at his feet; crowns and sceptres and regal purple; the glory of the throne and the camp and the senate; temples of incense, illuminated cities, and the shout of kneeling thousands. They are here; he has but to put forth his hands and all is his; but one majestic miracle and the world is paralyzed to subjection. Let 'the thunder of his power' be but heard, and every nation and tongue shall do him homage; East and West, the haughty Roman and the soft son of Asia; Scythian and African, yea, the far undiscovered lands, burst open by the

* He died in 1848, in his 34th year.

flashing of his presence—all will struggle who shall be the deepest slave. But how is this? the offering is untouched, unheeded. The gorgeous vision slowly fades away. In its place arise a few bare hills dotted here and there with the mean abodes of penury; in the foreground a poor man more destitute than even they;—he is weak and wayworn, exhausted with weariness and watchings, with hunger and thirst, with cold and nakedness; he pauses at one of those miserable dwellings, and some few faint words are heard; and then the sullen repulse; and the wanderer turns away with a groan, lifts his eyes to mark the gathering storm, and sighs as he resumes his path of pain, 'The fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' Mighty Lord, who wast thus rejected that we might live! teach us, teach us to understand and feel this mystery of woe! teach us to love what thou hast made thine own; to honour the misery which thou hast selected; to look with respect and awe upon the Christian poverty whose sorrows whisper to us of thine!"—Pp. 359-60.

Mr. Butler's are the sermons of a subtile and practised metaphysician. No better evidence can be adduced of this than the fact, that, at the close of his academic career in the University of Dublin, a chair of Moral Philosophy was specially instituted in that University that he might fill it. A course of lectures delivered by him in that chair on the History of Ancient Philosophy, is just issuing from the press, of which its editor, the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, has already told us, that "of the dialectic and physics of Plato, they are the only exposition at once full, accurate, and popular, with which I am acquainted; being far more accurate than the French, and incomparably more popular than the German treatises on these departments of the Platonic philosophy." But Professor Butler, well skilled in them as he was, was too wise and good a man to let his metaphysics have much to do with the lessons he gave from the pulpit—or rather his metaphysics were themselves too far-searching, went too deep into the foundations of all knowledge to suffer such application. And we cannot but notice how frequently in these discourses evidence of this appears. Speaking of one great topic of the Christian faith, he says:—

"Explain it to the utmost, and upon any system soever, we must come at length to something we *cannot* explain; and to see this clearly from the beginning, is the best security from fruitless, and irritating, and dangerous disputation. . . . . . If there be anything more than another in which the religious habits of our age are peculiarly defective, it is in the feeling of *awe*. We are not satisfied unless we have measured with the foot-rule of our understanding every side of every truth we profess; unless 'our hands have handled of the word of life.' The finger must have been in the print of the nails and the hand in the side, or we will not believe. We have (I fear it) too much of the spirit of the heathen victor who rushed into the Holy of Holies to discover *what was there*: too often (I fear yet more) like him

we return from our scrutiny, contemptuously assuming that there *is* nothing where we have *seen* nothing."—Pp. 8, 53, 54.

Again, in discoursing upon the Divine Word, he says:—

"By the wisdom of a God who works the interests of the universe on a scale of policy proportionately vast, we are placed here, brethren, in a position which it would be madness to deny, *is* a very dark and mysterious one. He can have indeed very little knowledge of himself who can regard himself without wonder and curiosity. Around us is mystery, and within us is mystery; and there really is not a single branch of knowledge of which the most accomplished thinker may not say, as Paul said of the subject of his teaching, that it is the 'wisdom of God in a mystery.' So limited are our faculties, that we cannot conclude the ultimate reason of any one thing we see; and our highest exercise of philosophy goes not beyond superficial analogies, and resemblances, and consequences; but, *to the full reason of nothing.* The unbeliever may chafe at the mysteries of faith; I beseech him but to remember the mysteries of *reason.*"—P. 292.

Rising to a higher strain while dealing with that great lesson, the most prominent in all his ministry, the Christian's mystical union with the Redeemer, he says:—

"All is mysterious, indeed; of course it is; who is he that will believe God made one with man, and have the union wrought *without* mystery? Children of the living God! ye walk in mystery. Your spiritual birth is a mystery, your fellowship with Christ is a mystery, your daily graces are a mystery, your triumphant death is a mystery, your resurrection to glory will be but the consummation of mystery. Mystery there must be wherever an infinite Creator and his finite creature embrace; and it is, therefore, your glory that you are thus robed and shrouded in mystery. Trust no one who would draw you forth from it: it is the awful shadow which eternity casts across time."—Pp. 15, 16.

Mr. Butler's are the sermons of an accomplished scholar, whose powers of criticism, knowledge of the ancient tongues, and familiarity with German literature—if they were not such as to qualify him for minute verbal exegesis—were such as admirably to qualify him for the office of an interpreter, in the true sense of it, of the oracles of God. How did he understand the functions of that office—how has he endeavoured to discharge them? He had strong convictions upon this subject, to which he has given strong expression, not surely without some good reason, in a sermon which itself is strictly expository—devoted to bringing out, by a searching analysis of the context, the exact and full meaning of one of the most difficult texts in the Epistle to the Romans. In alluding to the sources of perplexity which interpreters of the Bible meet with or create, he says:—

"Among these sources of perplexity (as I am not now to think of enumerating and exposing them) there is one which is, perhaps, less observed than any other, and yet it would be hard to estimate ade-

quately how far it has really operated to obscure and entangle the revealed record. I mean the effort to insulate the word in separate oracles, and then to make it say in each of them *more than it purposes*, perhaps to say in all: to find (in something of the spirit of the old Hebrew critics) a separate mystery disconnected from all others in every phrase, and almost in every word. . . . . . Every visionary notion in religion boasts its text or two, and can boast no more; but its supporters hold the text or two so near their eyes that they hide the rest of the Bible."—Pp. 118, 119.

Mr. Butler's are the sermons of an able and practised controversialist. In one of the great controversies of his age and country, he had an interest of a special kind. His father was a Protestant—his mother a Roman Catholic. The latter had her son educated at first in her own faith. In early life his sensitive conscience awoke. In acute distress of mind, a distress not arising from doubts as to his religion, but from intense earnestness as to his own moral state, he sought the aid of his confessor, and had all his painful anxieties thrown coldly back upon him, treated as illusory. He was led by this to inquire, and inquiry ended in an intelligent conviction of the errors of the Church of Rome. In after life he gave renewed attention to a subject which had thus a double claim upon his regard, and he has supplied us with one of the ablest refutations of Romanism in its latest and most refined form, in his "Letters on Romanism, in reply to Mr. Newman's Essay on Development." On the other hand, the position of the parishes which he served as a clergyman, which lay in the north of Ireland, threw him into frequent contact with the Presbyterian ministers of that province, forced on him the consideration of his principles as an Episcopalian, and led to the publication of a sermon preached at a visitation of his diocese, on "Primitive Church Principles not inconsistent with Universal Christian Sympathy,"—one of the ablest certainly of all his writings, a master-piece of argument closely and consecutively sustained. But we confess ourselves unconvinced—are ready even to believe that further inquiry into the actual external organization of the Apostolic Church—with such lights to help him as many recent writers of his own Church, such as Mr. Stanley and Mr. Howson could have supplied—would have guided one so eminently candid not to a more charitable, (that was not needed,) but to a more comprehensive conclusion. But with all this accurate acquaintance with the grounds of difference existing between different branches of the Church of Christ, how does Professor Butler deal with them in these discourses? They are seldom alluded to—they are never pressed into prominence. When the occasion fitly calls for it, he does not hesitate to give clear and unambiguous expression to his convictions: an expression doubly weighty, that it evidently comes from one who

has thoroughly investigated the subject on which he speaks, and that it is unaccompanied by any sectarian exaggeration of thought or vehemence of utterance. But of controversy, properly so called, there is little in these sermons, none in those addressed to an ordinary congregation. It was in another spirit, and for a different object, he spoke from the pulpit to his fellow-men.

"These are days," he says, and occurring in the first discourse, we catch in it the key-note of the whole volume, "of harsh disputings, days when men are very bitter to each other for the love of God; I know not how others feel; but it seems to me as if,—could a man once thoroughly realize to himself the depth of this union with the infinite purity of Christ, could he once realize the heaven that is in him when Christ is there, could he gaze, not to question and criticise, but in humble adoring joy, upon the face of the risen Jesus, and there but once behold his own 'acceptance in the Beloved;'—all difficulties were dissolved in that blessed vision, every doubt would be forgotten in the fulness of its glory! Fix soul and spirit steadily upon the oneness of the Son of God with the forgiven and adopted sons of men, and all the littleness of proud restless disputation will disappear from the view, consumed in the blaze of that transcendent thought."—P. 14.

Again, these are the sermons of a profound theologian; nor does he leave us in the slightest uncertainty as to his doctrinal beliefs. Again and again, in every aspect of it, the mystery of the Trinity is displayed to the eye of faith. No mist appears hanging over the sacrifice and satisfaction of the Redeemer, as the foundation of the sinner's hopes. That we have pardon, acceptance, eternal life, all and alone in Christ, is the one great prevailing theme upon which, above all others, Professor Butler delights to dwell.

"What then," he asks, "is that great and fundamental thought which, if any other, involves in it the fulness of the Gospel; on which all the breadth and fulness of divine glory rests reflected; which suffices to all who would be humbly happy, while it presents unfathomed mystery to all who would dare be more? What but this—that as the basis of all knowledge of God is contained in the revelation of his threefold unity;—so the root of all Christian Faith as to God's Work in Man is in the parallel and not less wondrous truth, that we are called to be One with Him. . . . . . Christ reappears in all; for all the New Testament theology is but different perspective views of the one unchangeable object—the gift of Jesus Christ; seen in one direction it is Pardon, seen in another it is Holiness, seen in another it is Glory. He justifies as Christ crucified and risen without us; he sanctifies as Christ crucified and risen within us; he glorifies in virtue of both, as Christ enthroned in the fulness of consummate power, and at length 'subduing *all* things unto himself.' Feel and know this as it ought to be felt and known; and you may leave the rest to the schools."—Pp. 6, 13, 14.

These schools do not seem to have had much favour in his sight. He had no great faith in them. He had great fears about the presentation of Divine truth in a dry, abstract, dogmatic form. Having traced the progress of our knowledge to its reaching the perception of God in Christ, he thus proceeds:—

"Farther than this I will not ask you to follow. The angels who veil their faces before the throne may take up the history! It is for them to say, whether there be stages of knowledge that rise above this adoring perception of Christ as the true Image of Divine Holiness in the Temple of the Heart. It is for them to tell whether their hearts, animated by a yet more ardent flame of love, have lighted their apprehensions to a yet more perfect intelligence of God; whether, as they have knelt before the throne in ecstasy of adoration, a ray hath ever broken forth from the mystic cloud that encompasses the Godhead, revealing secrets of the Divine Nature beyond the apprehension of *man*, and inflaming all heaven with a glow of wonder and delight too powerful for *human* frames to bear...But no,—we will not disturb their repose of joy with our questionings! We can afford to tarry,—can we not? The time shall come when WE too shall 'sit at the feet' of God, pupils in this heavenly school of happiness! Yes! the time *shall* come when he who willed to be glorified in the human nature will set us on a level with the angelic. 'Father,' said the Divine Sufferer, as he closed that dying prayer of his last evening, 'I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me!' (John xvii. 24.) Oh, brethren! spirits for whom he died! it is by gazing on that glory here ('as through a glass,') you will be fitted on that day to behold it in the reality! Study his perfection! Gaze on it till it fascinates you into its likeness! Yea,—'be perfect *as* your Father who is in heaven is perfect!' Feel and know that the only way to feel and know Christ is, to be Christ-like! Be assured that every step you rise in inward holiness you are obtaining a nearer vision of that God who is holiness itself; and that no other organ than purity of heart can ever behold him. Burst, therefore, the shackles of a mere dogmatical religion, a theology of phrases and periods! Can you be saved by a proposition in Euclid? Believe me, you can just as well be saved by a proposition in theology! Creeds are valuable only when our hearts say them! Love God, and love each other as the children of God; and the God of love will teach you divinity!" —Pp. 176, 177.

But the chief and crowning excellence of these sermons is, that they are imbued with such a deep devotion; breathe such a spirit of love; abound in such direct and earnest appeals. It is under great disadvantages that they now see the light, edited as they are from the author's MSS., written in a hand difficult to decipher, and often incomplete. The first volume that was published contained those most fully and distinctly written, among which were those preached before the University of Dublin. We are not sure but that in some respects we like

this second volume better. We see the author in his plainer attire; as he appeared to less select audiences; as he spoke when he could speak freely. We thus see and hear more of him as a man—and he is one of those to see and hear the more of whom, is to love and admire the more. It says much, too, in favour of the natural force of his genius, that it never breaks forth more beautifully than in those bursts of warm and tender feeling, which, had their author lived, in rendering more fit to meet the public, he might perhaps have stripped of some of their chief attractions. Let one of these be our last extract :—

"Am I intelligible to your hearts? Do you understand me when I speak thus of the Christian's progress to God,—or rather perhaps I might say,—of that telescope of love by which he brings the light of God nearer and brighter to his soul? I do not ask you to agree with my *reasonings*:—God knows I state them with humility and a deep sense how feeble is the grasp that the creature of an hour can lay upon the purposes or the processes of an Infinite Providence. But I *do* ask you to understand the feelings and the experience to which I am appealing. Be with me in the *fact*, whatever becomes of the argument. . . . . . Ah brethren! if your closets have no account to give of rising contemplations, and quickening feelings, and those blessed visions which the 'pure in heart' are promised,—if everything which tells of the neighbourhood of God is to your hearts,—as perhaps at this moment when I speak of it,—a strange, mystical, extravagant rhapsody,—*how* will you bear the blaze of his real and actual presence, that blaze which either glorifies the soul with its light, or scorches and withers it for all eternity!

"Here then is the point. Is there one among you who has felt the first celestial breathings of the life of God but felt no more,—an infant in the faith? Oh, my brother and friend! do you then feel no ambition to escape this poor and feeble childhood? to be no longer a minor in holiness? to 'come of age' and assume the full rights and privileges of the heavenly citizen? Now that God's grace has made a rent in the barrier between you and Him, can you not catch a glimpse of the glorious scene beyond; or will you stand for ever at the *gates* of paradise? 'For ever!' Alas, you cannot stand there for ever! Day treads on day, Sabbath on Sabbath, month on month, year on year; and if your deathbed finds you the same weakling 'child' that this Sabbath morn sees you, can you expect to be the 'perfect man' of eternal life? And is there a drop of more exquisite bitterness in the cup of everlasting perdition, than the knowledge how *near* you shall have been to the happiness you have lost? What spectres, in all its populace of devils, has hell itself more horrible than the recollections of warnings given in vain, opportunities possessed in vain, exhortations heard to be talked of and forgotten? May God avert it! but we dare not disguise the truth,—is it too much to say that at this very hour, and in this very place, there may be those,—and they not the worst of my listeners,—who will one terrible day remember this morning's discourse, and weep bitter tears at the thought that, humble and feeble as was the minister, his words at least were true! But I pause.

Perhaps I have too daringly raised the shroud that envelopes terrors which it shocks to name. Pardon me, beloved brethren! pardon me, when you know that every word which I speak to you I feel to be still more awfully applicable to myself and my brother-ministers, who, offering ourselves as instructors, are guilty with a tenfold guilt if we forget our own lessons."—Pp. 93-95.

Professor Butler was an Irishman, and as it was long, we believe, the practice in Dublin to select some of the most eloquent clergymen of the Irish Establishment, to preach the annual sermons on behalf of the different charities of that city, he was often called to discharge that duty. Many of the discourses now published appear to have been preached on such occasions. In the appeals which these contain, we can trace the presence of that vivid play of fancy, and extreme fervour of emotion, by which his countrymen are characterized. But what a striking difference between these sermons, rich in all the attributes of intellect, and breathing the profoundest piety, and the discourses of Kirwan delivered upon like occasions—consisting, as the latter did, of mere addresses to the feelings, often touching enough, and delivered, as we are told, with such oratorical effect as to have stirred up at the moment of their delivery a very tumult of emotion, and yet but feebly charged with thought, and with but little in them, either of the doctrines or of the sublime devotion of the Christian faith. They were unfitted to make any permanent impression, and we read them now not without surprise that they produced even the impression which we know they did. If we may take the two preachers as types of the two periods in which they lived, what a progress does it mark in all that can give it weight and dignity, in the ministry of the Irish Establishment! That ministry stands now on a level with that either of Scotland or England, if it do not in some points excel both. Let us hope that the increased intellectual and religious, as well as social intercourse, between the three kingdoms, may tell with benefit upon the preachers of all the three: the Scotchman, remembering that men have hearts as well as heads, borrowing from the Englishman a portion of his manly simplicity and directness of address, from the Irishman something of his liveliness and warmth; the Englishman, remembering that the best security of piety is soundness in the faith, bestowing more attention, with the Scotchman, on the doctrinal foundation that he lays, and suffering the grave decorum of the pulpit to admit a larger tincture of Irish freedom; the Irishman, remembering that the main avenue to the conscience is through the intellect, putting his exuberant fancy under the restraint of a sound and well-trained judgment, and moving the feelings by a more powerful instrument than that which but agitates the surface, and leaves the depths of the spirit unreached.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Hotel Guide.*
2. *Bradshaw's Railway Guide.*
3. *The Times Newspaper.* November 3, 1855.

THERE are men in the generation now passing away, able and not unwilling to declare that they have "never slept out of their own beds in their lives." With all respect for the domestic virtues and for every kind of constancy, we confess our inability to appreciate the spirit of the boast. But heroism of this order is now fast becoming an affair of the past. The great marvel of the nineteenth century, if it has not made us all "acquainted with strange bed-fellows," has made us acquainted with strange beds. The increased facility of travelling not only in our own but in foreign countries, by tempting men away from their private houses, has rendered the subject of public houses one of increased and increasing importance. We are every year taking more interest in it—thinking more about it—saying more about it—writing more about it. Having learnt to travel, our care is to travel comfortably. We have no taste for bivouacing. The majority of us are very Sybarites, and our first question when we think of turning our backs upon home, is, whether there are "any good hotels" on the road.

The last word which we have written is hardly the right one. The "line" has almost supplanted the "road." With a feeling of tender regret we record the fact that the old road-side hostelries are nearly extinct. The "through" point-to-point rectilinear traffic has converted them into mere relics. To the rising generation it is scarcely less strange to hear that their sires or their grandsires, when they took post from London for the north in the afternoon, dined and slept the first night at Barnet, than to read of those strange barbarisms recorded in Mr. Macaulay's third chapter. The "Green Man" and the "Red Lion" know nothing of travellers. Mr. Newman's countless post-boys have gone—where, it is impossible to conjecture; and the passages of good Mr. Bryant's house echo only with the footsteps of his own comely family. It is not every landlord that can fill his home with such pleasant guests. Changed altogether is the character of these fine old posting-houses, which once boasted of sending out from their yards incredible numbers of "pairs" in a day. Those of which we have spoken are condemned now to the chance visits of cockney holiday-makers, and reduced to the condition

of suburban tea-gardens. Following the road into more northern latitudes, we see that even this degrading alternative is denied to the old posting-houses. In some places they are falling into visible decay—tenantless, dilapidated, the very sign-boards gone from the frames in which they swung—the eyeless sockets of a mouldy skull, the whole thing a ghastly skeleton. In others, where the landlord has been a man of substance, with land and capital, he has gradually vegetated into the condition of a farmer, harnessing his post-horses into ploughs and harrows, turning the old hostelry into a capacious farm-house, still taking out his license, more for habit's sake than aught else, and serving customers almost as a favour. Haply it will be found that some part of the spacious tenement is given up to the accommodation of the parish curate, or some other lodger, who is housed and boarded there more liberally, and yet more economically than in any dwelling of his own. It is now only dim tradition that the house made up its forty beds, and that oft-times they were all occupied by the élite of the land. The spacious court-yard, once alive with travelling carriages, is now overrun with weeds; there is grass growing in the streets; and at all times of the day, children may disport themselves in front of the inn, without a fear of being run over by post-chaise, or stage-coach, or my lord's chariot-and-four.

Such, indeed, is the state of things, along what were once the great high roads—that a stranger sent on a mission for the first time, say from London to York, and condemned to travel in wheel-carriages, would be forced upon the conviction, that either the English have ceased to be a migratory people, or that the country is in a state of melancholy decay. He needs to be made clearly to comprehend the diversion of the stream of traffic into a totally new channel, before he can read, with any intelligence, the history of decline and fall which everywhere stares him in the face. In spite of all these ruined hostelries, there are more and better houses of entertainment in all quarters of Great Britain than ever. But they must be sought for in other places —not very remote, perhaps, from the old, but upon new lines of thoroughfare. The establishment and extension of railway communication has caused a continual change in the great halting-places, or resting-points, of travellers. There are two suggestive words, unknown to our fathers, ever in the mouths of the excursionists of the present day. The one is *Terminus;* the other is *Junction.* To be situated, on a line of railway, at one or other of these, is to be in the best geographical position for a house of entertainment. But the terminus of one year is not the terminus of the next. The fatal word *extension* may give a death-blow to the hopes of a flourishing town, and put a prosperous

hotel-keeper in the Gazette. The railway runs past him, and he is ruined.

Take, for example, the case of Exeter. Ten or twelve years ago it was the extreme point of the Great Western Railway. From all parts of South and North Devon, stage-coaches with full complements of travellers were rattling in and out of the city at all times of the day. There was a brisker coaching business than before the Railway was built. The Rail had greatly increased the traffic, and Exeter was the centre at which all its confluent streams met together. It was almost a necessity in those days, to eat, drink, and sleep at the New London, the Old London, or some other of its hotels. But the South Devon Railway was laid down, and amidst the alternate hopes and fears of the people of Exeter, it was prosecuted, in spite of great engineering difficulties to its completion. It now stretches to Plymouth. Travellers who once halted at Exeter flash through it; the coaching business is nearly extinct, and the hotels are well nigh deserted. There is another extension, too, to Barnstaple, which has completed the ruin of the place.

Thus, one after another, the "old-established houses," whose names have been familiar to us from our very boyhood, are fast falling into decay, and the entire hotel system of Great Britain is undergoing a mighty revolution. It would be easy to multiply examples of the decadence of which we speak. Who has not heard of the once famous York House Hotel at Bath? There is not a family of any eminence—scarcely a family of any respectability in the south of England whose members have not slept beneath its roof. It stands, as once it stood; but one half of it has been converted into the Post-Office, whilst for the other moiety slack business remains. Bath, it is true, has been shorn of its pristine glories, and it may be said that the hotel has only followed the general decline of the place. The German watering places have made us turn our backs upon the baths of England. But what were all the Badens, and Wiesbadens, and Baden-Badens to us, until steam enabled us to approach them? Bath may have "gone out of fashion," but the causes of the decay of such an hotel as the York House may be found in circumstances unconnected with the diminution of season visitors, who never were the best patrons of our inns. The diversion of the stream of traffic which flows through Bath, but at a goodly distance from the York House, would be quite sufficient to account for the change. In former days the traveller was set down at the door of the York House, and, in all probability could not go further till next day if he would. A man, after a long journey in a mail-coach, where, as Mr. Dickens truly says, "his legs are in the way, and his corns an aggravation;" is

in a condition of mind and body to avail himself of the comforts of an hotel. But in these days a man finds himself at Bath almost before he has read through his newspaper. It is a small matter to go on to Bristol, Taunton, Exeter, or even Plymouth. Who makes two days' railway-journey of what he can accomplish in one? Even in the best appointed of stage-coaches—the old "Quicksilver mail," of which people used to say that they would trouble a rail-road to beat *that*, for it did its eleven miles an hour—it was a very serious penalty to travel from London to Plymouth at a stretch. But now a man may leave London any day after business hours, and sup on the banks of the Exe, the Teign, or the Tamar, without even so much as a cramp or a crick. He has no need to try the quality of the hotels on the road. A sandwich or a biscuit at Swindon is all the refreshment he requires; and that may be counted rather among the luxuries than the necessities of travel.

The history of the Great Western road is the history also of the Great Northern, or any other. We book from point to point, take our seats in the railway carriage, and, in all probability, do not open our purses again until we are at our journey's end. This kind of through-traffic is not even bounded or intercepted by the ocean. You may buy a ticket, or a little book of tickets at London Bridge, which will carry you all the way to Cologne; and you have no need to make a single inquiry about an hotel until you get there. So Ostend or Calais suffers. There is no waiting for *trechshuyts*, or *diligences*, or post-horses. The train is ready to whirl you onward as soon as you have cleared the custom-house. You trouble yourself not at all about bed or board until you find yourself at the *Belle Vue* or the *Hotel Disch*. The station *buffets* supply you with all sorts of odd breakfasts at all sorts of odd hours; and you find yourself on the banks of the Rhine before the Englishman's ordinary dinner-hour, a little burnt, dusty, and eye-sore; but thoroughly glad that you have accomplished so much, having run through three kingdoms and penetrated into a fourth, without crossing the threshold of an hotel.

Regarding only these aspects of modern travel, it will be apparent that there is a diminished necessity, in these days, for houses of public entertainment. But the very circumstances which mar the hotel trade, make it, and the gain on the whole is greater than the loss. The difference mainly is, that in these days, it is the pleasure traffic not the business traffic, that fills our hotels. It is choice not necessity that keeps us out of our own beds. Not many years ago, every member of Parliament, peer or commoner—every country-gentleman with a house in town—every wealthy merchant with a seat in the country,

(excepting only those who resided in the home counties,) made at least two laborious land-journeys in the course of the year, and was entertained at divers hotels on his way from London to the country, or the reverse. Now he may go to York or Carlisle, or to Edinburgh or Glasgow, with only a paper of sandwiches in his pocket. What an elaborate affair the annual migration of a family of rank used to be some thirty years ago! What provision for the journey had to be made; what post-horses and hotel accommodation to be bespoke. Many the Boniface on the great thoroughfares, who could calculate almost to a day when his horses and his rooms would be required for the family of my Lord Longacre or Sir Thomas Townley. All that kind of trade is gone. Gone, too, in a great degree, from the hotels is the custom of professional men. A lawyer runs down some morning to see a client or interrogate a witness a hundred miles off; and next morning takes his accustomed seat in his office. A week's business is now a day's, to the great detriment of the hotels. Commercial travellers, too, flit from town to town with a rapidity unknown in those old days, when their horses were as familiar guests as themselves. Gone now, from most of the great commercial inns, are the glories of the travellers' room. The race of bagmen is wellnigh extinct. They were a class of men *sui generis*, and excellent customers to the hotels they frequented. They were constant in their visits—lived well, paid well, and were always served well. What a genial, hearty set of men they were; what an amount of local information they carried about with them! With the limited means of locomotion they possessed, the area of their business was necessarily contracted, and they knew, therefore, every inch of the ground. They pass over hundreds of miles now, instead of tens. Business is transacted, but in a different way.* The travellers' room exists in many places, but it is nowhere what it was. That phase of hotel life has gone with the humours of the road.

It would be easy to speak of other ways in which the common business of life, which once brought custom to our houses of entertainment, no longer operates to the same extent in the old direction. But the pleasure-traffic, as we have said, has increased and is increasing. Every year sees a larger number of tourists wandering about the world in search of recreation. Every year sees a larger number of people seeking accommodation in strange houses, and asking what they can have for

* The railroads have to some extent obviated the necessity of employing commercial travellers at all. Principals are now able to transact business for themselves, incurring comparatively little injury to their trade by absence from home.

dinner. The roadside hotels, as we have shewn, have perished. Instead of them we have two large and important classes of public-houses, both born of the rail—Railway Hotels and Pleasure Hotels; the former for the accommodation of travellers, the latter of sight-seers. The railway hotel is every year becoming a more important item in the economy of travel. The advantages of proximity to the station are becoming more and more understood by proprietors, and appreciated by the public. *Cæteris paribus*, the nearest will always carry off the custom. Nay, a considerable margin of difference in the interior attractions of two hotels may be allowed, and yet the advantages of situation will more than counterbalance the other disadvantages which appear in the account. It is great comfort to the railway-traveller, who reaches a given station late at night, or perhaps very early in the morning, to know that he has only to step from the platform into a well-lighted, well-warmed, comfortable hotel, whither his luggage will be conveyed by the porters of the house, and everything for his entertainment be found as ready as if the proprietor had been looking out all day for his especial arrival. It is equally consoling to think, on rising in the morning for the prosecution of your journey, whether you be going onwards or homewards, that you step from the hotel on to the platform, and that the porters of the former will take care that you and your luggage are safely bestowed at the proper time in the proper place. In either case, whether arriving or departing, you are at no trouble and no expense. You have not to scramble for a cab, or manœuvre for a station-fly, or to waste your time in waiting for one or the other. You are not concerned about the transfer of your luggage, or driven to additional countings of packages, or further disbursements for carriage hire and porterage at the end or the beginning of your journey. You have not to disturb yourself about the weather, if it rains or snows. You proceed, unconscious of the elements, from a warm carriage to a warm room, and you may find yourself sitting at dinner before you are altogether sensible of the change.

These station-hotels, indeed, are among the luxuries of modern travel. Some of them, too, apart from their situation, are among the very best in the country. In the north, we may cite, by way of illustration, the Counties Hotel at Carlisle, and the Station Hotel at York; and another at Hull, not inferior to these. In the south, the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, and the Great Western Hotel at Paddington, are excellent examples of what such establishments ought to be. We have little doubt, that in all the principal towns of the kingdom, where the station is not in some hopelessly inconvenient part of it, first-class hotels attached to the railway buildings will spring up in due course of

time; and that wherever we go, instead of being driven as of old, with a smacking of whips, and a rattling of wheels into an inn yard, we may be shot, as it were, through an archway, or up a flight of steps into a radiant coffee-room, or a comfortable bed-chamber, a few seconds after the time indicated in Bradshaw's Guide. As a railway makes traffic, so such hotels as these make guests. The knowledge that there is good accommodation, obtainable at a given place with no trouble, induces many a man to halt at places which he would pass through, if he thought that he would be compelled, on his arrival at the station, to go forth in search of a comfortable hotel.

The principal customers of this description of house are mere birds of passage. Their sojourn generally is brief. They are there to-day and gone to-morrow. In what we have called the pleasure hotels the case is different. The facility of travel and the consequent increase of tourists has caused a demand for accommodation in all places where there is "anything to be seen," to which ample response has been made. The supply, indeed, is sometimes in excess of the demand, and competition has brought ruin. All the "show places" of the country have necessarily large hotels, which, during certain months of the year, may be crowded to excess, and during all the rest quite empty. In the latter part of summer, and the early part of autumn, a rich harvest is made. The ground lies fallow during the other nine months of the year. Most of these hotels, at the Lakes and similar places of resort, are comparatively modern—children, as it were, of the rail. It is hardly possible that they should be model establishments. The very nature of the case prevents it. This fitful spasmodic kind of custom is not favourable to the maintenance either of good accommodation or moderate charges. Overcrowding and overcharging are the natural results. We hardly see how they are to be helped.

Complaints upon this score are loud and frequent. We do not quite see that they are reasonable. It certainly is not reasonable to expect the proprietor of an hotel to keep his house open for twelve months, though he has customers only for three, and to charge each individual guest in the height of the season as though all the months were the same and the house continually crowded. His guests must pay for not coming oftener—for the time when they are absent as well as the time when they are present. The tax is one that falls principally upon the pleasure-seeker—a tax upon the luxury, not the necessity of travel. We scarcely think, indeed, that the whole question of hotel charges is fairly considered. That a reform in this direction has long been needed we admit; and there are even now symptoms that it has not been called for in vain. But it has become

common to contrast foreign hotels with our own in a manner very injurious to the latter. The continental hotel system is widely different from our own, because the habits of the people are different. The continental hotel-keeper has always a number of resident customers. He depends greatly, but not wholly, upon travellers and tourists. At all times of the year there is business going on in his house. His *table d'hôte* is never deserted. He has probably a *café* and a *restaurant* attached to his hotel. He draws enough even in the slack season to enable him to keep his house open without loss. In England we only enter an hotel in strange places far away from home. Such houses of entertainment have no place in the thoughts and concerns of our every-day life. Our men (we are speaking now of the higher classes) have, for the most part, their club-houses, and our women have their homes. We shall speak more fully in another place of the nationalities of the question. We allude to them now only with reference to the subject of hotel charges, the extravagance of which, in many places, results from the necessity of making the proceeds of three or four months meet the disbursements of the whole year. People, when they calculate what these charges ought to be, seldom bear in mind, that during a great part of the year the profits of the house cannot possibly cover its expenses.

The matter is, indeed, not fairly one of ordinary calculation. It is easy to say that a penny roll costs a penny; that eggs are a shilling or eighteenpence a dozen, and tea 4s. 6d. a pound. It is easy to compute that the breakfast for which we pay two shillings costs the landlord only a fourth of the amount. But it is no small advantage to the consumer to get everything he wants at a moment's notice, and no small loss to the supplier to have everything continually ready. We must take into consideration the quantity of perishable commodities which it is necessary to keep on hand to fulfil at all the conditions of an hotel. Nor is it a small matter, either to the party who furnishes, or the party who enjoys the breakfast, that all the appliances of rich plate and fine linen are there to give grace to the meal; that the consumer sits in a handsome room, lounging over the morning paper as long as he likes; that he receives his letters and his visitors under the landlord's roof, and that, (assuming him to be a coffee-room guest,) he lives in a handsomely furnished salon altogether free of expense.

The expense of private apartments at all hotels, whether in England or the Continent, is heavy; and English families have long felt the tax as one of the most serious evils of home travel. The common charge for a bed-room and sitting-room is from twelve shillings to a guinea a day. And it used always to be con-

sidered essential to the respectability of a lady traveller that she should occupy private apartments. Indeed, under no other circumstances could a lady travel at all. But something of this exclusiveness has recently been rubbed off. We have learnt something from our Continental neighbours. We have not yet learnt to live in our bed-rooms,—we have not yet introduced into our hotels those large rooms, with little beds, furnished also as sitting-rooms, in which in Germany and elsewhere we consider it no discredit to receive our friends. We have not yet introduced the *table-d'hôte* system into our first-class hotels. But we have introduced into a few of them what are called "Ladies' Coffee-rooms." There are several first-class hotels, in which the expenses of residence are much lightened by the opening of these public rooms, in which a man may dine with his wife and daughter, and sit there when not at meals, without extra charge for accommodation. Such rooms are a convenience even to those who have private apartments in the house, and many resort to them in order that they may keep their sitting-room free from the perfume of dinner. We have no doubt that these family coffee-rooms will every year be more commonly used, and we think it probable that they will lead in time to the institution of *tables-d'hôte.* We seem all of us perfectly to understand the advantages of association in gastronomic, as in other affairs. At the Clubs, you may see every day three or four members throwing their dinners into a common stock, and so really dining well, (if diversity of dishes constitutes a good dinner,) at a comparatively trifling cost. This is the *table-d'hôte* system—and yet *tables-d'hôte* have never yet thriven amongst us. The coffee-room carries everything before it. Go into the coffee-room of an hotel, between six and seven o'clock, and the chances are, that you may see the eternal fried sole, and the everlasting rump steak, before a majority of the number. Let all their several four shillings be thrown into a common fund, and what an excellent dinner it will purchase. But still we cling, with a constancy almost heroic, to the greasy sole and the tough steak, and pay our four shillings for the meal, as loyally as though it were a national institution.

At almost every *table-d'hôte* on the Continent, may be seen a large number of English people, of both sexes, greatly enjoying the multitudinous dishes, and the gregarious meal. They are not ashamed of eating in company, and they are by no means above the pure animal enjoyment of a long series of strange courses. They talk, at first perhaps, apologetically, about the custom of the country, the advantage of seeing foreign manners, and they pretend to gratify an appetite only for knowledge, when they taste this or that national dish. But they soon leave

off all pretences and all excuses. They do it because they like it—because they get an excellent dinner at a low price, which they could not in their own rooms, and because it is extremely amusing to see a variety of strangers, of many nations, eating together at the same board. Why, then, have we nothing of the kind in England, except in hotels given up wholly to foreigners, beyond the market ordinaries, which are held in some country towns; and the house-dinners at the large boarding-house hotels at Harrogate, Buxton, &c., where people once went to drink the waters in days, when a journey to one or the other was a far greater undertaking than one, in these days, to Kissengen or Wiesbaden? Is the absence or the failure of effort in this direction, whichsoever it may be, to be attributed to the general exclusiveness and unsociability of the national character, or to a dislike of the restraint imposed by the necessity of dining at a fixed hour? It might seem that the latter impediment would exist on the Continent no less than in Great Britain. But such is not the case. Except in the show-places of which we have spoken, few of our English hotels rely on the pleasure-traffic of the country; and men travelling on business are not sufficiently masters of their own time either to dine at a fixed hour, or to tolerate the length of the *table-d'hôte* dinner. The Englishman on the Continent "does" the hotels, as he "does" the cathedrals or the casinos. Having nothing particular to do but to amuse himself, he may afford to spend a couple of hours in what he persuades himself, perhaps, is the study of character, but in reality, is eating and drinking. In England, under the present system, a man at an hotel has generally some business to do; he must sit down when it is convenient to him, and rise when it is convenient to him. He likes to read the paper or to write his letters, or make memoranda between his sole and his steak, and between his steak and his cheese. There are few of our large towns in which Englishmen sojourn even for a few days at an hotel, unless they have some business to do, and we need not add that foreigners do not travel in England as Englishmen travel on the Continent.* In London itself, it may be taken as a general rule, that if a man is necessitated to remain a week there, he takes a lodging. The same may be said of our English watering-places. It is generally believed that good hotels must necessarily be expensive, and that lodgings are more comfortable than bad ones.

But there is no doubt that, although the irksomeness of the

* It is always to be borne in mind, too, that Englishmen travelling in England are frequently enabled to avail themselves of the hospitality of friends. On this account alone, foreigners, *cæteris paribus*, would always be the better customers of houses of public entertainment.

restraint imposed by the fixed hour of meals, and the extreme length of the sederunt, are among the chief causes of the unpopularity of the *table-d'hôte* amongst us, they do not constitute the whole of them. Much may be laid to the account of the national character. People do a great number of things abroad which they shrink from doing at home. It has often been said that we Britons are excellent people out of our own country. It is certain that we are much less formal, stately, and priggish than at home. This may have arisen, in the first instance, from a notion that our doings abroad are less likely to be seen and known by our friends—that we are strangers in a strange country, and that what we do passes for nothing among people who do not know what we are. But we put it to any one who has travelled on the Continent, whether he is not more likely, in these days, to meet his friends in Paris or in Frankfort than in Exeter or York. The chances are, that in a single autumn day, you will meet more people whom you know in a German town, or watering-place, than in the course of a week's journey in England. Let no one think that he can do exceptionable things, or visit exceptionable places abroad, unknown to his countrymen. He is more likely to be detected in such places abroad than at home, because they are more visited by respectable Englishmen. Now-a-days, indeed, the feeling that we shall not be seen gives place to the notion that we do not care if we are seen. People think that they may "do anything abroad." We have nothing here to do with the moral or with the general bearings of the question. We simply speak here of the feeling as it affects the gregarious style of living from which men shrink so sensitively at home. In Paris, an Englishman boldly enters a restaurant with his wife on his arm, and sits down to his little table not caring at all by what sort of people he may be surrounded. Or he takes her to some gardens at which there is dancing of rather an energetic kind, and people generally are more mirthful than sedate. Perhaps he meets a friend as respectable and decorous as himself, and they mutually observe that it is a funny place. But in England, his wife must eat her dinner in her own private apartment, and as for taking her to a tea-garden, he might as well divorce her at once.

Now this conventionality is really a very serious social evil. In London itself there is absolutely no place—except some of the great railway hotels, in which there is a ladies' coffeeroom, and the situation of these is often a prohibition—where a lady can obtain a dinner, without hiring a private room for the purpose; and that, in a busy season, she may not always be able to secure. A lady, or a party of ladies, with or without a gentleman, come up to London for the day to do some shopping, to visit the pic-

ture galleries, or to pay some visits, and, perhaps, to hear Jenny Lind in the evening. They do not want their dinner the less for spending an active bustling day. But where are they to get it? They must either go to a pastrycook's, where they may have a basin of viscid soup and some oily pastry, or they must go to an hotel and hire an apartment, if they can. The one is very uncomfortable, the other is very expensive.* How different is the case in a Continental town. You go, for example, to spend the day at Frankfort, from some neighbouring watering-place, and you have nothing to do when you require your dinner but to walk into the *Hotel de Russie*, or the *Hotel d'Angleterre* with your party, and to tell the kelners that you are going to dine there. You get a first-rate dinner, at a very moderate price, and there is a comfortable reading-room, where you may sit as long as you like. Or if you go from the town to the watering-place you are equally well accommodated, with the additional advantage, perhaps, of some charming gardens, and an admirable German band.

We think we hear some one say, "All this may be very well in France, or in Germany, but it will not do in England. I go to a *table-d'hôte* with my wife, and I sit next to my tailor." What then? Your tailor is, in all probability, a highly respectable and intelligent man; and unless you have done him an injury by not paying his bills, there need be nothing disagreeable in the contact. Moreover, in these days you will be more likely to meet him in the *kur-saal* of Wiesbaden, or any similar place abroad, than at a *table-d'hôte* in St. James' Street. The answer to this will be, "We don't care what we do, or whom we meet abroad. It is altogether a different thing." The difference is precisely that which causes it, as we have observed, to be said, that the English are a very good sort of people abroad, but at home, in their reserve and exclusiveness, little better than prigs.

But we are not without a hope that this exclusiveness is every year diminishing,—rubbed off, as it were, by the attrition of foreign travel. Thousands complain of the restraint which is imposed upon them, or which, perhaps, they are imposing on themselves. But they have not courage to set the example of breaking through the conventionality which oppresses them. Others, however, we believe, seek only the opportunity. "Show us where to go," they say, "and we will go. Show us to what

* The same evil exists with regard to supper-houses. A party of friends go together to a play, or a concert, or a lecture, and would fain sup together after the performance is over. But some live in one part of town, some at another. To meet afterwards at the house of any one of the party is to travel a great number of additional miles, and to incur a vast deal of superfluous fatigue. There is never any necessity for this on the Continent.

public place we can resort not frequented by objectionable characters." Now, there is something in these two last words which calls for an observation or two. Doubtless in many houses of entertainment, especially in the metropolis, "objectionable people" are to be met. The conduct of such persons in such places is seldom objectionable; but we still would not advocate resort to any place where there is a chance of being shocked by any outward impropriety of behaviour on the part of other inmates of the room. What we wish to observe is, that respectable people make respectable places; and that there are many houses of entertainment which are frequented by "objectionable people" only because unobjectionable people are not pleased to frequent them. There are some, doubtless, which now have got a taint not to be eradicated. But there would be no fear that houses opened for the entertainment of people of a different class would be frequented by these "objectionables." Men have a very strong reason for not going under equivocal circumstances to places where they may meet friends or acquaintances of a steadier class; and even fallen women have at least so much sense of propriety as not to desire to obtrude themselves into the presence of their happier sisters. The proprietor of the establishment, too, may always exercise some discretion as to admission, and retain some control afterwards. Of course he cannot vouch for the characters of all who enter his house. He cannot ask to see their marriage-lines, or demand a certificate of good conduct from the parson of their parish. All he can insist upon is the appearance of propriety,—and what more, in such cases, is necessary? There are other places of public resort besides those where dinners and suppers are provided, in which our wives and daughters may sit beside people with anything but a clean bill of moral health.

We hold, therefore, that the apprehension of meeting at places of public entertainment people "objectionable" on the score either of social position, or moral character, is in reality a bugbear, whilst the convenience and economy of such resorts are patent and undeniable facts. Liberal as she is in her hospitable invitations to men, London, bristling with conventionalities, seems to grudge poor woman a comfortable meal. Thus, in small things as in great, by the adoption of an erroneous and vicious system, better suited to an eastern than to a western atmosphere, do we heap injuries upon women. To a man walking from the Bank to Charing Cross it appears as though almost every third house invited him to enter, and yet he walks resolutely on, hungry though he be, because he knows that on the other side of Charing Cross lies Pall Mall, where his Club provides better entertainment. But if his wife or daughter be on

his arm, they must content themselves with an ice, a bun, or at best a basin of soup at the pastrycook's.

The necessity for the establishment of places of resort for ladies and families, in London, and other great towns, is much augmented by the facility with which the railways whirl them up to the metropolitan or provincial capitals from their houses in the country. It would seem that such an hotel as the Great Western at Paddington fulfils almost every condition of such a house of resort, the *table-d'hôte* only excepted. But the situation, save for the purposes for which it was especially erected, are fatal to it. To travellers by the Great Western Railway it is an immense boon. It may also be advantageously used by those who, living on the line, come up to visit friends, or transact business in the neighbourhood of Tyburnia, or Westbournia, or by whatsoever name the extensive regions about Paddington and Kensington gravel pits are properly named. But if their business lies elsewhere, the visitor from Slough or Maidenhead will derive no more benefit from an hotel at the Terminus than if he lived at Croydon or Reigate. It is not at the beginning or the end of the day, just after leaving home, or just before returning to it, that the refreshment of which we speak is needed. A good central situation is required to give effect to such an establishment. Situation, indeed, in such matters, if not the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing, may be not unfairly said to be the first and the second.

There is a project on foot for the formation of a company under the Limited Liability Act, to be established for the purpose of erecting an enormous hotel in Trafalgar Square, London —a spot which has been described, by high authority, as "the finest site in Europe." Where now stands that unsightly building, known as the National Gallery, it is proposed to erect the Imperial Hotel. It would be impossible to find a better situation. It is in the very centre of London. It is near the Palace, near the Parliament, near the public offices, near the clubs, near the theatres, and near many of the best shops in London. It is the point of divergence whence nearly all the public traffic of the town radiates towards the four great points of the compass. It is an elevated and an open situation, and it commands one of the most extensive and most cheerful views in the whole metropolis. It is unexceptionable, indeed, in itself, and unexceptionable for the purpose for which it is required. Whether it is obtainable we do not pretend to know. But the National Gallery has been for some time doomed, and it is only a question of time as to when our pictures are to find another habitation. The Barracks at the back of the National Gallery, (which, on many accounts, it is desirable to remove,) and several private

houses must also be thrown down; and the purchase of this property also is embraced in the speculation. The proposed capital to carry out these objects is a million of money.

It need hardly be said that the erection of the *Hôtel du Louvre* at Paris—a gigantic and magnificent hotel which proposes to combine moderate charges with the best and most varied accommodation—has proximately suggested this undertaking. But our hotels have been gradually expanding in size; and it has come now to be well understood, that the larger they are, the better they are. A different notion was once entertained. People used to say that they would be lost in such extensive buildings—that they would never find their way about them—that they would be sure not to get their orders attended to, that it was utterly impossible they could be comfortable. "It may be all very well," it was said, "for my Lord Duke and the most noble the Marquis, with their suites of men-servants and maid-servants—their extensive orders and their large disbursements—to enter such palaces as these, but small people unattended, spending little, can only be looked upon as intruders, miserably out of place." But experience has shown all this to be a mistake. In these large hotels, with their simplicity of construction, and their completeness of organization, we run far less chance of being lost and neglected than in establishments of inferior size. There are certain hotels, as Mivart's and the Clarendon, which have nothing to do with chance travellers; they rely principally upon an established connexion, and their profits are derived not from a continually incoming and outgoing crowd, but from a few wealthy customers who reside for weeks, perhaps months, in the house. These are a class of hotels *sui generis*, hotels for the few. We are writing now of hotels for the many. The proprietors of such establishments as the Great Western or the Lord Warden, know that it is not upon the custom of dukes and marquises, or even kings and emperors, that they are likely to grow rich. They look for their profits from a continual stream of small people. A man who merely seeks his bed and his breakfast, and spends his six or seven shillings at one of these magnificent houses, is treated with as much civility and attention as though he spent twice as many pounds. In these large establishments there is no confusion, no hurry, no delay, no neglect. Everything goes on with the precision and punctuality of clock-work. Every guest is treated with the same attention. You are a small customer to-day, perhaps, but you may be a large one to-morrow; and every man's good word is the same. It is only by looking at matters thus in the concrete, that the proprietor of such an hotel can command success.

That large hotels are not meant for small customers is clearly,

therefore, a mistake. They are meant for customers of all classes, and no man should be deterred from entering them by the sight of their magnificent frontage, and the thought that he only intends to spend his half-a-dozen shillings under their acres of roof. This imaginary objection, then, to size being removed, no other remains. In a commercial country like Great Britain, it is perfectly well understood that the larger the scale on which a business of any kind is carried on, the more reasonable the terms on which the speculator can afford to supply the individual consumer. A small profit on a great number of transactions is better than a large profit on a few. Large concerns always undersell small ones; and hotels are no exception to the rule. But we have heard it said that these grand new hotels are constructed in so costly a manner—that their internal and external decoration are such that large profits must be extorted from the customer on account of the capital sunk in mere ornament. "You must pay some how or other," it is said, "for all that carved stone and carved wood; all that plate glass, all that gilt and *papier-maché*. You cannot expect to live in a palace as cheap as in an ordinary dwelling-house." Now, all this is true as regards the fact itself, but not as regards the inference which some people would draw from it. Against this disbursement something must be placed in the way of profit. There is the interest of the money sunk, and the wear and tear of ornament to be set down on the debtor side of the account. But this decoration brings custom everywhere. It brings custom to the shop, it brings custom to the gin-palace, and it brings custom to the hotel. The number of customers is so great that the individual contribution of each is infinitesimally small. The tax is too light to be felt. A large hotel can better afford to cover the walls of its coffee-room with artistical designs in *papier-maché* than a small one with a common flock paper. We travel at a cheaper rate now in large steamers magnificently decorated than we once did in small and dingy ones. Proprietors well know that money laid out in this way is advantageously expended. It brings custom, and soon returns to the coffers from which it was extracted.

Experience, indeed, has hitherto shown that large hotels are cheaper than small ones. It is true that they are institutions of recent growth, and as yet we cannot speak decisively of the financial results of the experiment. We are only writing now of the question as it affects the customer; and it is not to be doubted that he is the gainer. One very great advantage afforded by these establishments is the graduated scale of charge for accommodation. At the Great Western Hotel at Paddington, for example, there is a printed tariff placed in all the most conspicuous parts of the hotel, which enables the visitor to

choose the price at which he desires to be lodged. He may pay five shillings a night for his bed-room, or he may pay eighteen-pence. The difference is for the most part in the situation of the room. He may ascend one flight of steps, or he may ascend three or four. Whatever his elevation may be, he is sure to be well lodged, in a clean, comfortable, well-furnished room. If he be young, and travelling alone, he will not care to mount a few additional steps. There is the same gradation of charges with respect to sitting-rooms. So that every one knows precisely the price at which he is lodged. This in itself is a reform introduced by the proprietors of the large hotels, for which the public have every reason to be grateful. The charge for accommodation in the old hotels used to be very arbitrary. No man knew at what price he was living until his bill was presented to him. The same fixed tariff with regard to meals and other incidental charges is placed in all the public and private rooms of the large hotels. So that every visitor may calculate to a sixpence the cost at which he is living. The same custom, it is true, might obtain, to a certain extent, in hotels of any dimensions; but it is only in the large establishments that there is a sufficient amount and variety of accommodation to enable the proprietors to graduate, except upon a very limited scale, their charges for accommodation,—it is only in them that there can be rooms on the first, second, third, and fourth floors,—bed-rooms with or without sitting-rooms, with or without dressing-rooms,—large bed-rooms, small bed-rooms, large sitting-rooms, small sitting-rooms, double-bedded-rooms, single-bedded rooms; in short, every possible description of apartment. It is only in such establishments, therefore, that a man, be he great or small, rich or poor, can live precisely according to his purse and his wishes. The more extensive the establishment, the greater the variety of accommodation that can be offered, and we see no reason why the principle should not be carried, in such an hotel as it is proposed to erect in Trafalgar Square, even further than it now is in the Euston, the Great Western, and other hotels.

Another very striking advantage peculiar to the capacious houses of which we are speaking is, that the extensive area which they cover, and the large number of visitors which they receive, enable the proprietor to set aside considerable space on the ground-floor for the public or gregarious accommodation of those guests who do not hire private apartments. The area so appropriated may not be proportionably larger than in houses of smaller dimensions, but it is far more advantageously distributed. Instead of the entire space being given up, as of old, to a dingy coffee-room, with a beggarly account of empty boxes or tables, there is one of ample but reasonable dimensions, cheerfully full,

but not inconveniently crowded. Attached to it are a reading-and-writing room, in which a man may sit, removed from the odours of dinner, the noise of its preparation, and the continual passing and repassing of waiters. In addition to this there is a well-supplied lavatory, in which, if you be a guest in the house, you can wash yourself at any hour after leaving your apartment in the morning, without the toil of ascending a century of stairs; and if you be not a resident, without sending for a chambermaid, and giving her a shilling for five minutes' use of a bedroom. This last-mentioned improvement in modern hotel management is one the advantage of which all who have travelled much will readily recognise. It is not, however, peculiar to the great hotels, though we believe that our praise is of very limited application to others. We know, for example, that the Old Ship Hotel at Brighton,—a comfortable, well-managed establishment,—has had for many years the accommodation of which we speak, and, doubtless, others might be named equally well equipped in this respect. We could name, however, a vast number that are not. But we may assume that no monster hotel will ever be without such accommodation.

We have already said so much on the general subject of *tables-d'hôte*, that we need hardly express here our hope that the proprietors of the great hotel in Trafalgar Square will take into consideration the expediency of instituting them in their gigantic establishment—we have a very strong conviction that a good well-served dinner on table at half-past one o'clock, and another at half-past six, would never be in want of customers. The price should be from three to four shillings a-head. Residents in the house, giving in their names before a certain hour of the day, should have precedence; then visitors for the day writing their names in the book, and paying for their dinner-tickets in advance, such tickets giving the right of entry to the public coffee and reading-rooms; and lastly, chance guests presenting themselves at the dinner hour. The early table would be, for the most part, frequented by visitors from the country; the later one by people engaged during the day in London. We shall be very much surprised if the experiment prove to be a failure. Such *tables-d'hôte* would be attended largely by the better class of foreigners in London. At present, foreigners of good family and condition, but moderate means, do not easily find a fitting asylum for themselves in our great metropolis. We have heard of Englishmen recommending young French or Italian gentlemen to Mivart's, where they have drunk expensive clarets at breakfast, and spent a week among us instead of a month. Such gentlemen may not be able to live at Mivart's, but it does not follow, on that account, that they should resort to Leicester

Square. They come to see London, and they want a central situation. An extensive hotel in Trafalgar Square, with a good *table-d'hôte*, and moderate prices, would secure a larger number of the better class of foreigners in London. It would be creditable to the country. As it is, foreigners complain bitterly either of the bad accommodation or the high prices of our hotels.

With the exception of the institution of *tables-d'hôte*, we do not at present see that there can be any very material improvements upon the accommodation afforded by the large hotels now in existence at the great railway stations. We doubt, too, whether the scale of charges can be materially reduced. If there be a reduction more just and more feasible than any other it is in the articles of coals and candles. We think that the charge of eighteen-pence a-day for a sitting-room fire, and a shilling a-night for a bed-room fire is unreasonably high. In the dearest of times no such amount of coals can be used, and in ordinary seasons, scarcely a third of it. With regard to the lights, the travelling public have long felt the charge for wax, which now-a-days never is wax, to be a grievous one, and greatly to be resented. In these hard war times, a pair of composite candles costs four-pence. But we do not see why in the private apartments of our London hotels candles should be used at all. Gas is burnt in all the public rooms and all the passages; and, in the north, very generally in the bed-rooms of the hotels. We see no reason why there should not be gas-lamps in all the sitting-rooms, and the gas included in the original charge for the apartment. We are very much mistaken, too, if proprietors would not be gainers in the end by the change.

We have said that one of the chief causes of the high prices charged at English hotels is to be found in the fact that many of them, during a considerable part of the year, have little or no custom, whilst the continental hotels enjoy, to a certain extent, the fixed support of the resident population. Our own experience of the continental hotels is not, certainly, much in favour of their comparative cheapness. We could produce foreign hotel bills more startling than any Paterfamilias ever publishes in the *Times* in illustration of the exorbitant charges of British hotels. Coming straight from Cologne we have thought Dover reasonable. But setting the question of comparative cheapness aside, we would observe that the circumstance to which we have referred, as necessitating a high scale of charges, is not likely to operate with much cogency upon a monster establishment, complete in all its parts, in a central situation in London. There would necessarily be a somewhat larger influx of guests in the season than out of the season. But such an establishment would, to a great extent, be independent of seasons. It would be largely

supported by the resident population, and, in all probability, as we have said, be resorted to by people who come from the country to spend a day of business or pleasure in town. There might in the autumn be some slackness—but no more than would be convenient for purposes of cleansing and repairs. There would be none of that utter silence and solitude which you may find, for example, in an hotel at Windermere, when the tourist season is over.

It may be said, perhaps, that such an establishment as it is proposed to institute in Trafalgar Square, being in the immediate vicinity of the Clubs, a considerable number of gentlemen will be disposed to use it as a sleeping-house, stepping across to the Union or other Club house for their meals. "The Clubs alone," it may be asserted, "will mar the success of such an undertaking. It is cheaper to feed at a Club than at an hotel." But all this is extremely questionable. Neither, it appears to us, is the assertion true, nor the inference sound. We know that a club is presumed to be conducted on the mutual benefit principle. Every member is in part proprietor of his own hotel. It is presumed that he eats and drinks everything at little more than cost price. His donation and subscription pay, it is said, for the building, the furniture, and the establishment—but if a man dines at an hotel, his quota of the expenses of the building, the furniture, and the establishment, must be added on to the charge of the dinner. It "stands to reason," therefore, it is said, that he must dine cheaper at the Club. Now what the reason of the case may be little matters. It is more important to consider the fact. That a man eats his club dinner at cost-price, or anything nearly resembling cost-price, is clearly a delusion. He has only to go to market some day to ascertain the difference. It is true, that for the "joint" you are charged at your club, eighteenpence on an average, and that dinner off the joint is set down at half-a-crown, in the tariff of hotel-charges. But at the hotel this one charge includes everything—vegetables, bread, cheese, sauces, &c.; whilst at the Club, on the other hand, there is a supplementary fixed charge, called "table," which, at some clubs, is sixpence, at others ninepence, and others a shilling, to be added on to the account, whatever the meal may be. The difference, therefore, between the club charges and the hotel charges in respect of a plain dinner is small or none. The charge for fish is nearly the same. An hotel breakfast is a little dearer than a club breakfast, but men will seldom grudge an additional sixpence for the privilege of not "turning out" to breakfast. Bed and breakfast are assuredly blessings to be enjoyed under the same roof. If, indeed, a man can get under the roof that covers him any kind of meal, at nearly the same

cost as elsewhere, he will be slow to go abroad for it. It may not be much trouble to walk from Trafalgar Square to Pall Mall, but it is often more than a man cares to do on a rainy or snowy night. We are slow to go out of doors for what we can get in doors. This fact has been recently illustrated, and in a painful manner, by the case of Mr. Masters, the hotel-keeper of Sydenham. He opened an hotel on a large scale within a stone's-throw of the Crystal Palace. Visitors flocked to it. For some time it was difficult to obtain accommodation. The undertaking promised to be a most prosperous one. But dining-rooms were opened in the Palace itself. Mr. Masters lost his customers, and got into the Gazette. The Bankruptcy Commissioners thought it a very hard case, and immediately awarded him a first-class certificate. Such are the advantages of situation. As we have already said, if it be not the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing, it is at all events the first and the second.

We do not think, therefore, that the contiguity of the Clubs will be injurious to the hotel. It is possible that, in course of time, the hotel may be injurious to the Club. There are a considerable number of members in every Club who reside wholly or chiefly in the country, and do not pass the threshold of the Club twenty times in the course of the year. For this privilege they pay annually some £10. Every dinner such member eats at his Club not improbably costs him a guinea, in addition to the bill presented to him by the steward. What does he really gain by such a connexion? It is said that he sees his friends and makes acquaintances. Such may or may not be the case. Clubs are called clubs,—*lucus à non lucendo*,—because there is really nothing "clubbable" about them. There may be one or two exceptions to this rule; but in the majority of Clubs men go on month after month, year after year, meeting each other every day, and never exchanging a word. How, then, shall a man who visits the Club once a month break down this barrier of reserve? There are really more acquaintances made in a coffee-room than in a club-room. If a man has ready-made friends and acquaintances in his Club, of course he may meet them there. But it is very questionable whether he will make any new ones. It is pleasant, however, when a man goes up to town to know that he has a place of resort to which he may betake himself at any hour of the day, to read a paper, to write a letter, to eat a dinner, or to smoke a cigar. All these requirements may be most satisfactorily met by a well-constructed and well-organized hotel. It is not improbable, therefore, that some people may discover in time that the hotel fulfils all the conditions of a Club, and has the additional advantage that its visitors may sleep

under the roof. We need not add, that if the hotel be dearer than the Club, the £8 or £10 of subscription saved will pay the overcharge of a great many bills.

In striking the account between the Club and the hotel, it ought never to be forgotten that hotels, such as we have imagined, or rather such as we are now beginning to see, are, in reality, family-clubs. At one of these hotels, a man may enjoy himself in a state of perfect celibacy or misogynism, or he may bring his wife and children to the great hotel-club with him. He may betake himself to his reading-room, or his smoking-room if he will. He has, indeed, all the advantages of the exclusive man's-club within his reach, and yet may allow his wife and daughter to see something of the same gregarious style of life.

We have one more suggestion of a practical kind to make before we pass on to what may be regarded as the moral aspects of the hotel question. We offer it, however, with some hesitation. It appears to us, assuming that the project of a grand central hotel in Trafalgar Square, (or any other locality,) can be carried out, and that the area of the ground purchased, after its distribution and arrangement for all purposes of hotel accommodation upon the most liberal scale, should be sufficiently extensive to leave any unappropriated space, something of a bazaar, arcade, or *passage* of shops under the same common roof would be a welcome addition to the visitor, and an exceedingly profitable speculation to the proprietors of the hotel. In the Colonies it is no unusual thing for the proprietor of an hotel to keep a large store attached to it, at which travellers—especially travellers by sea, touching at a strange port—may replenish themselves. Men buy everything that they want, and a great deal that they do not want, simply because they find it "so convenient." We would not turn the proprietors of our hotels into colonial store-keepers, but we give this as another illustration of the advantages of proximity; and we do not at present see any strong objection, supposing there be any unappropriated space, to allot some portion of it to an arcade or colonnade of really good shops. These shops might either be retained by the company, putting their own servants in them, or let off to responsible parties—a preference in all cases being given to shareholders.*

* As we write, a paper is put into our hands containing the outline scheme of a monster hotel, to be erected in Toronto (Canada), from which we gather that a considerable portion of the ground-floor is to be devoted to shops. Of course it may be said that Toronto is not London, and that what is suited to the atmosphere of one city may not be suited to another. But in all parts of the world people understand the advantages of proximity, and we know few places where there is so often a strong inducement not to go out of doors—or, in other words, into the rain and the mud—as in London.

We have said much seemingly with especial reference to the project of the Imperial Hotel Company, which foreshadows the design of a gigantic house of entertainment in Trafalgar Square; but, except that we consider Trafalgar Square as the best site for such an hotel in the whole kingdom, we merely proposed to speak of it as a given type or quantity, representing a general idea in our mind. Of the project itself we only know what we have read in the public prints, and of its chances of realization, nothing. The site itself may be as readily obtainable for such a purpose as the site of St. James' Palace or Holyrood. But we shall watch the progress of this or any similar scheme with the greatest interest, under the conviction that such establishments will make a great addition to the convenience of the public.

And we do not see that any counterbalancing evil is to be apprehended. Every now and then in connexion with this subject we hear indistinct allusions to France and America—and a blow that is to be somehow struck at English domestic life. But it is very possible to give freer scope to the hotel-system of the country, without breaking up all our private establishments. We by no means recommend the heads of English families to give up house-keeping and to live at hotels. Nor would we exhort husband and wife to go out every day together or separately, and get their dinner at a restaurateur's instead of taxing the energies of the good plain cook. We believe that without any injury to the domestic character of the people of England, we may have much better houses of public entertainment than we at present possess. The hotel is not recommended as a substitute for home. We simply desire good and cheap accommodation for those who are away from their homes.

In America there are gigantic hotels and boarding-houses. And it is common for married people, especially young married people, to repudiate the cares of house-keeping and to ride loosely at anchor at one of these overgrown establishments. Miss Martineau speaks, with commiseration rather than with scorn, of the manner in which such ladies spend the day—giggling, and gossiping, and looking out of window. It is admitted, she says, that they can do little or nothing in such establishments but dress and talk, and there is no end therefore to the difficulties, domestic and commercial, in which gentlemen are involved by the indiscreet confidences of their wives. There are other evils, too, than these, as we readily allow; but we hardly think that they need be insisted upon here. There is no fear of the hotel or the boarding-house supplanting the English home. House-keeping is an easier business in England than in America. It is the absence of an efficient system of domestic service that

drives married people to the boarding-house in the United States. People may and do complain among us, perhaps somewhat unreasonably, that they cannot get good servants; but in America the complaint often is that they cannot get any. English women generally like house-keeping, and the little difficulties and distresses of which they complain, rather, on the whole, give piquancy to the occupation. If "the greatest plague in life" were to drive an English family to seek safety and solace in an hotel or boarding-house, they would very soon return again to the pleasing anxieties of keeping house.

But although the charms of home are, and ever will be, appreciable by the English people, and no one can fitly draw a comparison between the comforts and privileges of a well-ordered private establishment, however small, and those of the best hotel ever instituted, there is a state of life midway between home-life and hotel-life, which appears to us to possess the advantages of neither, but to be in every respect inferior to both. Life in lodgings is a wretched state of existence at best. It is neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. It has neither the comfort and privacy of home, nor the freedom and independence of an hotel. It may, or may not, be more economical than either or both, but generally speaking what a man gains by it in one direction he loses in another. The peculations of landladies are proverbial. Lodging-house keepers' bills are, in some respects, more astounding than hotel-keepers'. You never know what they are until they come. At hotels there are, or ought always to be, fixed prices, patent to every guest, so that he may calculate his cost of living to a shilling. Let a man betake himself, with his wife and a child or two, to Brighton or some other fashionable watering-place, locate himself in "Apartments," and make the experiment of economical living. We were about to say that he will soon wish himself in a well-ordered hotel. But such is not exactly the case. An experienced landlady understands her calling far too well to be in any hurry to render her little accounts. She "cannot get in the tradesmens' bills—they are such troublesome, dilatory people:" or, perhaps, there has been some mistake in them, and she has sent them back to be corrected. The full and painful truth is seldom permitted to dawn upon a man, until he has decided upon taking his departure. The landlady, we repeat, knows her business a great deal too well to scare him away by a premature revelation of the secrets of her trade.

Now although we should never wish to substitute the hotel for the permanent home, we see no reason why it should not be substituted, in a great measure, for the occasional lodging. Why should people going, for a week or a month, to the

sea-side to eat (as the orientals say) a little air, go running about the place in search of apartments, and fix themselves as the guest of some stranger of whom they know nothing, and who is in nowise responsible to public opinion or amenable to public criticism? Or why should they, under the same conditions, and with still less chance of success, domicile themselves in a dingy lodging in London, when they go up on business from the country? The common announcement in the latter case is, "Oh! I shall go at first to an hotel, and then look out for a lodging." In the former it is no uncommon thing for people to start at once from the railway on a lodging-hunt. But we can see no reason why they should not go straight to an hotel, and leave it only when they leave the place. The mere house accommodation of an hotel ought to be cheaper than private apartments, and the legitimate profits on the meals provided in the hotel will seldom exceed the blackmail levied by a rapacious landlady. The English public may (as Mr. Ellis of Brighton says) be "a home-loving public:" but they are not a lodging-loving public. Neither are they a stay-at-home public. When they travel abroad, (and who in these days does not travel?) although they frequently spend weeks at the same place, they are content to live at the hotels. To this some will answer, "Yes; because they are cheaper and better." But there is really no reason why they should be cheaper and better. As we have already said, we doubt much whether they are. The cheapness is more imaginary than real. We may, it is true, get more for our money, but that is chiefly because the establishments are larger, the hotels more frequented, and cookery better understood. The general improvement and extension of the hotel system, which we have been supposing, will obviate much of this. If customers are few, dishes must be few: the *cuisine* can present no great variety. We must fall back, then, on the inevitable steaks and chops. But numbers will bring both cheapness and diversity, or at least as much of the latter as Englishmen require. As to the former, we repeat our conviction, that the charge of a well-ordered hotel ought not to render living there more expensive than in apartments; and as to the question of social morality, we hold that the hotel is an infinitely more useful institution than the lodging-house, which is often little better than a den of thieves.

Indeed, the domesticity of hotel-life, the subject being properly regarded, is one of its chief recommendations. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the attractiveness of such institutions will have the effect of sundering domestic ties and separating members of families. No small thing is it for a man to get the advantages of a home and a club under the same roof. A man

goes up to London, or any other large town for a month, taking his wife with him. They settle themselves in lodgings, which, in all probability, are neither very cheerful nor very comfortable. They get an exceedingly bad dinner, exceedingly badly served. They are at the mercy of strange servants; and the chances are that everything is done in an untidy slovenly way, which makes both husband and wife discontented, and perhaps ill-tempered. In this emergency, the husband has his remedy; the wife has not. He goes to his Club; she is left to mope in solitude at home. If he wishes to ask a friend to dinner, the invitation is to the Club. In all probability he would be very glad that his wife should be of the party—but the capabilities of his lodging prevent him from entertaining his friends in his temporary home, and he has no alternative but to go where a tolerable dinner can be decently served. At an hotel, on the other hand, a man has no need to go out to read the papers; to see a little of his fellow-men; or to obtain a comfortable dinner. He has no occasion to seek his amusement in a selfish and unsociable way. The wife may share his cheerfulness without diminishing it. Practically, for these reasons, it will be found that the hotel is a more domestic institution than the lodging-house. A well-organized hotel will contain all the essentials of a Club, with this additional advantage, that it is a club for women as well as for men.

Neither can we see anything injurious to the domestic habits of the British in the establishment of first-class restaurants, at which English ladies may dine without offence, as they do in Paris and other continental cities. As a general rule, we hold that whatever enables the wife to partake of the amusements, or, in a larger social sense, the occupations of her husband, materially contributes to domestic happiness and morality. It is a bad thing when a man feels that his wife is an incumbrance and obstruction to him. In these days of almost universal travel, we may appeal with confidence to thousands of English ladies, who have accompanied their husbands on the Continent, whether a great part of their pleasure was not derived from the circumstance that there were no conventional hindrances to her full participation in all the excursions and recreations of her husband. There was a sufficiency of amusement to be enjoyed together—a sufficiency of life to be seen together—to render him independent of everything that could only be entered into exclusively by himself. She can dine at *tables-d'hôte* without impropriety—she can go to restaurants, to public gardens, to casinos, without reproach. There is a community of interest between them. There is no need that they should be separated for an hour. Now it surely is not conducive to morality that the husband should be compelled continually to say,

and truthfully perhaps to his wife, "My dear, I should like very much to take you with me—but it is not considered proper that ladies should visit such places." On the other hand, we believe that these conventional impediments are a very fertile source of evil, and lie at the root of a vast deal of domestic unhappiness.

There are many things harmless in themselves, which are rendered baneful by the mistaken views of society. We make the evil which we condemn. We say that places are bad because they are frequented principally by bad people. But why are they frequented by bad people? Because, by tacit consent, the good have abandoned them to such people. Why are there places to which it is said modest women should not resort? Because modest women have abandoned them to the immodest. It would be false to say that the modest have been driven out by the immodest. That is not, and never has been the case. We have already said, but it may not unfitly be repeated here, that neither immodest women nor the male companions of such women desire to intrude themselves into places frequented by people of a different class and different character; and that when they are in the presence of such people they generally comport themselves as decently as the rest. There are exceptions, perhaps, to both rules, but we cannot provide for exceptions in our legal, social, or moral codes. We have heard of such a thing as an "objectionable person" being seen in the peeresses' gallery of the House of Lords when the Queen was opening Parliament; but however great the impropriety of the peer who introduced her, it need hardly be said that neither her appearance nor her deportment in such a situation would have done discredit to the wife of the proudest peer in the realm. Men may sometimes do indiscreet and improper things of this kind, but almost always in the hope and expectation of not being discovered. There are few who do not know the value of character—few who will not make some sacrifice to keep up the appearance of respectability in the presence of those who possess the substance.

We speak deliberately and with some experience of the matter, when we say that the exclusive habits of the English, which keep women of the better class in such strict privacy, inflict an amount of injury upon young men, not to be easily calculated, and bring thousands to absolute ruin. Say what we may, young men will hunger after amusement. They have not, for the most part, a natural appetite for vicious amusement in preference to any other. They are naturally of a sociable disposition. They prefer a gregarious to an isolated mode of life. They delight in places of public resort. The society of the other sex is pleasing to them. There is nothing, in itself, wrong in dining at a restaurateur's—or supping at a café—or promenading a public garden—or even

in dancing on a platform in the open air. But the enjoyment of these things, (the taste for which is not so very censurable in young people, or, if it be, is nearly universal and not to be eradicated,) almost necessarily in the present state of society, drives men into bad company, and, therefore, into bad habits. In the first place, men desiring, at such places, female companionship, are driven to seek the society of one or other of two classes of women—either of women already bad, who trade upon their badness; or women of an inferior condition in society, who, if not already bad, are on the dangerous road which leads to such a consummation. In the next place, the abandonment of these places of public resort to women of exceptionable character, and, in a great measure, to men also not very particular about their moral status, removes all restraint both as regards resort to such tainted places, and their behaviour when there. Men say to themselves, "Oh! I shall meet nobody there, who will think the worse of me for being there, or for anything that I do there—what then does it matter?" They visit in families of high respectability and propriety of conduct—perhaps with rather strict, moral, or conventional views of social life. They dine with such people, dance with the daughters of the house, accompany them to flower-shows, perhaps are invited to their country residences. They would not for the world be seen by such people in improper places or improper company. But, in the present state of society, a man may dine with a bishop, pass thence to a public garden, and thence to a ball at some stiff-necked peer's, where he dances with the host's daughter. He loses no caste by the second of these three diversions, because he feels sure that nobody who sees him will think any the worse of him for being in such society. Or, if he takes, as his companion, a girl of inferior condition—some well-dressed milliner or ballet-dancer, who, being in such a position, is at least on the *road* to ruin—he is sure that no female friend, in his own rank of life, will ever say to him, "Who was that pretty girl I saw you with at ——?"

An injury is thus, it will be seen, inflicted on both sexes. The companionship of men of a higher order of society is dangerous in the extreme to young females. That such companionship is much encouraged by the existence of places of public resort, to which the higher class of women will not betake themselves, is not to be denied. When a man can not obtain the companionship of a woman of his own class of society, and he knows that no woman of that class will see him in the company of one of inferior condition, there is a two-fold temptation to descend. Hence one, and not the least, of the many causes of the "great sin of great cities." It is a common formula of expression with

many very excellent well-intentioned people with regard to places of public resort—"I *may* do no harm by going; I *can* do no harm by staying away." This is supposed to be an incontrovertible dogma that must silence all dispute. But it is by no means the axiom it is supposed to be. They may not do harm to themselves by staying away—but they may do great harm to others. It should be our object by every means to render places of public resort as respectable as possible—places to which our wives and daughters may accompany us, without reproach and without offence. Instead of rendering us less, such a state of things will make us more domestic. It will keep many sons and brothers—ay, and husbands out of bad society—and save thousands of both sexes from crime, misery, and degradation.

It is probable that some readers may refer, with an air of triumphant self-congratulation, to the habits of other European countries; and we may be asked whether we would assimilate our domestic morality to that of certain continental states. Now we do not purpose to enter into any invidious comparisons; nor could we, if we desired, at the end of such an article as this, venture upon so large a question as such comparisons would suggest. We would merely observe, that when we have seen in Germany families of the first respectability sitting in gardens attached to large hotels or other places of public entertainment—drinking their coffee, or their May-drink, or perhaps after the fatigues and heats of the day, supping rather extensively, with a bowl of the latter delicious compound well iced before them, a fine view around, a good band playing at a sufficient distance, and life, animation, cheerfulness everywhere about, we have asked ourselves, whether such scenes can be indicative of a low state of morality and domestic happiness. Nothing of an offensive character is seen in such places. Men make parties to visit them, not with mistresses, or courtesans, or deluded girls, who are fast falling into such a state, but with their wives, and sisters, and daughters. Military officers frequent them, not in *mufti* as with us, but in the uniforms of their regiments—a significant fact in itself. Everybody drinks a little, smokes a great deal, and enjoys himself to the same extent. Of course, English travellers mix largely in such scenes, and think it very delightful. There may, or there may not be, extensive gardens, in themselves a delight—but it is the cheerful society, the humanity of the thing, which is the real attraction. The gardens of the *Hotel Belle Vue* opposite Cologne are a narrow strip of land on the river side. But on summer evenings some of the most respectable people of Cologne may be seen there—little family and social groupes—supping and May-drinking, and listening to the music. The Thames may not be as pleasant a river as the

Rhine, but we have often thought, that if there were such places in the neighbourhood of London, to which such parties could betake themselves, there would be a great deal less ill-humour, discontent, and domestic unhappiness. We have the strongest possible conviction, that if we ventilated ourselves a little more, we should be a more moral people.

We think now that we have sufficiently shown that London, and in like proportion other English towns, require for purposes of public convenience more and better houses of entertainment than at present exist, and that a more general resort to such places, instead of diminishing, would greatly increase both the social morality and the domestic felicity of the people of England. We have treated the subject principally in a social and moral point of view, and have said little about its commercial bearings. We confess that we are not qualified to enter, with any air of authority, upon the question, whether large hotels, such as we desire to see constructed, are or are not likely to be lucrative mercantile speculations. We have given our reasons, on general grounds, for thinking that they ought, under proper management, to be financially successful. Of course, all such undertakings depend much for their success upon the honesty and ability of their management. It has been said by an eminent hotel proprietor, (Mr. Ellis of Brighton, in the *Times* newspaper,) that "the economy of great hotels is made up of minute details, to control which is desiderated direct interest and direct power. Its successful management—for gain of host or comfort of guest—does not, therefore, promise well to be attained by a delegated responsibility, or a divided authority; it is moreover a vessel prone to leakages. That one master cannot well govern two hotels has been frequently exemplified, and it is likewise noted that a proprietary innkeeper ceases to benefit himself and others, from the moment when he affects 'to take it easy,' and employ deputies to manage for him. If this is true of a professed innkeeper, acting with sole interest and authority, it may be fairly argued that the incompatibilities are aggravated in the case of an hotel managed by the agents and servants of a company." To this it might seem sufficient to answer that many hotels on the Continent, and in the United States, are managed by companies and are successful. There are a vast number of large business establishments of other kinds, requiring very minute attention to a great variety of details, which are carried on very lucratively through the agency of salaried servants—the actual proprietors seldom or never interfering in the details of management. It can hardly be said that a man, with a fixed salary, whose appointment is dependent on the success of his management, has not a direct interest in the concern. It might

almost as well be said that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has not a direct interest in the financial success of his measures. Is not every large estate managed by a steward? The steward has a direct interest in its good management. Direct interest is much more than another name for fluctuating profit.

There is, however, always in public companies some fear of a misappropriation of the funds, and a vigilant guardianship is required to be exercised. It is well known how such companies are got up by engineers (or architects), building contractors, lawyers, and others, who enrich themselves before the company is started, and care little or nothing about its ultimate success. Recent revelations, too, have shewn how directors fill their purses at the expense of the general proprietary body. But such revelations are rather in favour of the honest management of future undertakings, for they are likely to induce increased caution, closer inquiry, and more active supervision. Hotel companies, like other companies, may be mismanaged, but this is rather a possible than a likely contingency. "It cannot for a moment be doubted," says the *Times*, with reference to this subject, "that were such an enterprise conducted with prudence and liberality, the persons engaged in it would obtain excellent interest for their investments." We are very much of this opinion. It does not follow that, because there has been imprudence and dishonesty in the management of some public companies, the taint should be universal. Exposure, we repeat, is not without its uses.

Much, doubtless, will depend upon the intelligence and the integrity of the managing body. If hotels are to be the property of a large number of shareholders, it is of the highest importance, of course, that these shareholders should be efficiently represented. It is important, in the first instance, that the Committee of Management should keep a watchful eye on the preliminary expenditure, which, if it be excessive, as in the case of many, or most rather, of the earlier railways, will in itself prevent the undertaking from yielding a good dividend. We repeat that such projects as these are not to be identified with the interests of lawyers, architects, and contractors—all very essential personages, doubtless; but not exactly the people for whose especial behoof a million of money is to be sunk. Upon the manner in which the shareholder's money is laid out, in the first instance, the success of these hotel companies will mainly depend. No subsequent good management will give the undertaking much buoyancy, if it be kept down by the dead weight of capital unprofitably expended. But, on the other hand, subsequent bad management may neutralize the advantages of an honest and judicious distribution of the preliminary expenditure. The watchfulness

of the Directors must be continual; and it must be an intelligent vigilance. They ought thoroughly to understand the wants of the public; to meet the demands of society as they arise—not to walk in old beaten paths and to be bound down by conventional trammels, but at the same time not to give way to wild and speculative fancies, and, above all, not to attempt too much at the same time.

It appears to us that there is hardly any limit to the uses to which such establishments as we have been considering may be put. But the very expansiveness, as it were, of such projects, suggests the necessity of caution. It is very possible not to go far enough—but, at the same time, we may go too far. To be timid is certainly to fail. To be rash is to fail with equal certainty. But experience shows that boldness without rashness, in such experiments as these, commonly commands success. *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*, should be the motto of all who would make any great social ventures of this kind. They should never be silenced by the assertion, that there is no demand for what they undertake to supply—but should give back promptly and decisively the answer, "If there be none, we will *make* it." We could point to numerous undertakings, the failure of which was predicted at the outset, on the score of their being incompatible with the tastes and usages of the people. But the tastes and usages of the people are not unchangeable. It is astonishing, indeed, how soon they fall into new ways, and wonder, in the fulness of their appreciation of some new blessing, how they could possibly have done without it during so many years of their lives.

ART. IX.—1. *Doctor Antonio.* A Tale. By the Author of Lorenzo Benoni. Edinburgh, Thomas Constable. 1855.
2. *History of Piedmont.* By ANTONIO GALLENGA. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall. London, 1855.

IN substantive value, in political and historic interest, "Doctor Antonio" is decidedly inferior to its predecessor. "Lorenzo Benoni" was for the most part a veracious narrative, embracing many real characters, and delineating with fidelity the social condition of one portion of Italy during events which are duly recorded in the annals of that country. Hence it possessed an interest and a value which no mere romance could have deserved, as giving us the Italian nature depicted by Italians, Italian oppressions as felt by Italian sufferers, and an Italian insurrection as viewed and narrated by the actors in its exciting scenes. In Doctor Antonio there is little of all this. The story becomes involved with actual events only towards its close—its least interesting and agreeable part, where the hero figures in the gallant but disastrous struggle for freedom made by the Sicilians in 1848: the earlier and principal portion is a simple domestic romance, embracing no stirring incidents and little variety of life, but full of beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and still more beautiful delineations of natural feeling. As a tale, avowedly fictitious, it is, we think, preferable to "Lorenzo Benoni;" it has the same gentleness and purity of tone, the same sustained but unforced devotion of feeling, the same elegance of style and correctness of language, (wonderful in a foreigner,) and in its principal character the same attractive compound of the gentleman, the Christian, the poet, and the patriot,—a compound, we believe, more often and more perfectly found in Italy than in any other country, owing to the lamentable circumstances of that unhappy land.

The story opens with the journey of a father and daughter—the father a proud and narrow-minded English baronet, the daughter a sweet unspoiled English girl—along the Riviera, which is thus described:—

"Few of the public highways of Europe are more favoured than this—few, at any rate, combine in themselves three such elements of natural beauty as the Mediterranean on one side, the Apennines on the other, and overhead the splendours of an Italian sky. The industry of man has done what it could, if not to vie with, at least not to disparage Nature. Numerous towns and villages, some grace-

fully seated on the shore, bathing their feet in the silvery wave, some stretching up the mountain sides like a flock of sheep, or thrown picturesquely astride a lofty ridge, with here and there a solitary sanctuary perched high on a sea-washed cliff, or half lost in a forest of verdure at the head of some glen; marble palaces and painted villas emerging from sunny vineyards, gaily flowering gardens, or groves of orange and lemon trees; myriads of white *casini* with green jalousies, scattered all over hills, once sterile, but now, their scanty soil propped up by terrace shelving above terrace, clothed to the top with olive trees,—all and everything, in short, of man's handiwork, betokens the activity and ingenuity of a tasteful and richly-endowed race.

"The road, in obedience to the capricious indentations of the coast, is irregular and serpent-like; at one time on a level with the sea, it passes between hedges of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander, at another winds up some steep mountain side, through dark pine forests, rising to such a height that the eye recoils terrified from looking into the abyss below; here it disappears into galleries cut in the living rock, there comes out upon a wide expanse of earth, sky, and water; now turns inland, with a seeming determination to force a passage across the mountain, anon shoots abruptly in an opposite direction, as if bent upon rushing headlong into the sea. The variety of prospect resulting from the continual shifting of the point of view, is as endless as that offered by the ever-changing combinations of a kaleidoscope. Could we but give this sketch a little of the colouring,—real colouring, of the country, what a picture we should make of it! But we cannot. It is past the power of words to shadow out the brilliant transparency of this atmosphere, the tender azure of this sky, the deep blue of this sea, the soft gradations of tone tinting these wavy mountains, as they pass one over the other. The palette of a Stansfield or a D'Azelio would scarcely be equal to the task."

The carriage of the travellers is overturned; the young lady breaks her leg and sprains her ankle, and is thus thrown into the care and intimate society of a young Italian Doctor, who not only tends her with consummate skill and tenderness, but beguiles the weary hours of her confinement, at a wretched roadside inn, by conversation, reading, instruction, and every kind and delicate attention that affection could suggest, or a cultivated mind supply. Doctor Antonio, as drawn by the author, is a fine specimen of the superior class of Italians, such as we can testify are often found in that country, though such as, unfortunately, do not form the normal type of the men in that or in any country—full of intellect, resources, and information, rich in varied stores of knowledge derived both from books and from observation, at once a poet and an artist in his love of nature—enthusiastic, devoted to his country's cause, sincerely religious, yet neither narrow nor dogmatic—full of resolution and endur-

ance, trained to habitual self-command, and distinguished by that peculiar union of almost feminine gentleness and susceptibility with masculine force of character and dignity of manners, which, of all the combinations of moral excellence, is at once the loveliest and the rarest. This unusual blending of qualities, which in truth are not the opposites but the complements of one another, is depicted in nearly every action of Doctor Antonio, from the decision and promptitude with which he resigns his fondest hopes as soon as he finds from the virulent prejudices of the father that their indulgence would be folly, and could bring but strife and disappointment—to the final scene where he refuses to escape and desert his fellow-patriots in prison, and proves truer to friendship than to love. The party in the following extract are speaking of a case just reported in the newspaper, of the daughter of an English nobleman who had married an Italian artist and was abandoned by the angry family in consequence:—

"'Serve her right!' exclaimed Sir John, crumpling the paper with hands that trembled with emotion. 'If I were her father she should never see a shilling of mine. Let them starve. I know him well. By God! I would never speak to him again if he were to have anything to do with the ——' The last word was inaudible as the Baronet rose, and began angrily striding up and down the room.

"'What good purpose can all such anger answer now?' said Antonio, quietly.

"'Give a warning to all silly minxes, sir, disposed to disgrace their family,' retorted Sir John, impetuously.

"The Doctor ventured to observe, in a conciliating voice, 'Luckily the young man seems respectably connected.'

"'D—— such respectability!' roared Sir John. 'A fellow little better than a beggar, living on his pencils and wits.'

"'Michael Angelo and Raphael lived on their pencils and wits,' remonstrated Antonio, beginning to feel chafed.

"'Welcome to do so,' replied the Englishman. 'I would have given my daughter to neither of them for all that.'

"A sharp repartee quivered on Antonio's lips, but he gulped it down.

"'The consummate rascal!' went on the Baronet, with renewed fury. 'And to think that not one Englishman among the whole set had spirit enough to blow the fellow's brains out. It's enough to make one disown one's country!'

"'Come, come, Sir John,' said Antonio, good-naturedly, 'you must not be so severe. Love at two-and-twenty is a terribly intoxicating draught.'

"'Love!' laughed the Baron, contemptuously. 'Nonsense; it was the girl's pounds, shillings, and pence, that the cold-blooded villain wanted. They only marry for money, these—a—confounded Italian adventurers.'

"The Italian grew scarlet and bit his lip. Perhaps the Englishman noticed this, or perhaps it was only the sound of his own words that sobered him. He paused for a second in front of Antonio, who, his arms folded over his breast, stood leaning against the piano; then moved by a sudden impulse, Sir John stretched out his hand and said, with noble simplicity—'Very wrong of me to wound your feelings. Pray forgive me. I did not mean it. That odious story quite got the better of me. I confess I have an unconquerable aversion to marriages with foreigners. Don't let me speak any more on the subject. And now, are you for a game?'

"Antonio *was* for a game, and they sat down to it; but Sir John was so *distrait* that his opponent had to take all imaginable pains to make him win. It was near midnight when the Doctor issued from the little garden-gate; instead of turning to the right to gain the high-road to Bordighera, he took to the left, down the lane towards the sea, and began walking up and down the beach. His step, though slower than usual, gave no evidence of over-wrought feelings, nor did his countenance, to which the pale moonshine, that fell on it, imparted an expression of calm solemnity. He walked thus for a considerable time, then lay down at full length, his face upturned to the heavens. The grey-light of breaking day found him in the same posture. He then rose, and, as if summing up the result of his long reverie, said aloud—'What matters it, after all, whether a man is happy or unhappy, so that he sees his duty and abides by it? So now, *Viva l'Italia!* my first and my last love!' and he bent his way homewards.

"From that day all fits of moodiness or taciturnity were at an end, and the gentle current of serene good sense and quiet humour, which gave such a charm to the Italian's manner, flowed as rich and equable as when we first made his acquaintance. Had that night of solemn thought conquered the struggle within, or only ministered to the combatant sufficient strength to control and keep down its outward manifestations? Was Antonio in the solitude of his own dwelling, as much master of himself, as composed, even cheerful, as he was at the Osteria in Lucy's presence?—we leave it a secret between the well-meaning creature and his Creator."

Shortly after Antonio had come to this heroic determination, Lucy, being recovered, is carried off by her father and a brutal brother to England, without allowing her one opportunity of bidding a tender adieu to her kind doctor, or of coming to an understanding with him as to their mutual feelings. Poor Antonio's state of mind, when thus abandoned, is touchingly described:—

"When two persons dearly attached to one another separate, how much more to be pitied is the one who remains than the one who goes! Every old, familiar place and object becomes to the former a cruel remembrancer, out of which rises the image with which it is associated. Every hour that passes brings back the recollection of

some sweet corresponding habit, now, alas! broken, and with it fresh yearnings and regrets; while every hour that flies, every object that fleets by, the excitement of the motion, the incidents, the very annoyances of travelling, create for the latter a thousand little diversions, the effect of which cannot but be to divide and lessen the concentration of thought and feeling on one given point. . . .

"Antonio, in the meantime, do what he would, could think of nothing but Lucy. The bright star that had for a moment shone above his horizon had long set for ever, while still his eyes gazed on, riveted on the halo of light it had left behind. It was all the same whether he remained brooding in his own dwelling, seated on that very easy-chair he had contrived for his cherished patient, or whether he went abroad on his usual avocations, there was the dear face looking at him out of every corner, haunting him at every turn. The little library out of which he had lent her books still warm with the touch of her hand, the flute and guitar he had so willingly played for her amusement, the map of Sicily he had taken to her when her interest in his country was first awakened, the flowers she had given him religiously preserved,—all around him was full of her. All seemed to ask, 'Where is she?' If tired of poring over a volume, on which he had uselessly tried to fix his attention, Antonio got up and looked out of the window, the first thing his eye met was the Count's casino, to which he had accompanied her many a time,—there the rich Italian pine expanded its green canopy under which she had sat, when she tried the sketch of the coast towards France,—there, glancing in the sun, was the large yellow stone, from under which, to Lucy's great terror, they had seen creep out a snake, as big as her little finger,—further on, at that turning, she had stooped to pick up a stray, tiny, white shell, and given it to him.

"It was worse still when his profession called him to the other side of the promontory. What a crowd of memories rose at the sight of the old, weather-beaten, dingy-red Osteria, with its cumbrous balcony, the little garden, and the pebbly shore! Not a foot of ground but was hallowed by some recollection of her. There, past that sharp descent of the road, he had seen her for the first time, pale as death, but so lovely in her paleness that he wondered how such a peerless creature could exist on earth. There she had smiled on him so sweetly, when he had ordered the litter to be turned round; there, on the first fold of the hill behind the house, one day, at dusk, she had discovered the first fire-flies of the season, and screamed with delight. Not a path but they had trodden it together, not a flower but they had examined it together, not one of Nature's mysterious sounds—from the voice of the ocean to the chirp of a grasshopper—that they had not listened to together, not one of the thousand hues of sea, or earth, or sky, that they had not admired together! Then everybody spoke of her; Rosa, Speranza, Battista, the Count, the drawing-master, Prospero, his mother, knew of no other topic. His very patients would inquire of him whether the '*bella Signorina*' was ever likely to come back again. Even the urchins playing in the

streets would stop in their game to ask him where the '*Inglesina*' was. It seemed so strange, so unnatural, so impossible, that she should have passed away from a place so full of her, that Antonio would sit for hours, in sight of the Osteria, expecting to see her white dress fluttering in the balcony, or to hear her birdlike voice singing one of the Sicilian airs he had taught her. At times he got almost angry with himself, and determined to shake off this sort of continual obsession; he tried long expeditions on foot under a scorching sun, but to little purpose. The song of the nightingale in the valley, the scent of thyme on a mountain pass, the white outline of some distant village, the tolling of a far-away church-bell, awoke old associations, and out of them stole the fairy form, and kept alongside of him. Do what he would, struggle as manfully as he might, there was no way of ridding himself of it. Antonio was sick at heart."

Eight years roll away. Lucy, left a widow as Lady Cleverton, broken in health and spirits, once more visits Italy in the hopes of recovering by the united influence of the air and the Doctor that had before done so much for her. She meets Antonio at the Court of Naples, where he has come as a sort of envoy from Sicily, then in a state of war with Naples, or rather with its unworthy and perfidious Monarch. Shortly afterwards the counter-revolution of the 15th of May enables Ferdinand to break all his solemn oaths and constitutional engagements, and to consign all his patriotic ministers to dungeons. Antonio shares the fate of Poerio, Settembrini, and others. Lady Cleverton contrives for him means of escape. This is his answer:

"The letters were formed by little holes pierced in the paper. These few words, traced in complete darkness, had cost the writer a whole night's labour.

"'There are five here, besides myself, all noble fellows, the least of them worth ten of me. I cannot desert them: you cannot save us all; leave me to my fate. Providence has assigned me my place among the sufferers. Perhaps our trials will be reckoned to our country. Pray God that it may be so. Pray for Italy. God bless you!—Your own A.'"

With one more extract relating to the character of the lower classes of Italians, we must conclude our notice of this pleasing volume.

"'Among all classes in this country there exists a singular aptitude to learn, and much natural taste. For instance, we have a tolerably good band of musicians, most of them self-taught, and an excellent organist, who never had any master but himself.'

"'Wonderful!' said Lucy, 'and are they as good as they are clever?'

"'To say the least, they have many good points,' returned Antonio, 'they are sober, independent, and warm-hearted; there is a

native mildness in their blood; and when they quarrel—for where is it that men are always at peace with one another?—the quarrel rarely ends in blows.—You look as if you scarcely believed me.' "

Lucy's colour rose, for she felt what Antonio was saying to be the very reverse of the character she was in the habit of hearing ascribed to the Italians.

" 'Forget preconceived notions, or rather,' continued Antonio, 'remember all, and compare hearsay evidence with what comes under your own observation. Facts are stubborn things, Miss Davenne, and observation of facts will show you, that amongst us there is scarcely an example of wives and daughters bearing the marks of the brutality of their husbands and fathers; that drunkenness is a very rare thing, so is crime; that there are whole provinces—that of San Remo is one—in which no murder has been committed within the memory of man.

" Property is so divided, that the two extremes of great riches and great poverty are almost unknown, and so, fortunately, are most of the evils arising out of them—beggary for instance. I am not speaking of the great towns of course, but of the country districts, in which nearly every man owns his little bit of land, which he cultivates as well as he can. The small proprietor who has time to spare, hires his services to his neighbour, who, possessing more land, requires more hands, but both employer and employed deal and converse with each other on a footing of perfect equality. The hired labourer no more considers himself the inferior of his employer because he takes money from him, than the employer thinks himself the labourer's superior for paying it.'

" 'You are describing a real Arcadia,' said Lucy.

" 'I wish it were so,' continued Antonio, shaking his head; 'but there are deep shades to the picture. The baneful action of despotism makes itself felt here, as every where else in Italy. The state of utter ignorance in which the populations I am speaking of are left by a Government systematically hostile to all sorts of instruction,—the worship of the dead letter in lieu of the spirit that vivifies, in which they are nursed and kept by their priests—the habit of dissembling grievances, for which there is no possible redress, and which it would be dangerous to resent;—all these deleterious influences combine to keep the standard of morality rather low. The man who would not for the world eat a morsel of meat on Friday, or miss hearing mass on a saint's day, will not scruple to cheat his master of an hour's work, or to say the thing that is not, to obtain an abatement in the rent he pays to his landlord.'

" 'That is too bad,' said Lucy, 'and do the priests know of such doings and not try to prevent or put a stop to them?'

" 'Certainly they do not use their authority to the extent necessary to cure the evil. They fear to lose their influence if they deal, I will not say severely, but firmly with their flock. There seems to be a

tacit agreement between sheep and shepherds. Give us everything in point of form, say the latter. We will, answer the latter, but on condition that you do not exact too much in point of substance. Thus the letter kills the spirit. Provided the church be well attended, the confessional besieged, the alms plentiful, the communion tickets numerous, our *Reverendi* seem to care little whether morality remains stationary, or even slides backwards. The curé, who is in many respects what I believe you call vicar in England, preaches from the pulpit that lying is a sinful habit, and that a hired labourer owes a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, bat to little purpose. And why is there no amendment? Because the confessors do not practically support what is preached, they are too lenient, and dare not, textually dare not, refuse absolution to those of their penitents who are in a state of backsliding. They dare not, because they say, 'we do not choose to lose our penitents; and such to a certainty would be the case were they to show a proper degree of severity. The aim and ambition of confessors, you must understand, is to have a great number of penitents, and they vie with each other who shall be most run after. The country folks know this weakness and profit by it. It has happened to me more than once to hear it said, 'If my confessor will not give me absolution, I shall go to such and such a one, who has "larger sleeves," meaning by that, who is more indulgent.'

"'These are, indeed, ugly shades to your picture,' sighed Lucy.

"'Very ugly.' echoed Antonio. 'The great business of our *Reverendi*,—there are of course many honourable exceptions,—is the embellishment of their respective churches, and for this purpose they take advantage of the taste for the beautiful, which is innate in our people. Offerings and contributions flow in plentifully for the purchase of a new organ, a set of silver lamps, for pictures, for the adornment of the shrine of the Madonna. At the same time, the town is dirty, not lighted at night, the pavement all in holes, the roads are detestable, and bridges absent where bridges are most needed. But what does it matter so long as the church looks splendid, and outshines this or that church in the neighbourhood?'"

We are little disposed to be severe upon the defects of a work which has given us so much pleasure as "Doctor Antonio;" but in the conscientious discharge of our critical functions we ought not to abstain from noticing one instance in which the art, and two in which the ethics of the author seem to us in fault. The lengthened details of the trial of the forty-two political prisoners at Naples are out of place, and sadly mar the unity of plan which distinguishes the rest of the work. Indeed, the political chapters have the air of being "stuck on" to the original production. The hero of the tale was no further concerned in the legal proceedings than as forming one of the batch of the accused; his name is not once mentioned during the trial; and the obvious purpose of the writer was not to illustrate or carry forward his own fictitious narrative, but to hold up to public execration the

atrocity of the tribunal before which Poerio, Nisco, and Settembrini were arraigned,—a task long since amply and nobly performed by Mr. Gladstone in his celebrated pamphlet, of which, indeed, the chapters we are blaming are little more than a transcript. This disfigurement may easily be removed in subsequent editions of the work; and if the author be resolutely bent upon proclaiming once more to the world the infamy of King Ferdinand and his agents, the narrative of the trial might be given in an appendix.

The ethical errors of the book (as we conceive them)—the conjunctures of the story where the moral perceptions of the author seem to us more sensitive than sound, and where the substantially right and wise appears to us to be sacrificed to a false point of honour and a delicacy of sentiment which is extreme rather than healthy,—are, *first*, the passage wherein Doctor Antonio, on discovering the outrageous family pride of the Davennes, determines to resign his hopes of Lucy's hand; and, *secondly*, that where he refuses to avail himself of the means of escape which her vigilant and indefatigable affection had, at the cost of so much labour and peril provided for him. And as similar *exaltés*, and somewhat morbid notions of honour are very common in the fictions of the day, we must spend a few words in combating them. Doctor Antonio—by a long course of the most kind and delicate attentions, and by a display of character and knowledge eminently calculated to attract and command the feelings and fancy of a girl full of enthusiasm, quick to appreciate every sort of beauty, and just stepping with the eagerness of an opening soul into the rich realm of thought—had undesignedly, but unreluctantly, gained the affections of his lovely patient. He had never, for one moment, resisted the attractions which drew him towards her, he had allowed his own feelings to be irrevocably engaged, and he could not be, and did not pretend to be, unaware that hers also were fixed; in a word, that he had won her love. He could not but be conscious that he was immeasurably superior both in intellect, in acquirement, in native powers, in all that constitute true elevation of character, to the family to which Lucy belonged, and to the society in which she would be thrown. He must have felt—all vanity and self-deluding affection apart—not only that the happiness of an ardent, simple, and aspiring girl like her would have been safe in the keeping of a disciplined and manly nature such as his, but that he was incomparably more sure to make her happy than any of those to whom she was certain to be sacrificed by her heartless brother and her pompous father, if he resigned her. Yet, as soon as the critical moment for decision arrives, and he perceives how firm and deep-seated is the family pride of the

Davennes, and how surely they would look upon him, and treat him as an insolent and dishonourable adventurer, did they even suspect his lofty aspirations, he resolves to conquer his passion, and surrender some of the dearest and worthiest hopes of his existence. Now, we are so much (and so justly) in the habit of regarding self-denial and self-conquest as virtues in themselves, instead of merely as indications of *the power of being virtuous* under difficulty and temptation, that we are prone to applaud *every* instance of their exercise without pausing to consider whether the occasion be a suitable or right one. Yet this surely is not sound. We admire the man who can pluck out his right eye, or cut off his right hand, where duty or affection demands the sacrifice; but we shudder at the savage fortitude of the barbarian who thrusts his hand into the fire, or chops off his leg merely as an act of asceticism, or to prove how well he can bear pain. The *faculty* of martyrdom every man, if his manhood be perfect, should possess; but it is the occasions on which and the judgment with which that faculty is called into action, that constitute the difference between a glorious heroism and a gallant blunder. Antonio seems to have considered not so much what his conduct ought to be, as the light in which his conduct would be regarded. His pride revolted against the idea of being *called* a presumptuous and dishonourable adventurer; he looked to the apparent rather than the real; he was willing to resign his love rather than endure a wound to his dignity. For it does not appear that it was any rigid notion of the duty of filial obedience that made him think it would have been wrong to persuade Lucy to set at nought her father's prejudices; it was simply that he was prepared to abandon his fondest hopes rather than do what would be deemed intrusive and resented as presumptuous. But the principal fault lies here: that in his struggle with himself, and in the determination at which he arrived, Antonio is represented as leaving Lucy's feelings wholly out of consideration. It never occurs to him to question what *she* would suffer when wrenched away from one to whom she had given all her fresh young heart, or to reflect that he had *no right* thus to abandon one whose love he had so irrevocably made his own. The solemn obligations, and the sacred duties, and the inalienable rights of plighted or of known affection, never entered into his estimate. He thought only of himself. He looked at the case solely from his own point of view. If, indeed, he had carefully avoided gaining his patient's love (though it is not easy to see how he could have done so) from a foresight that a love so unequal before the world could never be crowned with success; or if, when the hour for decision arrived, he had placed before his mistress the possible dangers and the certain sacrifices to her

of a life of poverty and exile, and urged her to reflect well, and not to consider him; or, if even he had taken the decision out of her hands, and foreseeing what she was scarcely likely to foresee, and judging life and human nature from the height of his wider experience, had resolved to spare *her* a hazardous experiment; or if, finally, he had felt that her father, though a fool, and her brother, though a brute, had claims which ought not to be ignored or pretermitted, and so had resigned her at the dictate of a duty,—then, indeed, the self-sacrifice would have been genuine, and the moral sound. As it is, or rather as it is represented by the author, we think that Antonio, in abandoning Lucy, sinned against her grievously, and that what he deemed a conflict between selfish passion and self-denying virtue, was in truth only a conflict between one passion and another.

Again, in representing his hero in the final chapter as refusing to escape because he would not desert his fellow-prisoners, the author obviously conceives that he is painting an act of the most noble and consistent heroism. We dissent altogether from this implied estimate. We hold that Antonio was sacrificing a substantial duty to a shadowy fancy; an affection to a sentiment—a sentiment, indeed, beautiful and generous, but exaggerated and misplaced. His soul was full of enthusiastic sympathy for the companions of his dungeon, with whom he had fought and suffered; he could not "find in his heart" to desert them; he *could not bear the notion* of obtaining a relief in which they did not participate, or enjoying freedom while they languished in confinement. This was generous, but it was not right. If, indeed, it had been a question whether he should abandon a single fellow-prisoner, who would have been unspeakably desolate when he was gone; or if he had been able, by remaining, to lighten the chains or shorten the durance of his associates in misery; or even if he had felt, like Socrates, that duty called him to submit to the unjust verdict of his country's tribunal,—the calm judgment of the moralist would probably have pronounced his decision noble because righteous. But these are not alleged as his reasons: these were not the motives that influenced him; he simply felt that *honour* called upon him to share the fate of his comrades. He was a patriot: yet he never reflects how far more probably he might serve his country by labouring at liberty, than by rotting in a dungeon. He is a friend: yet he forgets that to serve captive friends, a man needs himself to be in freedom. He was a lover: he had declared his love; he knew that the life and happiness of one whom he was bound to consider before everything, except clear morality or patriotic duty, were bound up in his deliverance; he ought to have felt that he no longer

belonged to himself alone, and that amid the deep and solemn responsibilities of a wedded heart, the music of mere sentiment, however elevated and refined, had no right to make itself heard. But all these considerations appear to have escaped him: Antonio indulged in the luxury of generous emotions—and Lucy died! It is well that men should *be able* to do such things: it is not well that they should do them. In dealing with cases of this sort, novelists seem to us strangely irrational and inconsistent. They would condemn a man of impulsive nature who should abandon a wife whose being hung upon him, for a friend whom he loved but could not really save: and are the obligations of a true, deliberate, and pledged attachment one whit less sacred or imperative than those of a union already consecrated by the altar?

The "History of Piedmont," by Mr. Gallenga, does not seem to us particularly valuable. The first part is tedious; the latter part is not very clear, vigorous, or free from prejudice. It was unwarrantable and senseless to publish for English readers a history of Piedmont *in three volumes:* one would have sufficed amply; three, few persons will be found to wade through. If the author had confined himself to a succinct sketch of Piedmontese annals since 1815, and a full and faithful picture of the state of that country at this moment, and of the working of the free institutions which have proved its glory and salvation since 1848, he would have rendered a real service both to the English reader, and to the country which Englishmen so much want to know. Even the one chapter which he has devoted to this subject, sketchy and feeble as it is, is in our eyes the most interesting in the three volumes.

We must now say a few words of the condition and political prospects of that country which Dr. Antonio loved so well, and for which he, like all her sons, was ready to sacrifice so much. Two years ago the hopes of Italian patriots and exiles were feverishly high, and even foreign well-wishers could not but see much reasonable probability that, out of the grand conflict then preparing, might arise the golden opportunity which sickening expectants had waited for so long, and that the war begun for the repression of one aggressive despot might end in the emancipation of all suffering peoples. The game is not yet played out, and the chances are not yet therefore wholly extinguished; but they grow fainter and fewer every day. The cold and crafty policy of Austria, who has contrived to make both belligerents wait upon her pleasure and do her work; the patient sagacity with which she held out hopes of aid to both parties, so

as to prevent either from taking a single step which could offend her; the slow and stealthy movement by which she has gradually sidled nearer and nearer to the nations whose sympathy with her victims she had most to dread, as soon as she felt satisfied that fortune would ultimately declare for the Allies,—all this made it difficult at first, and makes it impossible now, for either England or France to assist, or encourage, or even countenance any rising in Italy against Austrian domination, or against the tyranny of those petty sovereigns and satraps whom Austria takes under her protection. Without the entire neutrality and secret good wishes of the Western Powers, not even Mazzini believes it possible to throw off either the foreign or the domestic yoke: without their active aid, few except Mazzini flatter themselves that such deliverance can be achieved. Assistance and neutrality are now alike out of the question, and must continue so unless Austria should play us false—which she is far too wise to do. The liberation of Italy must therefore be again postponed, and the sanguine anticipations of her children be once more exchanged for "that hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," and which only those whose faith is very firm and whose spirit has been long chastened have the strength to bear.

Meanwhile, though present and immediate prospects seem fading away, and no blow could now be struck with the slightest chance of a favourable issue, there is much for patient and far-sighted patriots to do, and much to encourage the confident hope of ultimate success. The actual condition of the whole Peninsula, with the exception of Piedmont, is grievous and suffering indeed, but for close observers there are not wanting gleams of light, and for those who can toil on in obscurity and in faith, there is an appropriate and obligatory field of exertion. Preparation for future action may go on, when present action is forbidden by the circumstances of the hour. The soil may always be tilled: seed may incessantly be sown. And much has to be done before Italy can be fully disciplined to take advantage of the opportunity when it shall arise, and before the sympathies of other lands have been properly awakened and enlightened so as to secure their zealous and hearty co-operation in the day of conflict. The true friends of Italy, whether natives or foreigners, residents or exiles, must labour to extinguish every local jealousy, every petty passion, every fierce egotism, every extreme doctrine, every irrational ambition, which stands in the way of perfect harmony of feeling *now* and of what would mar harmony of action *then*. Unity of object and of heart must pave the way for unity of national existence, and the mischief-makers within must be silenced before the tyrant from without can be expelled. And the

friends of sober freedom in France and England must be convinced by every engine of proof and of persuasion, that Italians can be moderate as well as enthusiastic, resolute and patient as well as insurgent and impulsive; that they deserve liberty, and know how at once to maintain it and to use it; that they need only redemption from a hostile and benumbing yoke to realize an almost magic progress; and that the establishment of one consolidated Italian kingdom would, by solving the European problem and creating the possibility of permanent European peace, prove the greatest blessing Providence could bestow or statesmen could procure for every member of the vast commonwealth of nations.

Towards the first of these objects considerable progress has already been made—far more than we in this country are willing to believe. It is the fashion to say that Italy never has been a united country since the days of the old Roman Empire; that she has always been split up into a number of small states, hating each other with the double hatred of consanguinity and vicinage; that the Neapolitans and the Lombards, the Venetians and the Romans, the Tuscans and the Piedmontese, have no sentiment of common nationality, but are more jealous of each other than of strangers; and that no sooner was foreign domination at an end than the reign of local rivalries, irreconcilable pretensions, and perhaps even of civil war, would begin. Those who speak thus are ignorant of the change of feeling which the labours of enlightened men have been preparing for more than a quarter of a century, and which the disastrous wants and common sufferings of the last six years have gone far to clench. Why should we pretend to know more of Italian views and wishes than the Italians themselves? *They* are willing to merge all past jealousies and all local claims in the great desire for union and fusion: why should we seek to remember and exaggerate them. From every quarter of the land where the same language is spoken, there goes up to heaven the same paramount aspiration—the same earnest and single prayer, the INDEPENDENCE and UNITY (or, as Manin expresses it, unification) OF ITALY. In this all concur: to this all—Venice, Turin, Milan, Florence, Naples, even Rome—are willing to postpone their several pretensions for superiority or primacy. We do not say that difficulties may not arise—we do not say that differences of wish and of opinion may not exist; but we affirm without hesitation that the common desire for blending into *one nation* which beats in every Italian bosom, is strong enough to overcome all obstacles and to smoothe away all divergences of view.

There are three principal parties or political ideas in Italy: we have had opportunities of conversing intimately with the

leaders or representatives of them all, and we have been at once surprised and encouraged to find how convergent and reconcileable were their views, even when not wholly identical. First comes what we may call the Constitutional party, of which Azeglio and Cavour are the actual chiefs, and of which Balbo, Gioberti, and perhaps Farini may be regarded as the fathers and the spokesmen. These alone have achieved any permanent results. The kingdom of Piedmont, with its free institutions, its parliament formed on the model of our own, its unfettered press, its spirited foreign policy, and its wonderful industrial activity, may be considered as their creation. It stands forth to Europe alike as a proof of what Italians can do, a specimen of what all Italy might become, and the possible, not to say the probable, nucleus of the future Italian State. It is difficult to do justice to the individual skill and the national good sense and good feeling which have combined to guide this hopeful constitution through the manifold and perplexing perils of its infant years. A perhaps inevitable, but most unwise, mismanaged, and disastrous war at the outset; a democratic party distrusting the monarch, and unwilling to believe in the sincerity of the moderate and cautious ministers around him; a determined contest with the Pope aided by a very numerous and unscrupulous priesthood within its own boundaries; the relentless hostility of Austria, seeking cause of quarrel that she might fall upon and crush a government which was to her a perpetual menace and reproach, vigilant to profit by any weakness and disturbance, and indefatigable in attempting to create both: these were some of the dangers that had to be met and overcome by a constitution improvised in a year of excitement, and managed by statesmen all of whom were new to the work. Yet so far all has gone well, and thanks to its own gallantry and good sense in throwing itself unreservedly into the Western Alliance, the regenerated kingdom may be now considered as fairly launched and out of danger.

Now, what is the dearest hope and most earnest desire of the chiefs of this the moderate party? First, and above all, the expulsion of the Austrians, the purification of Italy from German footsteps and German rule. This desire is at once a longing of instinct, and a dictate of policy. These statesmen know that there can be no comfort or security for them, while Lombardy is held by a foe who hates them, as only vice can hate virtue, and failure can hate success. The antipathy of race is as strong in their bosoms as in that of Mazzini or Manin: it burns in every line and sentence of Farini's history. The bitter feeling with which every generous soul must view the subjection of the nobler to the meaner creature, is as keen in the constitutionalist of Piedmont as in the republican of Rome. Hence the INDEPEN-

DENCE of Italy is the aim and wish of the Moderates throughout the Peninsula, as much as of the fiercest democrats. But the Piedmontese statesmen see clearly enough that, as long as they stand alone—the only free Italian state, their tenure of life must be precarious and fatiguing, that they will be constantly in danger, and must stand constantly on the defensive. They, too, like the rest of their compatriots, are not without the natural ambition to see their country become once more a real puissance in the European system, instead of being alternately a battle-field, and a prey to the more powerful; and they know that, while the kingdom of Piedmont must be always uninfluential and in jeopardy, the kingdom of Italy would be great, safe, and self-sustaining. Nor can they be supposed insensible to the noble aspiration of seeing their province the first instalment, themselves the chosen instruments, and their monarch the condensed expression, of the completed regeneration of their country. Hence the UNITY of Italy is the second inscription on their banner.

Manin, the noble defender and statesman-like governor of Venice, is the representative of the Federal Party. He and his detest the Austrians, as only those can who have long groaned under that alien, stupid, and ferocious domination. They know there is no hope for knowledge, for progress, for civilisation, for self-government, for any of those real social ameliorations which constitute the blessings and the life of nations, so long as, directly or indirectly, the Teuton holds sway in Italy. They are convinced, in their inmost souls, (as who that knows Italy is not?) that with that utterly unsuitable and necessarily oppressive Government, no transaction or compromise is possible: there are natures that *will not* blend; there are qualities that *cannot* harmonize; there are wrongs that cannot be forgiven; there are memories in the past that rise up and forbid alike forgetfulness or reconciliation. In truth, the two races are too antipathic to make their co-existence possible, except in the relation of tyrant and slave, jailer and prisoner. Hence the passionate desire of this party for the emancipation of their country from foreign rulers is so strong, that they would purchase it at the price of foregoing all their own pet theories of government, or social systems. Let but the Austrians be expelled, (they say,) and the form of constitutional order, or national existence which shall succeed, is to us a matter of very secondary consideration. We are Federalists by preference and on principle: we should prefer to see united Italy consist of several distinct republics, each with its separate centre of intelligence, activity, and government, but bound together like America or Switzerland in one strict and solemn federation—independent as regards each other,

one solid and united nation as regards other powers. But we are willing to waive all this, if, by so doing, we can hasten the attainment of our grand object, the INDEPENDENCE AND *unification* of our cherished country. If England and France will assist us in driving out our foes, their wishes as to our future re-constitution shall be to us a law; and if they say "we should wish to see Italy a single kingdom, and Victor Immanuel its first monarch," we will all hasten to carry their wish into effect. Or if they leave us free to choose, as a national congress may decide, there can be little doubt that the party which has most contributed to the emancipation of Italy, will have the paramount influence in such an assembly; and as Piedmont and its army will have been that party, the King of Piedmont would almost certainly be chosen. No one would be mad enough to hazard our newly won independence by ill-timed discord and perilous pretensions.

We repeat simply the language, and almost the very words we have heard from Italian patriots of this school.

The third political section into which Italian patriots are divided is that of the Republicans, of which Mazzini is the head. Of the relative power and numbers of this section we cannot speak with any confidence. Both, we believe, are on the decrease. Its votaries are found chiefly among the lower classes, and the more *exalté* of the middle ranks. Like the other two parties of which we have spoken, their watchword is the INDEPENDENCE AND UNITY OF ITALY; and this object they conceive can only be obtained through the medium of a general and combined insurrection under the influence of which all the existing divisions of the Peninsula shall be swept away, and all local differences and jealousies melted down in one grand and burning enthusiasm. Their ruling idea is of a Republic, one and indivisible, with Rome as its capital and centre. But even this party are as devoted as the others to the first great design of expelling foreign domination, and as disposed to postpone and even to sacrifice all other aims to this. Mazzini, with all his faults, is a sincere and disinterested patriot. We deem him often wrong; we have no doubt he has done much mischief; we even question whether he is not now rather a hindrance than an aid to the realization of his country's hopes; and we fear that on one point—his hatred and detestation of the House of Savoy—he has allowed, unconsciously, the remembrance of the past to make him unreasonable and unjust. But even he is pure: even he, like Manin, is prepared to surrender his personal predilections for his grand desire. The language we have heard him use, deliberately and in prospect of action, is this:—I am a Republican at heart; I believe that only through a unanimous

popular rising can Italy be liberated; I am convinced that no conception less magnificent and stirring than that of Italian unity will be able to arouse a movement energetic enough to secure the national independence. I have no faith in the House of Savoy. I have no confidence in armies fighting for dynastic aims. I mistrust federalism, and will have nothing to say to the scheme of splitting up Italy into a number of independent states. My central idea—my polar aim—my fixed religion is the unity of an Italy rescued from the hated Austrian yoke. On this alone I can listen to no compromise, and enter into no negotiations. But give me this, and I am willing to forego all else: show me that foregoing all else will hasten or secure this paramount object, and my willingness will become eagerness. I love personal liberty much, but I love national independence incomparably more: the question of a little more or a little less freedom for Italians is in my eyes nothing when compared with the question of the emancipation, the greatness, and the union of Italy. It is my country, not her individual inhabitants, that I care for. Hence, though I am a Republican, I can waive all notion of making democracy a *sine quâ non*, and I can consent to see Italy governed by a despot even, *provided he reigns over it all*, and is a native of the soil.

Thus while the several parties into which Italians are divided, differ as to the means by which their object can best be attained and secured, that object is identical with all,—the Independence and Unification of Italy,—and to that object all are ready to postpone or to surrender their special pretensions and their minor schemes. All are more bent upon the end, in which they agree, than upon the means, on which they differ. Surely this is a most hopeful feature of the case.

Nor do we conceive that even the measures and plans by which they would obtain their object, present any irreconcilable divergence. No one, we trust—certainly not Azeglio—we hope not Mazzini—would desire to see in emancipated Italy such a centralized government as that of France, which should rule through a bureaucracy, and reduce all municipal action to a nullity. Mazzini is too reflective and well-educated a man to dream of suppressing or benumbing that national life, diffused through every hamlet and in every heart, which is the only permanent fountain and guarantee of the national liberty. With all his notions of the age-hallowed and inherent supremacy of Rome, he is not a Roman by birth, and he knows as well as most men how marked and ineradicable are those local differences which will make large powers of local self-government at once inevitable and desirable. Moreover, he is essentially anti-gallican in soul; he hates and distrusts the French only one fraction less

than the Austrians; the first article in his creed is the vast native superiority of the Italians to both the other races, and he would be little inclined to borrow from those whom he despises, their most questionable system. The ideal of the moderate statesmen of Piedmont, again, is far more the English constitution than the French; they know the strength that lies in municipal activity and local energies; a real parliamentary government can never be a centralized or bureaucratic one; and they would probably be as anxious as any one to establish in Venetia, Lombardy, Tuscany, Romagna, Naples, and all the other divisions of the Peninsula, provincial assemblies with ample and well-considered powers. Nor, we feel confident, would Manin, with all his natural pride in the venerable Republic which gave him birth, and his natural desire to prevent its noble individuality from being wholly merged,—with all his steady and profound conviction of the strength that lies in the preservation of ancient landmarks of state and race,—be willing for one hour to sacrifice to these sentiments such a firm and real "unification" of Italy, as should secure the most unfettered and concentred energy in her attitude towards other empires. All alike would feel the first requisite to be the transformation of ITALY from "a geographical expression" into a political Reality;—as all alike would feel the second requisite to be the cherishing of all provincial patriotism, tenderness to all provincial pride, and careful fostering of all provincial capacity and life.

For ourselves, earnestly as we desire to see Italy emancipated from the Austrian yoke, and erected into a powerful and united kingdom, we confess we should regard the entire extinction of its actual divisions as at once a heavy and a needless price, even for so great a gain. We look upon the spirit of centralization as the worst foe to liberty and to progress. We always see with uneasy forebodings and with deep regret the tendency, everywhere and at all times manifest enough, to concentrate and to congregate. The disposition of a Government to absorb all rule into its own hands; the inclination of Parliaments gradually to draw to themselves all business, and to supersede or benumb the action of local bodies; the tendency of everything and every one to rush to the one capital of the land,—the wealthy for enjoyment, the ambitious for power, the vain for distinction and display, intellect and literature for excitement and renown,—all these are symptoms at once of an actual evil and a coming danger. This propensity, natural as it is where a nation has only one metropolis, impoverishes the country to oppress the capital; it drains the extremities to gorge the centre; it gives rise to endless strife, to feverish jostlings, to bitter and wide-spread discontent. Thousands, who might be useful in their pro-

vince, find no field of action in a crowded city. Thousands, whose respectable but not commanding talents were adequate to the achievement of a local reputation, languish in obscurity on a metropolitan arena. Thousands, who might have been happy in the chief town of their native district, grow morose and wretched with disappointment in a vast sphere where they are nobody and nothing. Moreover, by this concentration of talent and energy in one place, the valued variety of special and individual peculiarities is lost; a dull monotony creeps over the mind and manners of the nation; it is, on a smaller scale, as though all Europe spoke one language and had one metropolis. The barrier and security against these dangers is to preserve with sedulous anxiety all natural, ancient, and existing landmarks; to multiply, or at least not to reduce, centres of political and intellectual activity, to have many capitals, many circles, many publics. Where would have been the literary and scientific life which has half redeemed the political degradation and incapacity of Germany, if Berlin had been its only capital; if Heidelberg, Göttingen, Dresden, Weimar, and Frankfort, had not each had its magnet of attraction, its special audience, its galaxy of stars? In like manner, why should not Rome and Bologna, Venice and Turin, Florence and Sienna, Naples and Palermo, each have its arena and its stage? Why should not the statesmen of each contribute to the greatness of Italy by developing the strength of their own allotted division of that splendid land? why should not the literary men of each, while addressing an Italian nation, seek to charm and to illustrate a Venetian or a Tuscan people? why should not each city retain its idiosyncratic colouring and character, and thus most effectually enrich and enhance the general effect? How incalculably superior is the blended harmony of the rainbow to the grey monotony of any single tint!

The two secondary difficulties which stand in the way of the settlement of Italy as an independent and united, if not homogeneous State, (the liberation of its soil from the presence, and of its Governments from the influence, of the Austrians once definitively accomplished,) lie with Sicily and with the Pope. Sicily stands in a peculiar relation to Italy. The island has at no time in modern days formed a portion of the peninsula, and its political relation therewith is of very recent date,—scarcely longer than a century.

"'Sicilian liberties are contemporaneous with those of England. As early as in the eleventh century, Sicily, under the auspices of a Norman Prince, like England, settled the foundations of her freedom and independence. The national sovereignty resided, *de facto*, in the

Parliament, which disposed of the crown of the island, and no prince ever considered his title good or his power secure, unless based on an election by Parliament. The great objection felt to the Princes of the House of Anjou, was on the score that they were imposed by the Pontiff, and not elected by the nation. This, and no other, was the origin of the irritation which exploded in the Sicilian Vespers, (1282.) It was the Parliament who, of its own free will, called to the throne the line of Arragon, in the person of Peter, and at a later period the Castilian, in that of Ferdinand the Catholic. And it is not amiss to note, that, at the death of the latter, his successor, Charles the Fifth, was not immediately acknowledged; it was not till 1518 that he received the investiture from the Parliament, and swore, like his predecessors, to maintain intact the immunities and free customs of Sicily. It may seem strange that the Sicilian Autonomy passed unscorched through the fire of three centuries of union with Spain, but our wonder will cease when we reflect that the bond between Spain and Sicily was rather nominal than real, and that during this whole period, the island preserved its own national representation, its own laws, its own administration, flag, coin, and army. At the war of succession, in the beginning of the last century, the throne of Sicily was disputed along with all the other dominions of the deceased Charles the Second of Spain. The Treaty of Utrecht gave Sicily to Victor Amedeus of Savoy, who, by a special clause of that Treaty, was bound 'to approve, confirm, and ratify, all the privileges, immunities, customs, &c., enjoyed by the island.' Thus the liberties of Sicily came to form part of the public right of Europe. But the sway of Victor Amedeus was of short duration, for, a little more than twenty years after, Cardinal Alberoni succeeded in tricking the Duke of Savoy out of Sicily, which once more of its own free-will united itself to the fortunes of Spain. The Bourbons began their rule by a scrupulous observance of the fundamental compact, and the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily continued to be as independent and distinct, the one from the other, as during the reign of Philip the Second. When Charles the Third received at Palermo, in 1735, the crown of Sicily, and the homage of the National Representation, he in his turn took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. And so did his son and successor, Ferdinand, who assumed the style of Ferdinand the Third of Sicily and Fourth of Naples, in order that the distinction of the two kingdoms should be made clear to all the world.

"'The first years of his reign, under the guidance of the enlightened Tanucci, (Ferdinand was eight years of age when placed on the throne,) gave general satisfaction as far as regards Sicily, and this explains how the storm of 1789 passed over the island without disturbing its tranquillity. Happy and secure in a Constitution, which gave her the power of reform by pacific means, when necessary, why should she take part in a struggle that could bring her nothing better than what she already possessed? Meanwhile the thrones of Continental Europe were shaken from their foundations, and none more so than the Neapolitan.'"—*Doctor Antonio*, p. 237.

When the King of Naples joined the European confederation against republican France, as it was natural that a Bourbon should do, he made his first attack on Sicilian independence by departing in an arrogant style from the usual custom of the Crown in demanding subsidies from a free Parliament. But when the French overran Italy and took possession of Naples, the Royal Family were obliged to take refuge in Sicily, which received them with open arms, and wherein they found safety till the fall of Napoleon restored them to their continental throne. With true Bourbon folly and ingratitude, however, the whole of this period was spent by Ferdinand in endeavouring to suppress the liberties of his subjects, till the British who subsidized him, weary of his misbehaviour, sent Lord William Bentinck with full powers and clear instructions to put an end to the dangerous and unseemly strife. The constitution agreed upon in 1812, solemnly sworn to by the King, and sanctioned by the English Government, secured to the Sicilians not only their Parliamentary independence and their civil liberties, but a distinct separate existence, by providing that in case of the king recovering his Neapolitan dominions, the Crown of Sicily should devolve upon his son. Ferdinand, however, had not the slightest idea either of adhering to his word, or rewarding those who had protected him, or submitting to those who had restrained him. He was a pattern specimen of those unprincipled and unkingly sovereigns whom Mr. Macaulay has described as "the opprobria of the Southern thrones of Europe; men false alike to the accomplices who have served them, and the opponents who have spared them; men who in the hour of danger concede everything, promise everything, turn their cheek to every smiter, give up to vengeance every minister of their iniquities; and await, with meek and smiling implacability, the blessed day of perjury and proscription." No sooner was Napoleon conclusively caged at St. Helena, and Joachim Murat shot at Pizzo, than the restored monarch declared the two crowns united, and abolished the constitution he had sworn to maintain. Lord Castlereagh, after some feeble remonstrances, winked at the insult and the perfidy; and since that day, Naples and Sicily have been in a state of nominal union, but chronic and subterranean feud. Every island-liberty has been abolished. The country has been despotically governed by a viceroy. No Sicilian troops exist: no portion of the army is levied in that province: the experiment was once tried, but abandoned as too dangerous. All internal improvements which could have developed the resources of the island have been neglected or discouraged; not a single savings' bank exists; and scarcely a single road, except the one from Messina to Palermo. The feeling of Sicily for Naples is,

therefore, precisely that of Hungary for Austria. The Neapolitan troops behaved with infinite brutality to the Sicilians in 1848, so that the hatred borne by the islanders to the continentals is not confined to the king and the officials only; and the Sicilians, in addition, have in one point a strong sense of inherent superiority to the other Italians of the south: they are not slaves seeking for freedom, but freemen who have been forcibly and recently reduced to servitude; they are not demanding a new constitution, but merely the restoration of one which they had enjoyed for centuries, which Europe had sanctioned and England had guaranteed, and which has only been wrested from them within the lifetime of the existing generation.

Thus, while the other Italians have only national *aspirations*, the Sicilians have a *realized nationality* fresh within their recollections, and inexpressibly dear to their affections; they have no republican fancies; their views and hopes are strictly constitutional; they desire not a new political existence, but the recovery of a lost independence. The patriots of the various divisions of the Peninsula *long* for a real amalgamation either in the federal or the unitarian form: the patriots of Sicily would consent to this, but they do not desire it. They would not *object*, were their freedom of local action guaranteed, to form part of one great Italian kingdom, if this were the necessary price of their emancipation; but they would prefer independence under a separate crown. At heart they can scarcely be said to be Italians. Whether they possess all the elements which would secure the duration of a distinct nationality we cannot say: their nobles are for the most part a poor and worn-out race; but the scanty middle class is energetic and courageous; the priests (which is not the case elsewhere) are wholly with the people, and the material resources of the soil and climate are magnificent.

The Pope is a far greater obstacle to the realization of the great idea—but still not an insuperable one. His de-secularization and dethronement are absolutely indispensable to the solution of the Italian problem—a problem which is henceforth European rather than Peninsular. Patriot and philanthropist, Papist and Protestant, should equally desire this consummation. The civil government of ecclesiastics is notoriously and proverbially bad; and that of Romagna is probably the worst specimen of ecclesiastical government that ever existed in the western world. If there be a yoke fatal alike to national development and moral progress, it is that of a priesthood; and never have noble human capacities and grand physical resources been so crushed and swamped as now in the States of the Church. The utter impossibility, too, even where the best intentions are presumable, of engrafting anything like

constitutional liberties upon a government whose chief is assumed to be infallible, was amply proved under Pio Nono in the early days of 1848. For how can discussion be free or fertile where free speech and free thought incur the peril of spiritual interdict? And how can a sovereign, who believes that he holds his fief and draws his enlightenment direct from a divine source, submit to be overruled and guided by a parliament of representatives inspired by merely human wisdom? On the other hand, all sincere and rational Catholics must see with pain a Supreme Pontiff whose temporal conduct is such a bitter sarcasm and such a flagrant contradiction to his spiritual pretensions; whose daily practice in all things open to the sight negatives the notion of his wisdom in things belonging to the domain of faith; who, weak, incapable, and even villanous, in matters of which his subjects know themselves competent to judge, can scarcely expect them to follow him with confidence in questions which he tells them are beyond their ken. How could the Bull proclaiming the Immaculate Conception have had the slightest chance of reverential acceptation by a people who saw it proceed from the same Vatican which was daily issuing regulations the most ludicrously foolish, and edicts the most cruelly inhuman? If the Pope exercised none but spiritual functions—if he never spoke or acted except in his capacity of interpreter of religious doctrine—if he denounced nothing but speculative error, and prescribed nothing but penances and creeds, he might long retain his sway over pious and dependent minds; mistakes and incompetency might, indeed, be suspected, but could not be proved; he could enjoy the immunity and might retain the submissive faith possible to a prophet who spoke only of untestable questions and unvisitable worlds. But his secular dominion exposes him to the ruinous daylight of cognizable facts; and his mode of administering earthly government affords a standard by which even the unlearned can estimate his capacity for spiritual jurisdiction.

Facts confirm our *à priori* expectations. In no part of the Catholic world is the Pope so little reverenced as in Italy, where they see him close; in no part of Italy is he so scouted and despised as in Rome itself, where "they feel him with their eye." No faith, no veneration, is robust enough to stand the test of daily observation of the tools he uses and the things he does. The priesthood, from the highest to the lowest ranks, is discredited and detested throughout the Peninsula to a degree which we in England are little conscious of. And we may observe, in passing, that nothing could show more clearly the incurable ignorance of Austria regarding Italian feeling, and her utter incapacity of entering into or comprehending the Italian character, than the

recent Concordat, coupled with the motives in which that monstrous piece of imperial self-degradation had its origin. By that shameful subjugation of the civil to the ecclesiastical authority throughout his dominions, the young Emperor, while conciliating the superior dignitaries whom he has crowned with tyrannic power, has alarmed and alienated both the humbler clergy and the whole of the educated laity of Germany. But it was not of Germany that he thought. He fancied that he was granting a boon, or rather showing a flattering attention to Catholic Italy by thus elevating and aggrandizing the Catholic hierarchy,—whereas he has been decorating the bauble they despise. He fancied he was securing to his cause the most influential and respected institution in that turbulent Peninsula, and thus adding vastly to the numbers of his faithful and effective agents—while, in truth, he has been fawning on the power which Italians most abhor and disregard.

How to dispose of the Pope when de-secularized and confined to his inherent and proper spiritual functions, is no doubt a question which presents some embarrassment. He could not possibly remain in Rome, for constant intrigues would result from such a location; there would be a sort of perpetual irritation and degradation also, in remaining, shorn of sovereignty and reduced to the civil condition of a subject, in a city where for centuries he had reigned supreme; and as Rome would probably be the capital of independent and united Italy, the close juxtaposition of two separate jurisdictions would be perilous, uncomfortable, and unseemly. In short, this arrangement, at all events at the outset of the new system, is obviously out of the question. At some future time, when Europe had got accustomed to the change, and the Catholic hierarchy was reconciled to it as a necessity, or had accepted it as an improvement, the Bishop of Rome might perhaps return to his diocese, and live, as the Archbishop of Canterbury lives at Lambeth, or the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Moscow. But that is a future contingency, and need not be discussed here. For a while, at least, some *mezzo-termine* must be found. The Pope might be relegated to the Island of Elba, so as to minimize the inevitable evils of his temporal sway, and subject the smallest possible portion of the earth's surface to the curse of ecclesiastical mismanagement. Or he might fix his residence in Spain, France, or Austria, as he pleased: we should apprehend no serious inconvenience from any choice he might adopt. It is feared, we know, by many that he would be liable to become either the helpless slave or the servile instrument of the sovereign in whose dominions he had made his home. But we hold both fears to be nearly chimerical. He could not be more the tool of Austria at Vienna than he is at Rome; when

once confined to his spiritual functions, his power of political mischief would be wonderfully reduced; and thunders launched at Austria, at the instigation of France, would be promptly resented, or simply disregarded. We do not remember that the Papacy lost much of its independence during the eighty years' retreat at Avignon, nor that the possession of the person of Pius VII. gave Napoleon any great increase of influence or of resources. And if the Pope endeavoured, through the medium of the Catholic clergy of foreign states, to create rebellion or disturbance, the probability is, that he would weaken his own hold over the Church rather than seriously embarrass the civil authorities of the nation with which he attempted such an unwarrantable interference,—unless, indeed, the government was so bad and so unpopular, that it could bear no accession of strength to its internal foes.

Greatly to our surprise, we find prevailing, even among intelligent Italians, a very general impression that both England and France are so far from desiring the erection of the Italian peninsula into an independent, homogeneous, and powerful kingdom, that they would regard such a consummation with jealousy and annoyance. How far there may be any foundation for this suspicion as regards France, we are not qualified to speak; but as regards this country, nothing, we are satisfied, can be further from the truth. Among the French, no doubt, the old traditions which made the greatness and glory of a nation to consist in its controlling influence over foreign states, which looked upon every powerful kingdom as a dangerous rival, and every prosperous one as a mischievous competitor, have still great weight. It is barely possible that among them the notion of territorial aggrandizement may still linger; that their ambition of Mediterranean preponderance might be disposed to take umbrage at the prospect of a united and energetic State arising in the midst of that inland sea; and that they may prefer, as neighbours, a collection of petty princes, whom they can menace or coerce, to one great monarch, who would be able to treat with them on equal terms. If such feelings exist, however, we should be inclined to regard them rather as lingering traces of an expiring policy, than as the deliberate expression of an existing one. The substantial interests of France lie, we are convinced, wholly on the other side. She never can possess Italy; for this Europe would never permit, as she must be fully satisfied herself. Her future power and greatness will depend mainly on the development of her internal resources, and the progress of her industry and commerce; and to these the emancipation and prosperity of the peninsula would be not a hindrance but a mighty aid. Half the

quarrels into which France is drawn have Italy as their proximate or their remote occasion; and her constant temptation to interfere there by diplomacy or arms arises from the supposed necessity of counterpoising Austrian influence, or counterworking Austrian intrigues. But with the creation of an independent and united Italy, all this would cease. Such a State would be secure in its own integrity and power, and might bid defiance to all German ambitions; such a State, too, would be the natural ally of France in all her disputes with central Europe, from its local position, and from its sympathies as well as antipathies of race. The Latin element is too prominent in both people not to prove a powerful bond of union between them.

But whatever may be the case with France, the sentiments of England have been wholly misconceived by those Italians who have taken up the suspicion of which we speak. Of the Englishmen who interest themselves in questions of foreign politics, nine-tenths have no dearer wish than to see Italy at once rescued from ultramontane domination, and raised to the dignity of an independent national existence. They desire this, not only as lovers of liberty and progress in the abstract; not only as philanthropists, who grieve over all human suffering, and sympathize with every human aspiration; not only as observers, who do justice to Italian capabilities, and anticipate a splendid career for that gifted people, as soon as external impediments and repressions are removed;—they desire it also in the interests of British prosperity and of European peace. England wishes for no addition to her territory, and for no augmentation of her political preponderance. She dreads rather than desires the extension and complication of her international relations. If she fears and deprecates the aggrandizement of other States, it is because she sees in it a probable menace to the tranquillity of the world. She is jealous of no existing empire: still less would she be jealous of a rising one, with which she could have no rivalship, and with which only criminal projects, on one side or the other, could bring her into hostile collision. She is peaceful, and wants friends; she is commercial, and wants customers. She is not blind to the vast market for her produce, which a population of twenty-five millions, living in a glorious climate and a fertile soil, and bounding forward with all the life and energy of new-born freedom, would afford. She knows the deplorable barriers to commerce offered by the multiplication of custom-houses consequent on territorial subdivision, and would hail with joy a unification which should sweep nearly all of them away. She is well aware that as long as Austria bears sway over any portion of the Peninsula, her whole efforts will be directed to the exclusion of English manufactures as sedulously as if they were English

ideas, in order that German produce and German stupidity may penetrate there without rivals and without contrast. She knows, too, how incorrect is the common representation that Austria, notwithstanding her political oppressions, is careful to develop the material resources of her Italian provinces, and to make the mass of the people physically and socially well off. She has seen that by the late "Concordat," the Government of Vienna has bound itself to maintain in perpetuity and petrifaction, all those ecclesiastical pretensions and demands which are utterly incompatible with agricultural improvement,—that it has declared Church property for ever inalienable, and tithes unconvertible and eternal. And, finally, she is convinced in the depths of her soul that real, permanent, self-existing, advancing prosperity can never co-exist with despotism—still less with a despotism which is detested—least of all with the despotism of an alien and inferior race. She desires for her own sake that Italy should be prosperous; and she believes that prosperity can only spring from union and freedom.

But England longs for the independence and unification of Italy on other and higher grounds. Peace—not merely peace at home, but European peace—is her deepest necessity as well as her most earnest wish. A large and increasing number of her statesmen are impatient of a state of things which obliges her to be ever on the alert to allay animosities, to compose quarrels, to put out incipient conflagrations. They are sick of keeping up armies and navies, which, in an age of civilisation, ought no longer to be needed; and they are weary of political and territorial arrangements which, being artificial, unnatural, and immoral, require the exercise of constant vigilance and force to maintain them intact. They are tired of the task of supporting the pyramid upon its apex. They pine to see Europe in a state of *stable equilibrium;*—and they do not disguise from themselves that great changes—one change in particular—are needed to secure this state. There are some political, as well as some material, edifices so strangely conceived, so marvellously dove-tailed, put together in such utter ignorance of the laws of gravity, in such utter defiance of all principles of cohesion, that only the most elaborate system of buttresses and props, the most costly safeguards against all shocks from within or from without, could sustain them for a year. Introduce the gentlest modification, take out the most insignificant stone, enlarge one portion by a hair's-breadth, diminish another by a single line, and the whole construction falls to pieces.

Such a construction is the existing map of Europe, as arranged at the Congress of Vienna. The re-organization of the shaken and disrupted world then attempted, was marked by so sys-

tematic a neglect of all natural affinities, so ruthless a violation of national feelings, so enormous a disregard of the simplest principles of justice; the partitions were so reckless, the allotment so iniquitous, the severances so cruel, the combinations so incongruous and artificial, that the peaceful duration of such arrangements was impossible, and the security, comfort, and progress of Europe have been perpetually disturbed by the instinctive efforts of nations to struggle back into a more natural and equitable order. As long, indeed, as no alteration of any sort was attempted or permitted, as long as the powers which had forcibly constructed the unnatural edifice were all combined and resolved forcibly to uphold it, as long as no stone was pulled or shaken out, and no cement damped or loosened, the contrivance might maintain a precarious and uncomfortable existence;—but the first serious quarrel, the first assault from without, the first earthquake from within, the first prop removed, the first beam decayed,—and the elaborate monstrosity was sure to crumble into dust, and defy the power of genius to reproduce it.

Now, the events of 1830 and of 1848, as well as more recent occurrences, have so shaken the foundations and unveiled the incongruities of the arrangements agreed upon in 1815, that all conviction in the possibility of their permanence is destroyed. Scarcely one statesman in Europe—certainly not one in England —we believe, doubts in his heart that great modifications are sooner or later unavoidable. The sense of security is at an end. Few, if any, have the slightest belief that any portion of Italy can remain long under the yoke of Austria, or that Europe can have any hope of continuous tranquillity while it does. The re-arrangement of that Peninsula has become an obvious *sine quâ non* of peace among the nations. And what re-arrangement presents any chance of endurance or self-existence, except one which shall at once respect the sentiments of nationality, and make that nationality vigorous and large enough to defend itself against aggression? Such we believe to be the feelings of nearly all liberal and thoughtful Englishmen; sooner or later we hope the policy of England will be moulded into conformity with them.

The prospects of the speedy realization of those hopes of Italian union and emancipation in which both English and Italians share, are at present, it must be confessed, as faint as we believe their ultimate realization to be certain. In the word "Wait," lies now the true creed of the patriot, as therein constantly lies the true philosophy of life. Impatience can only prolong the painful purgatory and defer the distant paradise. The attempt to *immediatize* the wished-for consummation can only postpone the day assigned by Providence for its arrival. The time is not yet ripe.

The cup is not yet full. We can well understand and deeply sympathize with the boiling turbulence of feeling which must agitate Neapolitans who groan under the stupid and brutal tyranny of Ferdinand, or Milanese who are compelled to watch in silence the insidious and ceaseless exertions of Austria to denationalize and Germanize the Lombards of the rising generation.* But it must be evident, even to them, that so long as France and England are diplomatically allied to Austria, and so long as the French troops occupy Rome, a national rising would be hopeless, and a local one insane. Therefore it is with grief we perceive a disposition on the part of certain patriots in the south of the Peninsula, to entertain the notion of a Murat dynasty, and to listen to the agents of that foreign and unauthorized adventurer. Such intrigues can come to no good; for they will be countenanced by no foreign power; and they fly in the face of that grand idea of unity and nationality, wherein lies the real strength of Italy and the solid hope of better days. The present anomalous position of European powers cannot last for ever. A day will come, in the ripe time of Providence—and come probably when least expected—when international quarrels shall open the way for new territorial or political arrangements, and when the long-sought *opportunity* will present itself in a clearness which no man can mistake. Let Italians labour that, when that day shall dawn, their countrymen may be found morally and physically prepared to seize it and to use it aright—to forego it by no indolence, to misuse it by no excesses, to sacrifice it by no dissension. Meanwhile in the kingdom of Sardinia they have already a nucleus, an earnest, and a *tête-du-pont*. They have there a free press, through which they may instruct the nation; they have a home of refuge, where they may think and speak in freedom without deserting the skies and sun of Italy; they have an arena whereon they may practise constitutional tactics and learn constitutional forbearance, and master the great political art of COMPROMISE. To all we recommend attention to these words of a sincere well-wisher to Italian progress.

"Au nom de l'Italie tout homme éclairé du Continent doit demander aux chefs de parti l'abandon de bien des rêves chéris et cares-

* It has been stated that an order has been issued by the Emperor, that after a certain date all public elementary instruction in Lombardy *must* be carried on in German. This is not strictly true. German is compelled to be taught to the Italians in all the schools as well as Italian, and every year *a larger and larger portion of the time* is given to instruction in German, so that ere long more time will be occupied by German than by Italian, in the hope of superseding altogether the latter language—a stupid idea, which only an Austrian could hope to carry out with success.

sés avec amour. Les partis en Italie peuvent nourrir des idées plus ou moins généreuses, mais ils n'ont aucun élément de force entre leurs mains. La monarchie Piémontaise est non seulement le seul gouvernement national de l'Italie, mais elle est encore la seule force nationale. Une des plus grandes erreurs de notre époque est de croire que la force morale peut quelque chose toute seule, de penser qu'il y a un divorce radical entre la force morale et la force matérielle réglée. Telle est l'erreur dans laquelle sont tombés notamment les révolutionaires modernes; ils acceptent bien la force, mais sous sa forme anarchique; toute autre leur est antipathique. Les patriotes Italiens qui comptent sur les explosions populaires pour accomplir la régénération de l'Italie sont le jouet de la plus funeste et de la plus coupable illusion. Les explosions populaires peuvent renverser un gouvernement; mais où a-t-on jamais vu qu'elles aient fondé une nationalité? Excellentes pour détruire et renverser, elles peuvent momentanément assurer le triomphe d'une cause: elles sont impuissantes à établir la durée de ce triomphe. Une cause n'est donc jamais victorieuse que lorsqu'elle a des forces normales à sa disposition; jusque-là c'est une âme sans corps. Mais lorsqu'une idée s'est transformée en un gouvernement régulier, lorsqu'au lieu de dons volontaires et d'aumônes privées elle a un budget régulier, lorsqu'au lieu de corps francs elle a une armée composée d'escadrons et de bataillons soldés et recrutés par l'état, lorsqu'elle peut contracter des emprunts, qu'elle a le droit de siéger aux congrès, qu'elle peut conclure des alliances, construire des navires et fondre des canons, alors elle est réellement une puissance, et, quelles que soient les vicissitudes de sa fortune, ses revers sur les champs de bataille, ses fautes dans les conseils des peuples, elle est sûre de se relever toujours. Tout au contraire, une idée qui reste à l'état moral pur, qui compte pour triompher sur le seul enthousiasme et sur la force populaire, cette idée, une fois abattue, ne se relève plus. L'enthousiasme, comme tout ce qui est individuel, s'éteint avec l'enthousiasme. Une idée morale, lorsqu'elle est produite, doit donc s'incarner dans un fait destinée à durer après la disparition des générations qui l'ont adoptée, ou bien elle risque fort de passer avec elles, et d'être bientôt oubliée. La réforme offre une preuve mémorable de cette vérité. Nul doute qu'elle n'eut disparu, si elle s'était confié à la seule force morale et à l'enthousiasme des contemporains; mais elle s'incarna en faits politiques solides et durables, elle forma des sociétés non seulement religieuses, mais civiles, et elle fut à jamais triomphante du jour où elle eut ses dynasties à elle, ses armées et ses budgets à elle. Or il existe un gouvernement qui représente ces élémens de force nécessaires à toute idée morale. Le gouvernement de Piémont représente pour l'idée de la nationalité Italienne ce que la république de Genève, les Provinces-Unies, et la Suède ont représenté successivement pour la réformation. Comment pourrait-il avoir des hommes assez aveugles pour confier au hasard, et aux forces du hasard, qui n'ont ni durée, ni certitude, ni continuité, l'accomplissement d'une œuvre qui demande du temps, de la suite, de la constance, et pour se fier à des hypothèses lorsqu'il existe des assurances de succès?" *

* Revue des Deux Mondes. Nov. 1, 1855.

We can readily understand how cold and cruel our exhortations to patience and inaction must seem to patriots languishing in exile and yearning at once for their country's emancipation and their own return. We know—

. . . "Siccome sa di sale
Lo pane altrui."

To tread a foreign shore during the best years of life; to hear a foreign language; to dwell amid uncomprehending and unsympathizing strangers; to be cut off from intercourse with family and friends, and to know at the same time that those friends are suffering at home under the oppression that has driven you abroad; to read day after day new instances of the brutality under which your cherished land is doomed to groan; to look at the sombre sky of London while dreaming of the golden sky of Rome; to feel life ebbing drop by drop away, till the conviction steals over you that you are destined like so many to leave this world with your hopes unaccomplished, your sufferings uncompensated, your wrongs unredressed—(as poor Krasinski has just done); to brood over all this in solitude and poverty, till you grow half wild with the reflection, and begin to speculate whether a native scaffold or a native dungeon would not be preferable to a foreign garret;—all this, we are conscious, must be a fearful trial and temptation to the unchastened spirit and the loving heart. In that hopeful wisdom which is the root and crown of faith, in that profound philosophy which is almost religion, can alone be found the strength to resist the temptation and endure the trial. The fate of an individual is incalculably insignificant: the destinies of a country are immeasurably grand. The years of a MAN are few and brief: the lifetime of a NATION is all but eternal. The deliverance of a people must be *prepared*, not snatched; it must be worked for as well as fought for,—and the toil ought to precede the strife for many a disheartening year. But the labourers often do more than the soldiers—have a nobler calling, a more effective influence, a harder and more painful task. In the grand, true words of Milton,

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

INDEX

INDEX

TO THE

TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME OF THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.